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SWARTHMORE HALL

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SELECT

MISCELLANIES,

CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

HISTORY, CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES, AND SUFFERINGS,

OF THE

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS;

WITH ACCORDANT SENTIMENTS OF EMINENT AND PIOUS INDIVIDUALS OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS, INCLUDING MANY REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, AND A VARIETY OF INFORMATION PARTICULARLY INTERESTING TO FRIENDS.

BY WILSON ARMISTEAD.

'Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering.'-Heb x. 23.

VOL. II.

Second Cottion, Rebised and Enlarged.

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SELECT MISCELLANIES.

KNOW THE LORD.

Amuse not thyself with the numerous opinions of the world, nor value thyself upon verbal orthodoxy, philosophy, or thy skill in tongues, or knowledge of the fathers (too much the business and vanity of the world); but in this rejoice, 'That thou knowest God, that is the Lord, who exerciseth loving-kindness, and judgment, and righteousness in the earth.'—(Penn.)

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM JOHN FOTHER-GILL, TO ONE OF HIS SONS (SUPPOSED TO BE THE LATE DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL).

AFTER noticing the contents of a letter received from him, in which the proved, tried state of his mind was disclosed, he adds, 'May the feeling knowledge hereof, and an humble hope, and trust, to be guided and balanced by the invisible Holy One, guard and stay thee, through the unsettling struggles that may attend thee. For, betwixt the converse and pursuits of the un-

mortified world (however polished by human endeavours), and the earthly nature in ourselves, with the gilded appearance of penetration, comprehensiveness of reasoning, and finesse, of many among the more learned part of mankind, and the little, low, yet pure, and powerful seed, which at times makes itself known indisputably, yet hides itself again, creatures are liable to dangerous tossings; and good beginnings, ideas and desires of God's own begetting, have unhappily miscarried; and instead of coming nearer the experience of salvation, being as walls and bulwarks about them in a quiet habitation, too many, for want of carefully looking towards the true port, have been gradually, by one wave after another, carried off to sea again, and shipwrecked in the loose, unbottomed conceptions and interests of this world. Wherefore cleave close, I pray thee, to the immovable Rock—the spiritual appearance of the Father and the Son, in whom is all might and all sufficiency; and I fully believe he will be thy God, thy Saviour, thy Shepherd, to lead and feed thee, thy shield and exceeding great reward. Amen'

INFANT SCHOOL IN AMSTERDAM BELONGING
TO FRIENDS—ITS SINGULAR ORIGIN.

In the year 1781, a vessel, in part owned by a Friend, of London, was concerned with another in the capture of a Dutch East Indiaman, homeward bound—the captors being on their voyage

to New York, and the vessel, in which the Friend was half owner, bearing letters of marque and reprisals; which fact had been concealed, it appears, from his knowledge. On learning the event, and considering his own responsibility as owner, for the acts of the commander, the Friend insured £2000 on his share of the prize—which was paid him by the underwriters, the vessel

being lost on her passage to England.

This money was the prize of violence; and it was not for a friend to universal peace to retain and make use of it. What was then to be done? His Monthly Meeting advised him to put it in trust for the benefit of the sufferers, to be paid them 'whensoever they might be found.' He did so; but on condition of the trust continuing only eighteen months; in which time no claimant appearing, the publication of it not having been made in the right place, the money was returned to him.

The Friend being about to remove with his family to the United States, requested a certificate to a Monthly Meeting in Philadelphia. The Monthly Meeting in London declined granting him this, until such time as he should have complied with their advice, and have 'found out and refunded to the parties suffering by the capture.' He accordingly went over to Philadelphia without a certificate, but in 1799 signed an instrument, transferring the principal and interest of the prize money, which had been invested in the funds, to certain Friends appointed by the Monthly Meeting in London, to

be refunded to the sufferers, or otherwise disposed of in case they could not be found, in such a manner 'as the Friends of the Meeting should think most consistent with truth and equity.' His certificate of removal was now forwarded to him.

It is proper to mention here, in justice to the Friend, that he had disposed of his share in this armed vessel, as soon as he could after the

capture of the Indiaman.

The Monthly Meeting, by its committee and trustees, now prosecuted the business of restitution; the Friend himself having declined assisting in it. They advertised their intention in the Dutch papers, at some considerable expense, and thus brought forward, ultimately, the claims of a number of the representatives of those who had suffered, the fund meanwhile accumulating greatly by interest invested from time to time, under the direction of the Committee. In 1818, thirty-seven years after the capture, claims to the amount of no less than £7000 had been liquidated, leaving a balance still in the hands of the trustees of about £2000, three and a half per cent. augmenting yearly by interest.

In 1827, no further claims having been advanced from abroad, the trustees began to make charitable distributions of money out of the fund, to persons in necessitous circumstances in Amsterdam; but without expending in this way any considerable sum. For they were pretty soon induced to purchase a building in that city,

and founded an Infant School, after the model of the one in Spitalfields, London; reserving in trust with a sufficient number of Friends, under the Monthly Meeting, the sum of £2600, three per cent., the interest of which is applied by the Committee to its support.

Thus, by the overruling hand of Divine Providence, and through the persevering attention of a number of friends to truth and universal peace under our name, succeeding to each other in the discharge of their religious duty, and doing it in this case with much zeal and discretion, was the result of a single act of violence and cupidity towards the estate of unoffending individuals, converted, after all possible recompense made the sufferers, into a source
of permanent benefit, by instruction afforded
in their earliest years, to the generations to come.—(Yorkshireman.)

PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY.

To the Woomon Ffriends of the Quarterly Meeting at Barnbury.

Deare Ffriends,—It so hapens that none of us from Henly this year can conveniently attend the Service of this Meeting.

These cums to let you understand, that wee are in unity. Our week days Meetings are duly kept up. Our Poore are taken care of. Wee hope Truth prospers amongst us. And whear any thing is known to be a miss care is taken for amendm^t. This with the Salutation of Our Dear Loves, wee remaine your Ffriends in the Truth,

JUDITH GRIMSDALL.

LIDIA TOOVEY.

HENLY the 24th, 4th mo., 1726.

BAD ADVICE.

When a young man made an open profession of the gospel, his father, greatly offended, gave him this advice—'James, you should first get yourself established in a good trade, and then think of and determine about religion.' 'Father,' said the son, 'Christ advises me very differently. He says—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."'—(Cope's Anecdotes.)

FROM BISHOP BURNET'S 'HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES.'

In the year 1661, after King Charles II. was restored, many persons were brought to trial for joining Oliver Cromwell, several of whom were condemned and executed. Among the former was one Swinton, who, having been attainted in the parliament of Stirling, in Scotland, was brought before the parliament of England, to hear what he could say why the sentence should not be executed. He was then become a Quaker, and with an eloquence that moved the whole house, laid out all his own errors, and the ill spirit he was in when he

committed the things that were charged on him, with so tender a sense, that he seemed as one indifferent what they should do with him; and without so much as moving for mercy, or even for a delay, he so effectually prevailed on them, that they recommended him to the King as a fit object for his mercy, in consequence of which he escaped, though the man of all Scotland that had been the most trusted and employed by Cromwell.—(Leadbeater's Extracts.)

PREACHING AT AN EXECUTION.

In the Journal of Thomas Scattergood recently published, the following circumstance is related. It is not mentioned in the original American edition, and was supplied from the information

of a Friend in England:-

'While Thomas Scattergood stayed at the house of a Friend who assisted him (in visiting the prisons) on the south side of London, he related, that on an occasion of two men being about to be executed at Philadelphia, he felt a strong inclination to be present, which hardly seemed to be of the nature of a religious concern. He went to his friend William Savery, who was at work at his currier's shop, and found him disposed to accompany him. They watched the approach of the hurdle on which the criminals were placed, which they closely followed for some time, and at length got upon it. They felt as if they were dreadfully har-

dened, never having been sensible of the like before; but they afterwards believed that this feeling arose from a deep sense given them of the state of the minds of the criminals. When they arrived at the platform they ascended the ladder after the poor men, and directly after their execution, William Savery felt a very powerful impression to address the multitude assembled. The state of his mind immediately changed into one of deep compassion, so much so, that it was with difficulty he could forbear weeping. It was observed that many among the crowd wept. As soon as he had done, T. Scattergood followed, and very impressively and powerfully pointed out to the people the evil of giving way to the first temptation to do anything wrong, closing the whole with supplication.

'The time thus occupied was about an hour, and the crowd quietly dispersed.'—(The Friend.)

INWARD AND IMMEDIATE TEACHING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The Holy Spirit speaks inwardly and immediately to the soul; for God is a spirit; the soul is a spirit; and they converse with one another in spirit; not by words, but by spiritual notices, which, however, are more intelligible than the most eloquent strains in the world. God makes himself to be heard by the soul by inward motions, which it perceives and comprehends proportionably as it is emptied of earthly ideas.

And the more the faculties of the soul cease from their own operations, so much the more sensible and more intelligible are the motions of God to it.—(G. Munro, Vicar of Letterkenny.)

AN ACROSTIC.

S uch sweet persuasive eloquence is thine,
T o point the wanderer to the gift Divine;
E arnest to rouse the careless, and declare
P eace to the soul o'erwhelmed with doubt and care.
H ow thy lov'd accents sound in memory's ear,
E ager to soothe and dry the falling tear.
N ear is thy dwelling to the source of Light!

G race flows from thence, and clothes thee with its might; R eady to teach the inexperienced mind E arly to choose the path of the resign'd! L o! thou obey'st the call to distant lands, L ike Gabriel, flying at the Lord's commands! E ternal truth be with thee to direct, T o guide, support thee, strengthen, and protect.

THE CONNECTION OF THE STATE OR GOVERN-MENT, WITH ANY PARTICULAR CHURCH OR FORM OF RELIGION, DECLARED TO BE IN-EXPEDIENT AND ANTICHRISTIAN.

BY SEVERAL VOICES.

Worldly powers, princes, lords, and lawyers, may make laws, give out rights and orders respecting houses and yards, villages, and corn fields, wine and land, and people, and all that is upon earth subject to man; but, in matters

of belief—in what belongs to the soul—to deal as with outward bodily things, such as our oxen, and houses, and yards—no! that is not to be suffered..... I tell you again, neither pope nor bishop, nor any man, has a right to put a single syllable upon a Christian man, unless it be done with his own consent; and what is otherwise done, is done in the spirit of tyranny.—(Luther.)

Dissenters, I am told, declaim against all human authority in matters of religion. They hold, that no church has a right to impose an article of faith on any other Christian community. I believe in my heart they are right; at least, if they be not, he that can refute them is a much abler man than myself.—(From BISHOP SHIPLEY'S Speech in the House of Lords.)

No power or legislation can be admitted into Christ's church without making it a worldly

kingdom .- (BISHOP WARBURTON.)

A PERSIAN PRECEPT.

Foreive thy foes, nor that alone, Their evil deeds with good repay; Fill those with joys who leave thee none, And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow, In meek submission to its doom; And o'er the axe, at every blow, Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

REMARKABLE PRAYER.

NICHOLAS WALNE of Philadelphia, who came to England about the year 1780 on a religious visit, was brought up to the law, and practised for some years as a counsellor in that city. Previous to his becoming decidedly religious, and consistent in his conduct as a member of our Society, he grew uneasy in his mind, and very dejected, even almost to despair. At the time of the quarterly meeting in the second month 1772, he had taken his customary seat, being attired in his usual fashionable dress, when arising from his place he went into the ministers' gallery, and kneeling down, he offered the fol-

lowing prayer :-

'O Lord God, arise, and let thine enemies be scattered; baptize me with the baptism wherewith thou wast baptized, dip me yet deeper in Jordan, wash me in the laver of regeneration! Thou hast done much for me, and hast a right to expect much; and, in the presence of this congregation, I resign myself and all that I have to thee; it is thine, and I pray thee give me resolution in this to continue firm. Wheresoever thou leadest me, O Lord, I will follow thee, through persecution even unto martyrdom; if my life be required, I will freely sacrifice it..... Now I know that my Redeemer liveth. The mountains are removed—Halleluia! Teach me to despise the shame in the opinion of the people of this world. Thou knowest, O Lord, my deep baptisms; I acknowledge my

manifold transgressions; I know my unworthiness of thy favours which I have received. I thank thee, Father, that thou hast hid thy mysteries from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to babes and sucklings.' This extraordinary and unexpected appearance occasioned an elderly Friend to offer, at first, some impediment, to whom N. W. replied, 'Touch not the shew-bread with unhallowed hands.'

A VAIN SINGER CONVERTED.

LUKE COCK was accounted the greatest singer of vain and irreligious songs in all that part of the country where he lived. It pleased God, however, in the riches of his mercy, to visit him with his love, causing him to repent of the evil of his ways, and putting a new song into his mouth, even praises to God, who had called him from darkness into his marvellous light.

John Richardson, speaking of the conversion of this man says, 'he sung then (that is, before his conversion) the Babylonian song, by the muddy waters thereof, but having drunk of the brooks of Shiloh, that run softly into the newly converted soul, he could sing and rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ. And although he met with many trials and great tribulations, he witnessed his robes washed, and in a good degree made white in the blood of the Lamb, being, by the good hand and arm of strength and salvation, brought through all his troubles, and set as

upon mount Sion, where he could sing a new song, the song of Moses and of the Lamb.'

He kept to his integrity to the end of his days, departing this life towards the latter end of 1740, in the eighty-third year of his age, having been a faithful minister of the gospel of Christ about thirty-seven years.—(Collection of Testimonies, p. 143.)

DANGER OF RICHES.

'They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare.'

As eminent Friend remarks; 'Not all the persecutions, not all the apostates, nor all the open or private enemies, we have ever had, have done us, as a Christian Society, the damage that riches have done.'

DAVID BARCLAY

Was descended from an ancient and honourable family in Scotland, and was born in the year 1610. In his youth he was a volunteer in the army under Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, in which he rose to the rank of major. On the breaking out of the civil wars, he returned home, and became a colonel of a regiment of horse on the side of the king, having command of the shires of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness; but on the success of Cromwell in Scotland, he was deprived of his military employments, which he never afterwards resumed.

He became, however, an active member in several successive parliaments, and his strenuous and successful efforts in these, in favour of the nobility and gentry who had forfeited their estates in the political struggles of that period, made him very popular, and gave him great influence in his country, and especially in his own neighbourhood. The last parliament in which he sat, was that which was called in 1656, after which period he disentangled himself from all public affairs.

Thus far David Barclay had tasted much of prosperity, and by his general conduct amongst men, had obtained the approbation of most of those with whom he had been connected. But in his retirement from the world he was brought to see the state of his own heart, and the uncertainty of all earthly things; each day giving fresh evidence of their instability in every condition, from that of the king on his throne to that of the most destitute. Hitherto he had spent much of his time in serving others, but now he resolved to bestow the remainder of his life wholly in the service of God; and by so doing, more directly to answer the great purpose of his creation. Under these considerations, he looked around him with great anxiety and earnestness, to know what society of Christians to join with, to determine which, he betook himself to the close reading of the New Testament, as the only certain way of knowing the religion of Christ in its primitive purity. With patience and caution he pursued his inquiry, and after some time, upon full conviction, he joined the despised people called Quakers, and became as eminent for his religious and exemplary life, as he had formerly been for his bravery; resolving, by the grace of God, to suffer patiently indignities and injuries for conscience sake.

This change in his character soon brought him into trials: the laws being then against all meetings for worship not conducted after the prescribed national standard. In the north of Scotland, and chiefly at Aberdeen, in the vicinity of which he resided, the Quakers were particularly ill used; being often insulted at their meetings by the lowest dregs of the populace, whom the zealots of that day encouraged to molest them. It was remarked that none bore these indignities with greater calmness than David Barclay; and when upon an occasion of uncommon rudeness, one of his relations lamented that he should experience such a reverse of treatment from what he had formerly known in that place, he replied that he found more satisfaction, as well as honour, in being thus insulted for his religious principles, than when, some years before, it was usual with the magistrates, as he passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet him several miles, and conduct him to a public entertainment in their town-house, and then convey him so far out again, in order to gain his favour.

JOHN WESLEY ON CEREMONIES IN RELIGION.

'For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost' (Rom. xiv. 17).

The apostle declares, both here and in many other places, that true religion does not consist in meats and drinks, or in any ritual observances: nor indeed, in any outward thing whatever, in anything exterior to the heart: the whole substance thereof lying in righteous-ness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Not in any outward thing, such as forms or ceremonies even of the most excellent kind. Supposing them to be ever so decent and significant, ever so expressive of inward things: supposing them ever so helpful, not only to the vulgar, whose thoughts reach little further than their sight; but even to men of understanding, men of stronger capacities: yea, supposing them, as in the case of the Jews, to be appointed by God himself: yet even, during the period of time wherein that appointment remained in force, true religion did not principally consist therein; nay, strictly speaking, not at all. How much more must this hold concerning such rites and forms as are only of human appointment. The religion of Christ rises infinitely higher, and lies immensely deeper, than all these. . . . Let no man dream that they have any intrinsic worth, or that religion cannot subsist without them. This were to make them an abomination to the Lord.

ON GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE WITH THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE PEOPLE.

GEORGE PAYNE, LL.D., in his arguments against the interference of Governments with the religious instruction of the people, makes the fol-

lowing excellent remarks:-

'The compulsory support of religion is at variance with the very nature of religion. Every religious service and offering must be voluntary, to be accepted of God. Every payment to the support of religion extorted by the strong hand of the Government—especially if applied to what is false in religion—is a vile oblation in his sight. He will accept the freewill offering only. He looks at the heart, not at the silver and the gold—the former is the offering. When by the compulsion of law, even great wealth is placed upon God's altar, there is no offering—nothing for him to accept; and he may be expected to say to the extorters of such an oblation, 'Who hath required this at your hand?' On this ground I should totally disapprove of any law rendering the support of religion compulsory, even if the Sovereign and the country held precisely the same religious faith; there would still exist the evil of compulsory support, and this is, of itself, of appalling magnitude-an evil which tends to corrupt the very principle of obedience, by substituting the authority of man for the authority of God. It also assumes authority on the part of man, where there is none. God has set me free from

human control in reference to the support of religion. I am bound to him to support it, but not to man. And he has thus left all men free, that their contributions and their services may do honour to him; flowing, as they then may appear to do, from unmingled, as well as reverential regard to his authority. God has a right to control conscience—man, none at all.'

CHRISTIANITY.

To expect to give a just idea of Christianity by any quality as detached from the whole, would be to resemble a certain Athenian, who, having a palace to sell, took out a single brick from the wall, and produced it at the auction as a specimen of the edifice.

TO-MORROW.

I will to-morrow, that I will,
I will be sure to do it;
To-morrow comes, to-morrow goes,
And still thou art to do it.

Thus still repentance is deferr'd,
From one day to another;
Until the day of death is come,
And judgment is the other.

WAR.

True it is that war is always 'bitterness in the latter end.' It is bitterness to kings and govern-

ments, who lose their most faithful subjects and most valuable members. It is bitterness to society, cutting all the ties of relationship between parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and bosom friends. It is bitterness also to the people generally; and so they find it, when the expenses are summed up, and visit them in the form of taxes. Then, indeed, there is but one opinion—'War is bitterness in the latter end.'—(Cottage Bible.)

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

'But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John i. 7).

Walk in the light! So shalt thou know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light!—and sin, abhorr'd, Shall ne'er defile again; The blood of Jesus Christ, thy Lord, Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light !—and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly IIIs Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd, In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt own Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light !—and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glory shall chase away its gloom, For Christ hath conquer'd there! Walk in the light!—and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is Light!
(Bernard Barton.)

THE SWEET INFLUENCES OF GOSPEL LOVE.

O! that every awakened soul would daily seek after the sweet influences of gospel love! It sweetens society; it begets its likeness in others; it excites gratitude; and even if bestowed on the ungrateful (as saith our dear Redeemer, love's holy and exhaustless fountain, the rain falls on the just and the unjust), it brings its own sweet reward with it; for it attracts the approbation of God. Where, then, will be contempt; where, the indulgence of evil surmisings, and hard thoughts; where, either studied or careless detraction; where, even the needless disclosure of real failings; where, the least place for any enmity? These hurtful practices, and pride, the promoter of many such practices, will fall before the prevalence of pure, Christian love; and surely when these are exterminated from the heart, is it not so far prepared for its best and most sacred purpose, to be a temple of the Holy Spirit? Amen! - (Joseph Gurney BEVAN.)

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

GHARRET VAN HASSEN was born in Holland, about the year 1695. He was a signal instance of the mercy and long forbearance of a gracious God, being favoured with a Divine and powerful visitation about the fortieth year of his age, and thereby reclaimed from a state of unregeneracy and sin, witnessing true repentance. Having once intended to set out for America, he was suddenly taken ill, which prevented his going by the ship he had fixed upon, which, within two weeks after it had set sail, was lost, and all that were in it. This apparently providential escape made such a deep impression on his mind, that he became very serious, and soon after joined the Society of Friends, and travelled about as a minister of the gospel, being respected as well as beloved. It is related of him, that travelling alone in Scotland, during the hostilities exercised in 1745, he was stopped by military men, who inquired, 'What king are you for?' The answer to this question was hazardous, but the honest-hearted man replying, 'I am for the King of heaven,' he was suffered to proceed unmolested on his way.—(LEADBEATER'S Biog. Narratives.)

TIME.

Time is like our money. When we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eyes. As time recedes, eternity advances. How solemn the thought, how prudent the advice: Improve time, and prepare for eternity.—(Cope's Anecdotes.)

WHAT IS THE CHIEF END OF MAN?

CARE is the shadow of possession, and the magnitude of the shadow will always be in proportion to the dimensions of the substance. Great wealth certainly makes a man many anxieties. What shall I do? is a question often asked by affluence as well as by penury. There is nothing in earthly things suited, as a portion, to the desires of the human mind. The soul of man needs something better for its provision than wealth. It is on this account, partly, that our Lord brands the rich man in the Gospel for a fool, who, when he surveyed his treasures, said to his soul, 'Thou hast goods laid up for many years in store; eat, drink, and be merry.' A fool indeed, said Bishop Hopkins, to reckon his soul's goods by barns-full. He might as wisely have boasted that he had provided barns-full of thoughts for his body, as barns-full of corn for his soul. Then how precarious is the continuance of riches! They appear to us as in a dream; they come, and are gone; they stand by us in the form of a golden image, high in stature, and deeply founded on a rock; but while we look at them, they are transformed into an eagle with wings, and when we are preparing to embrace them, they fly away. What changes have we witnessed, even within our own circle of observation! How many do we know now suffering want, who formerly rolled in affluence! They set out in life, in the full sunshine of

prosperity, but the storm overtook them, and blasted every comfort they had in the world.

But if riches continue to the end of life, how uncertain is life itself. How often do we see persons called away by death, in the very midst of their prosperity. Just when they have most reason to desire to live, then they must die. Their industry has been successful, their desires after wealth have been gratified, they build houses, they plant gardens, and when preparing for many years of ease and enjoyment, they quit all, for the sepulchre; and then whose shall those things be which they have amassed?

'It is recorded of Saladin, the Saracen conqueror, after he had subdued Egypt, passed the Euphrates, and conquered cities without number; after he had retaken Jerusalem, and performed exploits almost more than human, in those wars which superstition had stirred up for the recovery of the Holy Land; that he finished his life in the performance of an action that ought to be transmitted to the most distant posterity. A moment before he uttered his last sigh, he called the herald who had carried his banners before him in all his battles: he commanded him to fasten to the top of a lance the shroud in which the dying prince was soon to be buried. 'Go,' said he, 'carry this lance, unfurl this banner; and, while you lift up this standard, proclaim, This, this is all that remains to Saladin the Great, the conqueror, and the king of the empire, of all his glory!' Yes, and that piece of crape, in which his perishing remains shall

be enwrapped, is all that will be left of his wealth to the rich man when he quits the present world.

Not one step will his riches go with him beyond the grave. What a sad parting will that be, when the soul shall leave all its treasures behind in this world, and enter upon another state of existence, whither it cannot take a farthing, and where it would be useless if it could take it all. Then the miserable spirit, like a shipwrecked merchant, thrown on some strange coast, after the loss of all his property, shall be cast on the shore of eternity, without one single comfort to relieve its pressing and

everlasting necessities.

Can riches, then, substantiate their claims to be the chief end of man? What! when it is so doubtful whether, after all our endeavours, we shall possess them; when the possession of them contributes so little to our real felicity; when their continuance is so uncertain; their duration so short; their influence upon our eternal destiny worse than nothing? Will any reasonable creature have the folly to assert, that the chief end for which God sent him into the world is to amass property, to build a splendid house, and to store it with furniture equally splendid, to wear costly clothes, and feed on rich viands, to live in affluence, and die rich? -(J. A. JAMES.)

THE INWARD GUIDE.

The nearer we live in conformity to the dictates of the guide within, the more freely will his sustaining light and life circulate within our borders, and replenish our ofttimes exhausted spirits, calling for grateful acknowledgments therefrom, and obtain acceptance by him who anointeth our heads with oil, and causeth our cup to run over. We thus become partakers of that food that satisfies, that gives strength to go forth to the battle, even against the mighty. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; gird up the loins of thy mind, and have confidence in the all-sufficiency of his outstretched arm, which will make way for the faithful, where there appears none prepared, and lead the blind in a path that they know not of.—(Anna A. Jenkins.)

WASTE OF LIFE IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

Since the 54th regiment went to India, they have lost thirty-four officers, 1200 men, fifty-one European women, and 135 children: of these 1420 persons, about seventy were killed in the field, and 1350 died of disease!—(Morning Chronicle.)

BURMESE WAR.—Of 4000 European troops employed in the Burmese war, 1700 died in the hospitals, many were slain, and very few returned to the British presidencies.

A few years since a recruiting party at Shrewsbury enlisted thirty young men, who were embarked for India, and stationed at Bangalore, where twenty-eight of them died; the two survivors returned to England.

The ophthalmia was imported into Europe by the troops returning from Egypt, and soon spread through the United Kingdom—often at-

tended with cases of total blindness.

In 1805, the ophthalmic hospital was opened in London, and has alone received 150,000 patients, educated 1427 medical men, and supplied medicines for about 50,000 patients in distant places.—(See the Hospital Report, 1841.)

[Yet such is the virulence of the ophthalmia, that there is little hope of it being eradicated.]

THE VOICE OF GOD.

'I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid.'

Aminst the thrilling leaves, thy voice At evening's fall drew near: Father! and did not man rejoice That blessed sound to hear?

Did not his heart within him burn, Touch'd by the solemn tone? Not so! for—never to return— Its purity was gone.

Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower, His spirit shook with dread, And call'd the cedars, in that hour, To voil his conscious head. O! in each wind, each fountain's flow, Each whisper of the shade, Grant me, my God, thy voice to know, And not to be afraid.

(FELICIA HEMANS.)

PEACE; THE ANGELS' ANTHEM.

WE know but of one anthem composed and sung by angels, and this most harmoniously combines the glory of God in the highest, with peace on earth, and good-will to man.—(Hannah More.)

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF EDWARD BURROUGH, WHO ENDED HIS SHORT, BUT VALUABLE LIFE, IN NEWGATE, DYING THERE A PRISONER FOR THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS.

THE convincement of this young man, through the ministry of George Fox, united him at a very early age with the Society of Friends; in which his extraordinary endowments, both of nature and grace, rendered him so useful, that his premature death was more than commonly felt and regretted.

It was not merely as a preacher that Edward Burrough laboured in the cause of truth; he was a diligent helper of the oppressed, by seeking at the fountain-head for the origin of their griefs, and there endeavouring to remove them. For this purpose, he not only wrote repeatedly to Oliver Cromwell, to represent the sufferings which, if not occasioned, were at least permitted

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by his authority, especially in relation to the cruelties which were exercised towards Friends, touching their refusal to take oaths, and pay to the maintenance of a hired ministry; but he also obtained a personal hearing from him on these subjects; and, as far as the wily Cromwell would speak intelligibly, he received from him an assurance that all persecution and cruelty was against his wishes, and that he was not guilty of conniving at that which had been practised towards the Quakers.

Nor was it only with Oliver as the ruling authority, that Edward Burrough pleaded in behalf of the oppressed; for in the year of the restoration of King Charles II., he repaired to him in behalf of the suffering Friends in America, four of whom had at that time been actually put to death by the sanguinary malice of their enemies in that country. Nor did he unsuccessfully appeal to the King in this matter; a mandamus being immediately granted to his pressing entreaties, that the relief in this emergency might be expedited. The circumstances of this case are more fully related elsewhere in these volumes.

In the exercise of his pen, also, he was very serviceable upon many occasions, wherein the interests of the Society were concerned; more especially in the first year of the restoration of Charles II., when, in consequence of the insurrection of the Fifth-monarchy men, a new Act was made, which pressed heavily upon the Quakers, as it required from them a violation

of one of their firmest principles in respect to oaths; and also forbade their assembling in their usual mode of religious worship. After stating the case respecting the refusing to take oaths and the consequent penalties, this Act specified that

'If the said persons, commonly called Quakers, shall, at any time, after the 24th day of March (1661), depart from the places of their several habitations, and assemble themselves to the number of five, or more, of the age of sixteen years or upwards, at any one time, in any place, under pretence of joining in a religious worship not authorized by the laws of this realm,' &c.; for the first offence the fine was to be £5 on each person so offending; £10 for the second offence; and for the third, the delinquent was required to abjure the realm; and in case of refusal, it was made lawful for the king to give order for the transportation of the offender; and, in default of payment of the fines within one week after conviction, the defaulter, for the first non-compliance, was to be imprisoned for three months, and for the second six, and to be kept at hard labour.

On the passing of this Act, Edward Burrough drew up a statement of 'The Case of the People called Quakers,' &c., in which, though he failed of obtaining for his fellow-sufferers the redress he desired, he nevertheless helped their cause, and the cause of truth in general, by the plain, manly, and conscientious record he exhibited of Friends' principles, and of their undeserving hardships in consequence of their faithfully abiding by them.

After answering various objections of opposers, with a beautiful outpouring of soul, he says, 'O Lord God everlasting, do thou judge our cause! do thou make it manifest in thy due season to

all the world, that we are thy people; that we love thee above all; that we fear thy name more than all; that we love righteousness and hate iniquity, and that we now suffer for thy holy name, and for thy honour and justice, and for thy truth and holiness! O Lord, thou knowest we are resolved to perish, rather than to lose one grain hereof! Amen, Amen! Much more is subjoined, showing the simple integrity with which he pleaded the case—an integrity which he confirmed by his personal example, upon all occasions, and for the maintenance of which he was cast into prison, under circumstances which, in all probability, occasioned the loss of his life.

In his addresses to the members of his own community, he was plain, but powerful in the wisdom which 'is profitable to direct.' The severe pressure of these tribulating times, called for every aid of counsel or of comfort, which the strong could administer to the weak; and herein was he made 'a succourer of many.'

Of the nearness of his departure from this world, Edward Burrough seemed to have had some foreshadowing on his mind: for he said, a few months before, to his particular friends, on parting from them at Bristol, that 'he did not know he should see their faces any more, and therefore he exhorted them to be faithful to that wherein they had found rest to their souls.' And to his bosom friend, Francis Howgill, he said, 'I can freely go to the city of London, and lay down my life for a testimony

of that truth which I have declared through the

power and Spirit of God.'

Thus 'setting his face like a flint,' to suffer or to die, this faithful disciple of the King of martyrs came to London, where, in consequence of the Act to which allusion has just been made, persecution of the fiercest kind was raging against the poor Quakers. Soon after his arrival, Edward was found preaching at the meeting-house called the Bull and Mouth, and being violently pulled down by some soldiers, he was taken before Alderman Richard Brown. and committed to Newgate. Several weeks afterwards, he was examined at the Old Bailey, and was fined twenty marks; which, judging it to be his duty not to pay, he was remanded back to prison, there to remain till payment was made. Here he was confined about eight months, in company with about 140 prisoners besides; and in consequence of the crowding together of so many persons under the privation of air, cleanliness, and every common comfort which human existence requires, several of them sickened and died, of which number he was one. We must not, however, omit to state, that a special order for the release of Edward and of some others, was sent from the king; but whether it arrived too late for his removal. or, as it is said, the enmity of those who were concerned in his committal frustrated the execution of it, certain it is, that he never received the benefit of it.

During the time of his weakness, he was very

fervent in prayer, both for himself and his friends; and many consolatory and glorious expressions escaped him. The deep devotedness of soul, wherewith from his youth he had given himself up to the cause of truth, not only permitted, but prompted the holy boldness with which, at this trying hour, he proclaimed himself the servant of the Lord. 'I have preached the gospel,' he said, 'freely in this city, and have often given up my life (as to will), for the gospel's sake. And now, O Lord, rip open my heart, and see if it be not right before thee!' Again, appealing in prayer to his heavenly Father, 'Thou hast loved me when I was in the womb,' he said, 'and I have loved thee faithfully in my generation.'

To his friends who were about him, and who

To his friends who were about him, and who he no doubt anticipated would severely feel the want of him, he addressed a few words of comfort, by reminding them that the righteous were taken away from the evil to come; and of exhortation, by saying, 'Live in love and peace.'

Nor was this heavenly-minded man unmindful to supplicate for his enemies and persecutors, naming the most unrelenting of them, by saying, 'Lord, forgive Richard Brown, if he may be forgiven!' 'Being sensible,' says Sewell, 'that death was approaching, he said, "Though this body of clay must turn into dust, yet I have a testimony that I have served God in my generation; and that spirit which hath lived, and acted, and ruled in me, shall yet break forth in thousands."'

The morning before he departed this life, which was about the latter end of 1662, he said, 'Now my soul and spirit is centered into its own being with God, and this form of person must return from whence it was taken.'

'This,' continues the historian, 'was the exit of Edward Burrough, who, in his flourishing years (viz., about the age of eight and twenty), in an unmarried state, changed this mortal life for an incorruptible.'—(Kelty's Early Friends.)

WATER.

Water was formerly vended in London and Paris at a penny for three or four gallons; now it is supplied in London at less than a farthing a hogshead! But what is this compared with the water of life, which is offered freely and copiously, without money and without price? for such is the nature of the proclamation which God addresses to all who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Let the reader peruse Isaiah lv. 1, &c.; John iv. 10; vii. 37; Rev. xxii. 17.

Come to the living waters, come; Sinners, obey your Maker's call, Return, ye weary wanderers. home, And find my grace is free for all.

LORD BROUGHAM ON WAR AND PEACE.

My principles, I know not whether they agree with yours; they may be derided, they may be

unfashionable; but I hope they are spreading far and wide—my principles are contained in the words which Lord Falkland used to express in secret, and which I now express in public—Peace, PEACE, PEACE! I abominate war as unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes. I deem it to include all others—violence, blood, rapine, fraud, everything which can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of man.

EARLY CHRISTIANS AGAINST WAR.

DURING a considerable period after the death of Christ, it is certain that his followers believed he had forbidden war; and that, in consequence of this belief, many of them refused to engage in it, whatever were the consequences, whether

reproach, imprisonment, or death.

Christ and his apostles delivered general precepts for the regulation of our conduct. And to what did their immediate successors apply the pacific precepts which have been delivered? They applied them to war; they were assured that the precepts absolutely forbade it. These were not the sentiments, and this was not the conduct, of insulated individuals. Their principles were the principles of the body. Justin Martyr and Tatian talk of soldiers and Christians as distinct characters. Clemens of Alexandria calls his Christian contemporaries the 'followers of peace,' and ex-

pressly tells us 'that the followers of peace used none of the implements of war.'

Lactantius, another early Christian, says expressly, 'It can never be lawful for a righteous

man to go to war.'

Even after Christianity had spread over almost the whole of the known world, Tertullian, in speaking of a part of the Roman armies, including more than one-third of the standing legions of Rome, distinctly informs us that 'not a Christian could be found among them.'

Irenæus, who lived about the year 180, affirms that the prophecy of Isaiah, which declared that men should turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, had been fulfilled in his time; 'for the Christians,' says he, 'have changed their swords and their lances into instruments of peace, and they know not how to fight.' Justin Martyr, his contemporary, writes, 'that the prophecy is fulfilled, you have good reason to believe, for we, who in times past killed one another, do not now fight with our enemies.' Tertullian says, 'You must confess that the prophecy has been accomplished, as far as the practice of every individual is concerned to whom it is applicable.'

Like every other corruption, war obtained by degrees. During the first two hundred years, not a Christian soldier is upon record. In the third century, when Christianity became partially corrupted, soldiers professing it were common. The number increased with the increase of the general profligacy, until at last, in the fourth

century, nominal Christians became soldiers without hesitation.—(DYMOND.)

OFFENCES AVOID.

HE that would live a quiet life, and keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, must be as backward to take offence as to give it.—
(A. CLARKE.)

UNIVERSALITY OF THE DIVINE LIGHT.

A gospel minister relates, that in the course of his travels in America, a cavilling physician denied that the Divine light and Spirit was in every one; and affirmed that it was not in the Indians, some of whom were present; whereupon, said the minister, I called an Indian to us, and asked him whether or no, when he did lie, or do wrong to any one, there was not something in him that did reprove him for it; he said there was such a thing in him, that did so reprove him, and he was ashamed when he had done wrong, or spoken wrong.—(G. Fox's Journal, vol. ii. p. 161.)

BE PLAIN, BUT CLEAN.

BE plain in clothes, furniture, and food, but clean, and then the coarser the better; the rest is folly and a snare. Therefore, next to sin, avoid daintiness and choiceness about your persons and houses. For if it be not an evil in itself, it is

a temptation to it; and may be accounted a nest for sin to brood in.—(Penn.)

CLEANLINESS.

There is a homely, but very forcible expression, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness:' meaning, that habits of cleanliness tend not only to health of body, but to that state of moral feeling which becomes man as the chief creature of the Almighty. One of the sure indications of mental degradation, is neglect of the person; filth and rags are mostly associated with misery, and often with vice and crime; and this remark applies to nations as well as to individuals.—(American Moral Almanac.)

PASSING AWAY OF OUTWARD FORMS.

O! LET the Christian bless that glorious day, When outward forms shall all be done away, When we in spirit and in truth alone Shall bend, O God! before thy awful throne; And thou our purer worship shalt approve, By sweet returns of everlasting love.

TRIALS PRODUCTIVE OF GOOD, AND NEEDFUL TO PURIFICATION.

'I REMEMBER,' says Whitfield, 'some years ago, when I was at Shields, I went into a glasshouse; and standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass, of various

forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, "Why do you put this through so many fires?" He answered, "O, Sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore, we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent." This furnished Whitfield with a useful hint, that we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away, and we are made fit for the owner's use.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

They who truly fear God have a secret guidance from a higher wisdom than what is barely human, viz., the spirit of truth and godliness, which doth really, though secretly, prevent and direct them. Any man that sincerely and truly fears Almighty God, and calls and relies upon Him for His direction, has it as really as a son has the counsel and direction of his father; and though the voice be not audible, nor discernible by sense, yet it is as real as if a man heard a voice saying, 'This is the way, walk in it.'— (Sir Matthew Hale.)

CRUEL TREATMENT OF GEORGE FOX.

ALTHOUGH numerous were the instances in which a mighty and marvellous effect accompanied the ministry of the early Friends, to the conFACSIMILE AUTOGRAPHS

E. B's Letters and Papers are sometimes signed with his initials thus.

A Hullerthorne

Thy restfind

Barrelay

B



In Vaughton

Som Fothergiff



vincement of many, yet manifold also were those in which they were opposed, not only with

resentment, but cruelty.

A case of this kind occurred to George Fox, at Mansfield Woodhouse, where he relates 'the people fell upon him whilst he was declaring the truth.' After being beaten and bruised till he was scarcely able to stand, 'they put me,' he continues, 'into the stocks, where I sat some hours; and they brought dog-whips and horse-whips, threatening to whip me. After some time they had me before the magistrates, at a knight's house, where were many great persons, who, seeing how evilly I had been used, after much threatening set me at liberty; but the rude people stoned me out of the town for preaching the word of life to them.'

ON DIVINE WORSHIP.

Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been On the day of its first dedication, When the cherubim's wings, widely waving, were seen

On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd To minister, standing before thee, Retir'd from the cloud which the temple then fill'd, And thy glory made Israel adore thee.

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then, Yet the worship thy gospel discloses, Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men, Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd, But by him unto whom it was given To enter the oracle where is reveal'd, Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven?

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown us the way, O Lord! how to worship before thee; Not with shadowy forms of that early day, But in spirit and truth to adore thee.

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage he taught To her, who inquired by that fountain, If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought, Or ador'd on Samaria's mountain?

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
When he, if ye rightly would hail him,
Will neither be worshipp'd exclusively here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a spirit! and they who aright
Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
That Spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,
Whose bosoms have livingly known it.
Whom God hath instructed to worship him there,
And convinc'd that his merey will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name,
Now lives but in history's story;
Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright flame,
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory!

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom Divine, Though all human fabrics may falter, Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine, Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar!

(Bernard Barton.)

ENORMOUS COST OF WAR.

RETURN of J. C. Herries's motion of 'Grants for the year ending April 1, 1841.'

Armv		£6.616.853
	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	
China		173,442
Miscellaneous	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	2,760,000
	ding	
	46	1,421,068
Ordnance	"	610,840
Canada	"	154,997
China		23,442
Miscellaneous	"	1.314.769.

One year for war, &c., £22,900,129! For education, £30,000. What say you to this, Englishmen and women? We were early taught that by men's fruits should we know them.—(Examiner.)

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN, A YOUNG CHRISTIAN, A.D. 260.

THE early Christians refused to fight; and it is related of Maximilian, when brought before Dion, the proconsul, and asked his name, Maximilian, turning to him, replied, 'Why wouldest thou know my name? I am a Christian, and cannot fight.'

Maximilian was registered 'five feet ten inches high,' and Dion bade the officer mark him. But Maximilian refused to be marked, still asserting that he was a Christian, upon which Dion instantly replied, 'Bear arms, or thou shalt die.'

To this Maximilian answered, 'I cannot fight if I die; I am not a soldier of this world, but a soldier of God.' Dion then said, 'who has persuaded thee to behave thus?' Maximilian answered, 'my own mind, and He that called me.' Dion then spoke to his father, and bade him persuade his son. But his father observed, that his son knew his own mind, and what was best for him to do. After this had passed, Dion addressed Maximilian again in these words—'Take thy arms, and receive the mark.' 'I can receive,' said Maximilian, no such mark—'I have already the mark of Christ.' Upon which Dion said, 'I will send thee quickly to thy Christ.' 'Thou mayst do so,' said Maximilian, 'but the glory will be mine.'

Maximilian still refusing the mark, spoke

Maximilian still refusing the mark, spoke thus—'I cannot receive the mark of this world, and if thou shouldest give me the mark, I will destroy it. It will avail nothing. I am a Christian, and it is not lawful for me to wear such a mark about my neck, when I have received the saving mark of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, whom thou knowest not, who died to give us life, and whom God gave for our sins. Him all we Christians obey—Him we follow as the restorer of our life,

and the author of our salvation.'

Dion instantly replied to this, 'Take thy arms, and receive the mark, or thou shalt suffer a miserable death.' 'But I shall not perish,'

says Maximilian, 'my name is already enrolled

with Christ-I cannot fight.'

Dion said, 'Consider then thy youth, and bear arms; the profession of arms becomes a young man.' Maximilian replied, 'My arms are with the Lord. I cannot fight for any earthly consideration. I am now a Christian.

Dion, the proconsul, said, 'Among the lifeguards of our masters, the Emperors, there are Christian soldiers, and they fight.' Maximilian answered, 'They know what is expedient for them, but I am a Christian, and it is unlawful for me to do evil.'

Dion said, 'Take thy arms, despise not the profession of a soldier, lest thou perish miserably.' 'But I shall not perish,' says Maximilian; 'and if I should leave this world, my soul will live with Christ the Lord.'

Dion then ordered his name to be struck from the roll; and when this was done, he proceeded, Because out of thy rebellious spirit thou hast refused to bear arms, thou shalt be punished according to thy deserts, for an example to others,' and then he delivered the following sentence-'Maximilian! because thou hast, with a rebellious spirit, refused to bear arms, thou art to die by the sword.' Maximilian replied, 'Thanks be to God.'

He was twenty years, three months, and seventeen days old, -and when he was led to the place of execution, he spoke thus; 'My dear brethren, endeavour with all your might, that it may be your portion to see the Lord, and that he may give you such a crown; and then, with a pleasant countenance, he said to his father, Give the executioner the soldier's coat thou hast gotten for me, and when I shall receive thee in the company of the blessed martyrs, we may rejoice together with the Lord.

After this he suffered. His mother, Pompeiana, obtained his body from the judge, and conveyed it to Carthage, and buried it near the place where the body of Cyprian the martyr lay. And thirteen days after this, his mother died, and was buried in the same place. And Victor, his father, returned to his habitation, rejoicing and praising God that he had sent before such a gift to the Lord, himself expecting to follow after.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH OF THE NECESSITY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT'S IN-FLUENCE, BEING THE PRIMARY QUALIFICA-TION OF GOSPEL MINISTERS.

Some years ago, David Sands, and two other Friends, were travelling in the north of England, and as they were passing through a village, consisting of a few scattered houses, David Sands told his fellow-travellers that it was impressed upon his mind to remain in that village to hold a meeting. His companions remonstrated with him, and endeavoured to point out the impracticability of it; and in order to prevail upon him to relinquish his design, they in-

formed him, that the people were much engaged with the harvest; in consequence of which, the meeting, if held, must be late, and few or none would attend. But D. Sands being well acquainted with the operations of the Spirit of God upon the mind, and firm to what he was convinced was his duty, was unmoved by the arguments advanced; he therefore replied, however late the meeting may be, or however few may attend, I cannot be free in my mind to pass through this village without calling the people together.

On his companions observing his firmness, they yielded, and directed their course to a small house; and when they arrived at the door they requested accommodation for themselves and their horses, informing the people, at the same time, that they would make them a suitable recompense for their trouble. The request was immediately complied with, and the result of that compliance was a kind reception, and an hospitable entertainment. When the people of the house were apprized of the design of their guests, they made every necessary preparation for the meeting, while David Sands and his companions went and gave notice to the villagers respecting it.

At the hour appointed several attended; and, after some time had elapsed in silence, David Sands arose and addressed the company. The manner in which he commenced his address was sufficient to excite surprise and inquiry into every breast. He informed his hearers that it

was impressed upon his mind that a person among them had the instruments of death about him, and that the same person had prepared them for his own destruction. After thus pointing out the evil itself, he then exhorted the person to desist from his awful design, and warned him of the fatal consequences which warned him of the fatal consequences which would most assuredly follow such an attempt. He also informed the people, that, although he did not know the individual personally, yet he was as much persuaded of the truth of what he asserted by his inward eye, or the eye of his mind, as though he had seen the instruments with the eyes of his body. While he was thus enlarging upon the deed, which he was persuaded the person was going to perpetrate, an individual was observed to weep, and those around him suspected him to be the person. David Sands concluded the whole with a suitable exhartation to the company at large, and

bard sands concluded the whole with a santable exhortation to the company at large, and left many under serious impressions.

When the meeting was ended, the person who was observed to weep came up to David Sands, drew a brace of pistols from his pocket, told him he had prepared them for his own destruction, and that he intended to put an end to his own existence that same night; but, on hearing there would be a meeting of the Friends, he thought he would attend; and, as he thought there would be no person to speak, he judged he could sit and meditate without interruption concerning the best means to accomplish his design. He also informed him that as soon as the

instruments of death were mentioned, he was struck with terror, and that it was certainly the hand of God for good to his soul; he affirmed too, that David Sands must have known his design by Divine revelation, as he had not communicated it to a single individual. I have the happiness to add, that the horrid deed of suicide was not only prevented, but the man was convinced of sin, became serious, and Satan was deprived of his expected prev.

How can the sneering patrons of infidelity account for this? Both an extraordinary influence of the Holy Spirit, and a particular providence, appear visible; the former in the circumstance being revealed to David Sands, and the latter in snatching the poor deluded man from endless ruin. And if God, in particular cases, reveals to his servants certain circumstances at this period, is it a thing incredible, that holy men of God 'spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' in earlier times?—
(Methodist Magazine.)

A GARDEN.

HE who possesses a well cultivated garden and a contented mind, may well be reminded of the happiness of Eden, and still more should he seek preparation for the paradise above. If, however, men refuse here to sow the seeds of faith and repentance, they must never expect to reap a harvest of eternal joy hereafter. For,

according to that which a man soweth shall he reap.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH AN INWARD MONITOR.

How happy is the state of those who are led and guided by the Spirit of Truth, the inward monitor! They need not that any man should teach them, since they have taken eternal wisdom for their guide and teacher. They are happy in having Omnipotence for their protector, and no weapon that is formed against them shall prosper.—(William Allen.)

TRIPLETS FOR TRUTH'S SAKE.

Let sceptics doubt—philosophers deride The Christian's privilege—'an inward Guide:' 'Wisdom is of her children justified!'

Let such as know not what that boon implies, God's blessed Book, above his spirit, prize; No stream can higher than its fountain rise!

Let them whose spirits types and shadows crave, For Baptism, trust the elemental wave: One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, still must save!

Let them who, like the Jews, 'require a sign,' Partake, unblam'd, of outward bread and wine; Thou, Lord! within canst make the substance mine!

Believing in thy glorious gospel-day, Types, emblems, shadows, all must pass away; In such I dare not place my trust or stay.

ABBA! on Thee, with child-like trust, I call, In self-abasement at thy footstool fall, Asking to know but Thee, and find Thee all.

In copying the above from the poet's own

handwriting, the writer has been led to admire a prosaical definition of the 'inward Guide,' by

John Woolman, who writes thus:-

'There is a principle which is pure, placed in the human mind, which in different places and ages hath had different names; it is, however, pure, and proceeds from God. It is deep and inward; confined to no forms of religion, nor excluded from any, where the heart stands in perfect sincerity. In whomsoever this (principle) takes root and grows, of what nation soever, they become brethren in the best sense of the expression.'

ADAM CLARKE ON SINGING.

AFTER noticing the disturbances given to the Society of Plymouth Dock by the choir, he adds, 'Disturbances of this kind, which he has witnessed in all the large Societies, have led him often seriously to question whether public singing made any essential part in the worship of God, most of those who are employed in it being the least spiritual part of the church of Christ.'—(Vol. i. p. 235.)

WHAT CONSTITUTES A CHURCH?

What constitutes a church?

Not Roman basilic, or Gothic pile
With fretted roof, tall spire, and long-drawn aisle:
These only mock thy search;
Fantastic sepulchres, when all is said,
Seek not the living church among the dead.

II.

What is a church indeed?
Not triple hierarchy or throned priest—
The stolen trappings of the Roman beast—
Altar or well-sung creed;
Rites magical, to save nor sanctify,
Nor aught that lulls the ears, or lures the eye.

A band of faithful men,
Met for God's worship in an upper room,
Or, canopied by midnight's starry dome,
On hill-side or lone glen,
To hear the counsels of his Holy Word—
Pledged to each other, and their common Lord.

These, few as they may be,
Compose a church, such as, in pristine age,
Defied the tyrant's steel, the bigot's rage.
For where but two or three,
Whate'er the place, in faith's communion meet,
There, with Christ's presence, is a church complete.

(Josiah Conder.)

MUSIC AND DECORATIONS DETRIMENTAL TO THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

I FIRMLY believe, that if we seek to affect the mind by the aid of architecture, painting, or music, the impression produced by these adjuncts is just so much subtracted from the worship of the unseen Jehovah. If the outward eye is taken up with material splendour, or forms of external beauty, the mind's eye sees but little of 'him who is invisible;' the ear that is entranced with the melody of sweet sounds listens not to the 'still small voice' by which the Lord makes his presence known.—(Visit to my Fatherland; by R. H. Herschell, a converted Jew.)

TO PILLAR-ADVOCATES, AND PLEADERS FOR THE DECORATION OF MEETING-HOUSES.

A MEETING-HOUSE for Friends should be Devoid of ostentation; We neither think, nor hope to see, Attempts at decoration.

Columns, magnificent and high,
Have no intrinsic merit
With Him whose pure and searching eye,
Looks only on the spirit.

A house superb, of brick and stone, With richly-finish'd portal, May entrance give to pride alone, But not the seed immortal.

Ye patrons of the pillar scheme Need not be disconcerted, Nor quit at length your favourite theme, Though from its course diverted.

If raising pillars is your aim,
Be this the wise endeavour,
To build, through the eternal name,
Such as may last for ever.

TRUE PRAYER INWARD AND SPIRITUAL.

NAY, one thing I know more, that the prayer which is the most forcible, transcends, and far exceeds all power of words. For St. Paul, speaking to us of the most effectual kind of prayer, calls it sighs and groans that cannot be uttered. Nothing cries so loud in the ears of God as the sighing of a contrite and earnest heart. It requires not the voice, but the mind;

not the stretching of the hands, but the intention of the heart; not any outward shape or carriage of the body, but the inward behaviour of the understanding. How, then, can it slacken your worldly business and vocations, to mix them with sighs and groans, which are the most effectual kind of prayer?—(Judge Hale's Golden Remains.)

ANTHONY BENEZET.

The following tribute to the character of this truly eminent Christian and Philanthropist, is from a note attached to an article on the Life of Wilberforce in the Quarterly Review:—

'We find no mention amidst all these claims (on the merit of originating the subject of the abolition of the Slave-trade), for that of Anthony Benezet, who seems to have been really the first who called public attention to the wrongs of the negroes. He was a French Protestant, born at St. Quintin in France, in 1718, was educated in England, and about 1731 settled in Philadelphia, where he became a Quaker, and grew celebrated for his philanthropy. He published, as early as 1762, a work against the Slave-trade.

'This good man died in 1784, with such a reputation for philanthropy, that it is said, that an American officer on seeing his funeral pass, exclaimed, "I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin, than George Washington in all his glory."

THE TRUMPETER'S PENITENCE AND CONFESSION.

A CERTAIN trumpeter, coming into a meeting of Friends, began in an insolent manner to sound his trumpet, to drown the voice of him that was preaching. But this had the contrary effect, and stirred up the zeal of the preacher the more, so that he went on as if none disturbed him. The trumpeter at length, to recover his breath, ceased blowing; but being still governed by an evil spirit, after some intermission began to sound again. Whatever he did, he was not able to divert the preacher from his discourse, though he might hinder the auditory from hearing what was spoken. Becoming much wearied, he was obliged to rest again for respiration, and, in spite of his evil will, he heard what the preacher spoke, which was so piercing, that the trumpeter was deeply affected by it, and bursting into tears, confessed his crime, and came to be a true penitent.—(Sewell's History.)

RECORD OF OUR ACTIONS.

THERE is an invisible pen always writing over our heads, and making an exact register of all the transactions of our lives. Not our public conduct only, and what we reckon the momentous part of our lives, but the indulgence of our private pleasures, the amusements of our secret thoughts and idle hours, shall be brought into account.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY ABLY ILLUSTRATED ON QUAKER PRINCIPLES.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

THERE is a duty, and a charity, likewise, which we owe to the world at large, as well as a faithfulness to God and his grace in our necessary converse among men. This seems to require that though we should not be needlessly singular, yet for their instruction, and for the honour of our Lord and Master, we should keep up a certain kind of singularity, and show ourselves called to be a separated people; that though the providence of God has given us callings and relations to fill up, in which we cannot be too exact; yet we are not of the world, but belong to another community, and act from other principles, by other rules, and to other ends, than the generality of those about us. I have observed the world will often leave professors in the quiet possession of their notions, and sentiments, and places of worship, provided they will not be too stiff in the matter of their conformity with their more general customs and amusements.

In our little way of life in the country, serious people often complain of the snares they meet with from worldly people, and yet they must mix with them to get a livelihood. I advise them, if they can, to do their business with the world as they do it in the rain; if their business calls them abroad, they will not leave it undone,

for fear of being a little wet; but when it is done, they presently seek shelter, and will not stand in the rain for pleasure; so, providential and necessary calls of duty, that lead us into the world, will not hurt us if we find the spirit of the world unpleasant, and are glad to retire from it, and keep out of it as much as our relative duties will permit; that which is our cross is not so likely to be our snare; but if that spirit, which we should always watch and pray against, infects and assimilates our minds to itself, then we are sure to suffer loss, and act below the dignity of our profession.—(Newton's Works, vol. i. p. 117, 118—Cardiphonia).

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS MAJOLIER.

Some years ago, Louis Majolier, a Friend, residing at Congenies, in the south of France, was engaged on an arbitration, in a case of inheritance, which required an oath by law; and in consequence, he appeared before the Court to enter into the usual bonds. The officer, whose business it was to administer the oath, who did not know Louis or his principles, having but lately come into the province, addressed him in the usual form—'Do you swear to perform this trust faithfully?' To which Louis replied, 'I cannot swear at all.' The officer exclaimed, with surprise, 'You cannot swear at all!' but, before he had time to proceed further, the President of the Court said, 'Sir, I know this man;

he is a disciple of Penn—you may take his simple promise: he will perform it as well as other people perform their oaths.' 'The law,' rejoined the officer, 'requires an oath.' 'No matter,' said the President; 'the courts have decided in favour of the Quakers in this respect.' After some further discussion, it was agreed to dispense with the oath; and the reasons for this deviation from the common practice were entered on the records of the court. When Louis Majolier pronounced the words—'I promise it,' the President added, 'And I guarantee his promise.'

PEACE.

- 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you' (John xiv. 27).
 - 'Peace' was the song the angels sang When Jesus sought this vale of tears; And sweet the heavenly prelude rang, To calm the watchful shepherds' fears.
 - 'War' is the word that man hath spoke, Convuls'd by passions dark and dread; And pride enforc'd a lawless yoke, E'en where the gospel's banners spread.
 - 'Peace' was the prayer the Saviour breath'd, When from our world his steps withdrew; The gift he to his friends bequeath'd With Calvary and the cross in view.

Redeemer, with adoring love, Our spirits take thy rich bequest; The watchword of the host above, The passport to the realms of rest.

(L. II. SIGOURNEY.)

ROBERT BARCLAY AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

WHEN Barclay's principles were put to the test, he did not forsake them to avoid persecution or imprisonment, which was often his lot; nor did he let them fall to the ground, as is the policy of some, in cases of imminent danger.

In one of his journeys from London, a circumstance occurred which strongly manifested his adherence to the principle of Christians being precluded from retaliating violence, even in selfdefence. He was attacked by highwaymen on the road, one of whom levelled a pistol at him, and made a determined demand for his purse. Calm and self-possessed, Barclay looked the robber in the face, with a firm but meek benignity; assured him he was his and every man's friend; that he was willing and ready to relieve his wants; that he was free from the fear of death through a Divine hope in immortality, and therefore was not to be intimidated by a deadly weapon. He then appealed to him whether he could find in his heart to shed the blood of one who had no other feeling or purpose but to do him good.

The robber was confounded; his eye melted; his brawny arm trembled; his pistol dropped out of his hand on to the ground, and he fled from the presence of the non-resistent hero,

whom he could no longer confront.

It was observed the morning before he was attacked, Barclay was more pensive than usual, and he expressed an opinion that some unusual

trial or exercise would occur that day; but when the affair happened, he enjoyed a remarkable serenity.—(Memoir of R. Barclay.)

FAITHFULNESS.

THE domestics in the royal family of George III., having liberty one evening of going to the play, an elderly female, being a Methodist, declined going, and the king accidentally meeting with her, accosted her thus: 'Why, Mrs. Clarke! how is it that you are not gone to the play?' She meekly replied, 'Please your majesty, if it please God to send the messenger of death to me, I should not like that he should find me at the playhouse.'

COST OF GLORY.

WITHIN a few years past, France has positively lost, in Africa, fifty thousand fine soldiers, and far the greater part by sickness and fatigue.

far the greater part by sickness and fatigue.

The day may be nearer than any anticipate, when the children of a common Father shall cease to devour one another. The policy of surrounding human life with deadly weapons, in order to secure it, is beginning to appear to many no less absurd than wicked; like making, selling, or drinking rum, to save from drunkenness. Thousands are refusing to comply with the barbarous militia laws, requiring human beings, under pains and penalties of fines and

imprisonment, to study the science of human

slaughter.

Thousands are asking, Can a man, who believes that all war is wrong, hold a military office, or help to elect others to it? The principle, and its applications to church and state, will be freely and fully canvassed. Non-resistance concerns humanity, and ere long every human being will take an interest in it.

HUMAN LIFE.

In a single century, four thousand millions of human beings appear on the face of the earth, act their many parts, and sink into the grave.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EARLY FRIENDS.

April 22, 1825.—It appears, from a statement in the last number of the Christian Examiner, that the number of volumes of different works published by the Quakers previously to A.D. 1715, which embraced a period of only about seventy years, was four thousand two hundred and sixty-nine. Each edition of those works contained, we are told, about one thousand copies on an average, making in the whole about four millions two hundred and sixty-nine thousand volumes and tracts, sent forth by the Society in that short period. Twelve thousand copies of Barclay's Apology were published in

one edition, and ten thousand of them were distributed gratis.

FRANCIS HOWGILL

Was born about the year 1618, and resided near Grayrigg, in Westmorland. He received a university education, and became a preacher among the Episcopalians, whom he afterwards left, being dissatisfied with their doctrines and mode of worship, and the superstition he saw remaining amongst them. He joined the Independents, amongst whom he became a teacher; and subsequently the Anabaptists, 'apprehending that they walked more in accordance with the gospel of Christ.' He did not, however, find that spiritual comfort which his soul thirsted after, but remained destitute of that peace of mind which he so earnestly longed for, until about the thirty-fourth year of his age, when he joined the persecuted people called Quakers; 'amongst whom,' says Sewell, 'he became a zealous member, and he died in communion with them after having been about sixteen years eminent amongst them as a minister, and on account of his writings and sufferings.'

Francis Howgill was convinced by George Fox, when in Westmorland, in 1652; shortly after which he returned to the parish of Colton the money he had taken from the people as a hireling preacher. George Fox describes him as 'one of the Lord's worthies that preached his everlasting word of life, from about the year

1652, until the year 1668, when he died in

prison.

He was imprisoned at Appleby several months. 'Having been set at liberty, he became valiant and bold for the name of the Lord, and travelled up and down on foot, preaching the everlasting gospel,' chiefly in and about London; he, with Edward Burrough, and Anthony Pearson, formerly a justice of the peace, being the first Friends who had meetings in that city. A. Pearson soon went into the North, but Francis Howgill and Edward Burrough remaining in London, laboured diligently, having three or four meetings every week, larger than could be contained in any place they could conveniently obtain for the purpose.

Some meetings being settled in London, in company with his dear friend and companion, Edward Burrough, he visited Bristol in 1654. They stayed about seven weeks in and about Bristol, labouring diligently, and many received

the truth which they preached.

Returning to London, he paid a visit to the Protector, Oliver Cromwell; soon after which, he wrote to him. He also laboured in the isle of Ely, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Kent, but most frequently in London. With Edward Burrough he visited Ireland, from whence they were banished.

F. Howgill appears to have laboured chiefly in London, and perhaps wholly so, from the time of his return from Ireland, until 1661, when, with many others, he was imprisoned in London,

on the alleged suspicion of Friends being concerned in the insurrection of the Fifth-monarchy

people.

His dear friend and fellow-labourer, E. Burrough, died in Newgate in 1662; and in 1663, F. Howgill was committed to Appleby jail, from which he was shortly taken, but only to be recommitted, and that for life, for not taking the oath of allegiance. After a tedious and painfully interesting trial, the particulars of which are given in a preface to his works, which were compiled in a folio volume, and published after his decease, the following sentence was passed upon him, simply for his obedience to the command of our Saviour, 'Swear not at all:'—'You are put out of the King's protection and the benefit of the law; your lands are confiscated to the King during your life, and your goods and chattels for ever, and you to be a prisoner during your life.'

Francis Howgill 'had a wife and children, and some small estate which he knew lay at stake in the matter; but he said if it were his life also, he could not revolt from, or deny that which he had most certainly believed in.' He lay in prison about five years, until his decease in 1668; writing much in support of Truth and its principles. Often, in the course of his last sickness, he said he was content to die; that he was ready, and praised God for the sweet enjoyment and refreshment he had received on that his prison-house bed whereon he lay, freely forgiving all who had a hand in his persecution.

A few hours previous to his decease, some Friends who lived several miles distant from Appleby, came to see him. He inquired of all their welfare, and prayed fervently with many heavenly expressions, that the Lord, by his mighty power, might preserve them out of all such things as would spot and defile.

He 'sweetly finished his course in much peace, on the twentieth of the eleventh month, 1668, in the fiftieth year of his age, after being a prisoner for the testimony of Jesus from the

latter part of the fifth month, 1663.'

CRUEL TREATMENT FOR NOT OBSERVING DAYS AND TIMES.

Samuel Hollister was taken out of a shop which was kept open on the day called Christmas, in 1663, and with two others carried to the guard, where they were unmercifully tied, neck and heels, with half-cwts. and muskets about their necks, in the extreme cold weather, till their faces were black, and their lives in danger. Some humane persons passing by at the time, and observing this, cut the cords, and released them just when they were ready to expire.—(Besse, vol. i. p. 50.)

CONSOLATION.

THERE is a smile for every sigh,
For every wound a balm;
A joy for every moisten'd eye,
For every storm a calm.

Each sigh is sent a smile to light, Each wound in mercy given; Each tear-fill'd eye will yet be bright, Each storm subside—in Heaven!

EXPENSE OF WAR.

The expense of war may be but too easily illustrated from our own national history. At the abdication of James II., the national debt of England amounted to only about half a million. By the wars which we waged from that period to the overthrow of Bonaparte, it had increased to 865 millions! The Christian Almanac for 1841 says: 'According to the official returns, the national defence has cost the country, in the thirty-six years from 1801 to 1836, the sum of £1,007,938,076; of which sixty-three per cent. was expended in the fourteen years of war, and the remaining thirty-seven per cent. in the twenty-two years of peace.'

THE SUBSTANCE OF A FEW EXPRESSIONS DE-LIVERED BY SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, TO SOME OF HIS RELATIONS, WHEN TAKING LEAVE OF HIM, PREVIOUS TO THEIR GOING TO THE YEARLY MEETING IN LONDON.

Our health is no more at our command than length of days; mine seems drawing fast towards a conclusion. I think, but I am content with every allotment of Providence, for they are all in wisdom. There is one thing which, as an arm underneath, bears up and supports; and, though the rolling tempestuous billows surround, yet my head is kept above them, and my feet are firmly established. O seek after it! press after it! lay fast hold of it! Though painful my nights and wearisome my days, yet I am preserved in patience and resignation. Death has no terror, neither will the grave have any victory. My soul triumphs over death, hell, and the grave. Husbands and wives, parents and children, health and riches, must all go; disappointment is another name for them. I should have been thankful had I been able to have got to the ensuing Yearly Meeting in London, which you are now going to attend, where I have been so often refreshed with my brethren, but it is otherwise allotted. I shall remember them, and some of them will remember me. The Lord knows best what is best for us; I am content, and resigned to his will. I feel a foretaste of the joy that is to come; and who would wish to change such a state of mind? I should be glad if any easy channel could be found to inform the Yearly Meeting, that, as I lived, so shall I close, with the most unshaken assurance that we have not followed cunninglydevised fables, but the pure, living, eternal substance. Let the aged be strong, let the middle-aged be animated, and the youth encouraged; for the Lord is still with Zion, the Lord will bless Zion. If I be now removed out of his church militant, where I have endeavoured, in some measure, to fill up my duty, I have an evidence that I shall gain an admittance into his glorious church triumphant, far above the heavens. My dear love is to all those that love the Lord Jesus.

REMARKABLE ANAGRAM.

PILATE's question to our Lord, 'What is truth?' in the Latin Vulgate, stands thus:—Quid est veritas? The letters transposed, Est vir qui adest—'It is the man before thee.'

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAYER is the application of want to him who only can relieve it; the voice of sin to him alone who can pardon it; it is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the fervency of penitence, the confidence of trust; it is not eloquence but earnestness, not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not the figures of speech, but compunction of soul; it is the 'Lord, save us, we perish,' of drowning Peter; the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.

Adoration is the noblest employment of created beings; confession the natural language of guilty creatures; gratitude the spontaneous expression of pardoned sinners. Prayer is desire; it is not a conception of the mind, nor a mere effort of the intellect, nor an act of the memory; but an elevation of the soul towards its Maker; a

pressing sense of our ignorance and infirmity, and consciousness of the perfections of God, of his readiness to hear, of his power to help, of his

willingness to save.

Talking about religion is not being religious, but we may bring the spirit of religion into company, and keep it in perpetual operation when we do not professedly make it our subject; we may be constantly advancing its interests—we may, without effort or affectation, be giving an example of candour, of moderation, of humility, of forbearance—we may employ our influence by correcting falsehood, by checking levity, by discouraging calumny, by vindicating misrepresented merit, by countenancing everything which has a good tendency; in short, by throwing our whole weight, be it great or small, in the right scale.—(H. More's Practical Piety.)

IN WHAT THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION CONSISTS.

THE Christian religion teaches men these two truths; first, that there is a God to whom they may aspire; secondly, that there is a corruption in their nature, which unfits them to do so. It is equally necessary for man to be acquainted with both these principles; and it is as dangerous for him to know God without being acquainted with his own misery, as to be acquainted with his own misery without knowing the Redeemer, who is able to deliver him from it. The knowledge of either of these truths without the other,

produces either the pride of philosophers, who have known God and not their own misery, or the despair of atheists, who are acquainted with their own misery, without knowing the Redeemer. And thus, as it is a part of the necessities of men to be acquainted with both these principles, so it is a proof of the mercy of God that he has revealed them to us. It is in this that the Christian religion consists.—(Pascal.)

SOUND SENTIMENT OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

The religion of the gospel is a religion without priest, altar, sacrifice, or temple..... The sacred writers did not omit the mention of these things, and leave it to the discretion of each church to introduce them or not, but they plainly appear to have distinctly excluded them.—(From Archeishop Whately's Works.)

A sound sentiment, but found where little expected.

J. P.

AWFUL CIRCUMSTANCE.

Engaged lately in destroying old letters, the following detail, found in one of those of 1827, appeared to be of too striking a character to be consigned to oblivion. The beloved writer, well known and loved, had probably received it herself from a Friend, then on a religious visit in Cumberland.

She gives the extract as follows:—'On Second-day evening, I had another meeting of the like

kind at ----, about two miles from ----, which was much crowded, but a remarkably solid, quiet time. I understood that a change for the better. within these last few years, had taken place in that town, since the Methodists have got footing there, which, through much opposition, they have at last. We were kindly entertained for a short time at the house of one of them after the meeting. Thou mayest suppose how hostile the people were to their settling a meeting there, when I tell thee, that when this was first the case, a very respectable young man of this community was going to preach on the First-day evening; he was on his way surrounded by a rude multitude of people, two of whom came opposite to him, and with mud and sand (or gravel) in their hands, said, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," and immediately threw what they had in their hands in his face. Two weeks afterwards, on that day of the week, as he was going to preach there again, he was informed that these two men were dead corpses at that time in the town. This circumstance, so awfully touching, seems to have had a good effect on those left behind.'-(R. in Irish Friend.)

ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The spiritual life is nothing else but the working of the Spirit of God within us, and therefore our own silence must be a great part of our preparation for it; and much speaking or delight in it will be often no small hinderance of that good which we can only have from hearing what the Spirit and voice of God speaketh within us. —(W. LAW.)

BRIEF FUNERAL SERMON.

BY THOMAS SCATTERGOOD.

[The following was delivered at the funeral of a Friend at Winchmore Hill, over the grave, by Thomas Scattergood, being all he had to say at that time.]

HARR! from the tomb a doleful sound,
My ears attend the lay;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lay.

Princes! this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your powers; The tall, the wise, the reverend head, Must be as low as ours.

Great God! is this our certain doom, And are we still secure, Still walking downwards to our tomb, And yet prepare no more?

TRUE CHARITY.

True charity is without ostentation; Pope has beautifully described a charitable man, as one who

'Did good by stealth, and blush'd to find it fame;'

and Pollock no less beautifully says-

'The dews came down unseen at eventide, And silently their bounties shed, to teach Mankind unostentatious charity.'

(Course of Time.)

OPINION OF JUDGE EWING ON THE MODE OF TRANSACTING BUSINESS IN OUR MEETINGS FOR DISCIPLINE.

The following remarks of Chief-Justice Ewing, during a period of great unsettlement in our Society, well deserve to claim a place in our remembrance:—

'One of the beautiful and distinguishing characteristics of the religious Society of Friends, consists in their mode of transacting business, and arriving at conclusions, in which, rejecting totally the principle that a majority is to rule, they decide, or govern, and arrive at a unity of resolution and action in a mode peculiar to themselves, and entirely different from that common to all civil or political, and to most ecclesiastical bodies.

'They look and wait for a union of mind; and the result is produced, not by a vote or count of numbers, but by a yielding up of opinions, a deference for the judgment of each other. Where a division of sentiment occurs, the matter is postponed for further consideration, or with-

drawn entirely.

'The very proposal of the Separatists to take a vote, was an overture to depart, and the consummation of it would have been a departure from an ancient and unvarying practice, which had not only grown up to an overshadowing tree, but had its root in religious faith, and was nourished and sustained by religious feeling.'—
(American Friend.)

SUBLIMITY OF SCRIPTURE LANGUAGE.

How striking is the beauty and sublimity of the language used in the command given to Moses from the burning bush, 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.' And also that of Joshua, 'Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon.' Can anything exceed the beauty of what our blessed Lord said to the woman of Samaria, at Jacob's well? 'If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.' How very different would these read, if expressed in the plural number!

ACCOUNT OF SAMUEL NEALE.

Samuel Neale, son of Thomas and Martha Neale, was born in Dublin, in 1729. Soon after his birth, his parents removed from that city, and became members of Eddenderry Monthly Meeting. His mother dying when he was in his sixth year, and his father removing to America, he and his brother and sisters were left behind in the charge of their grandmother and uncle, who were affectionately attentive to their morals and education.

Samuel Neale's heart was early impressed with a sense of the goodness of his Maker, even before he well knew what it was that affected him. When capable of reading the Bible, and

other instructive writings, these feelings were strengthened, and sedateness of conduct and many tender tears, were the consequence of his belief in the omnipresence of that gracious Being in whose favour he was happy; but whose reproofs he felt, when the levity of his disposition carried him off from his safe ground. In his twelfth year, being not likely to recover from the small-pox, the apprehension of death, and of unfitness for it, rose before his view, and caused him to resolve, if his life were spared, on greater care over his words and actions, than he had yet practised. This resolution, though not entirely forgotten, was too often broken through; and the further he advanced in life, the thicker temptations stood in his way; and the more often these prevailed, the less strength he had to oppose their renewed attacks. When about seventeen years of age, he went to Dublin to acquire a knowledge of commercial affairs, and spent three years there. Having an independent property, he had money at his own disposal which proved to him, as to many other youths, a snare; and, joined to his engaging manners, introduced him into unprofitable company.

He contracted an intimacy with several students belonging to the university in that city, who were not likely to further his steps in the path of self-denial. Thus his time passed away; remorse often seized upon him for these misspent hours, which, when his gay companions observed, they called it a religious fit, and

hurried him to fresh scenes of amusement. Even after his recovery from a dangerous fever, in which the covenant of his childhood was remembered, though he was afraid to promise again, he ran into more excesses than ever, and the convictions which still laid hold on him were overpowered as they arose. In this state, in the summer of 1751, about to commence business, he set out on a journey to the south, attended by a servant in livery. It is to be noted, that he generally continued to attend meetings, and so maintain an intercourse and acquaintance with Friends. On this journey he called to inquire after the health of Mary Peisley, and that of the family; his worthy uncle, Samuel Neale, accompanying him. The young man felt true satisfaction in their instructive conversation, and contrasted it with what he was too much accustomed to among his libertine companions. He spent some days in Limerick, and mixed there with dissipated company. And on his way from thence to Cork, he reflected seriously and sorrowfully on his own frailty, weakness, and irresolution, feeling the sting which accompanies delusive pleasures. In this disposition he reached Cork; yet, there mingling with old acquaintances, and forming new ones, the weakness of his former resolves was again apparent. On a First-day morning, an acquaintance asked him to go to meeting, telling him that Catherine Payton and Mary Peisley was to be there. He had been at a play the preceding night, and had sat up late; however, he went to the meeting. There Catherine Payton's ministry was so powerful, and the state of his mind was so clearly displayed, and he was so wrought upon by the power and spirit of the holy Jesus, that he was, as it were, smitten to the ground, and ready to cry out with Saul, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?' Tears of contrition bedewed his face; and, shunning observation, he withdrew, after meet-

ing, to meditate in retirement.

His former gay companions beheld his change with astonishment; but feeling distrustful of his own resolutions, he would not venture among them, and staid with those Friends who had been the instruments of his conversion; accompanying them to different places in their journey, strengthened and encouraged by them to persevere in the way into which his feet were now turned, and experiencing what far exceeded the gratifications he had been accustomed to pursue. But the time now came when he must leave those sympathising Friends, and return to Dublin, where he had formed so many unprofitable intimacies, had broken so many good resolutions, had given so many proofs of his instability, and had plunged into so many excesses. The mortifications which thus awaited him, he dreaded less than his own weakness and instability; and he thought of going to reside in England, near such Friends as would be likely to advance his progress in piety, and where he would be removed from amongst those who had so often allured him to go astrav. He

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vemarks: 'Thus I reasoned with flesh and blood; but I was instructed to see, that he who visited me was able to preserve me, if I would but be subject and obedient to his wholesome instruction; and that where I had dishonoured him by my inconsistencies, there, by my fidelity to the law he writes in the heart, I might honour and confess him before men.' He adds: 'These intimations quieted my mind, and I resolved to meet ridicule, reviling, and even persecution itself, for the sake of him whom I was resolved

to follow, as I felt strength.'

As he expected, when he met his old associates, he found the cross was hard to bear, habited as he now was, in simple attire, and speaking the plain language of Friends. However, he experienced that ridicule was not always incurred by strict adherence to the principles of our education. He had been sent. when an apprentice, to pay rent to the Bishop of Clogher, whom he addressed not as a Quaker. Whether the bishop knew he was of that profession, and despised the false shame which made him shrink from appearing as such, or whether the youth felt self-condemnation for his cowardice, he thought the bishop looked upon him with contempt. The next time he went on the same errand, he addressed him in the plain language, was treated by him with marked civility, and rejoiced that he had been 'faithful in the little.' Samuel Neale was, at the time of his change of heart, in the twenty-second year of his age. He had been much attached

to field sports, and still thought he might indulge himself in the recreation of his dog and gun; but he felt the check of inward reproof for this manner of spending his time, and he

abandoned the practice.

He endeavoured after quietude of mind, sought solitude or instructive company, and was constant in attendance of religious meetings. Being thus himself made a partaker of the blessings of salvation, he found himself concerned publicly to preach the gospel to others, and to tell what the Lord had done for his soul, travelling in this service in many parts of England and Ireland, as well as Holland and Germany.—(Leadbeater's Biog. Narratives.)

OPINION OF COLERIDGE RESPECTING GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL.

THE following is a striking testimony from a man so distinguished for the depth of his metaphysical researches, for his high estimate of intellectual life, and for his poetical enthusiasm:—

'One assertion I will venture to make, as suggested by my own experience, that there exist folios on the human understanding, and the nature of man, which would have a far juster claim to their high rank and celebrity, if, in the whole huge volume there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect as bursts forth in many a simple page of George Fox.'—(Biographia Literaria.)

INTERESTING DIALOGUE RETWEEN DR. JOHNSON AND MARY KNOWLES.

In the ensuing dialogue, the celebrated lexicographer, and most distinguished scholar of his day, produced his strong arguments in support of the National Ecclesiastical Establishment.

The argumentative powers of Dr. Johnson are acknowledged to have been of a very striking order. He was an energetic defender of truth so far as it suited his taste; but, unhappily, through that imbecility which is common to human nature, he sometimes attempted to make the worse appear in better reason, and appeared triumphant among shallow competitors. But he now and then met with the reverse of a shallow competitor. Under such circumstances, error stood no chance, even in the hands of so able an advocate as Dr. Johnson.

The talented Anna Seward, the poetess of Lichfield, has preserved in a letter to Mrs. Mompessan, an interesting and spirited conversation which took place between Mary Knowles and Dr. Johnson, upon the subject of an amiable young woman who became a convert to Quakerism. It occurred, she says, at Mr. Dilly's, in a literary party, formed by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell (the Duke of Bedford's tutor), Dr. Mayo, and others, whom Mrs. Knowles and myself had been invited to meet, and in which that lady and Dr. Johnson disputed so

^{*} Letters of Anna Seward.

earnestly. It is, however, previously necessary,' continues Miss Seward, 'to know the history of the very amiable young woman who was the subject of their debate.

'Miss Jenny Harry that was (for she afterwards married, and died ere the first nuptial year had expired), was the daughter of a rich planter in the West Indies. He sent her over to England to receive her education in the house of a Friend, Mr. Spry, where Mrs. Knowles, the celebrated Quakeress, was frequently a visitor. Mr. Spry affected wit, and was perpetually rallying Mrs. Knowles on the subject of Quakerism, in the presence of this young, gentle, and ingenious girl; who, at the age of eighteen, had received what is called a proper education, one of the modern accomplishments, without having been much instructed in the nature and grounds of her religious belief. Upon these visits, Mrs. Knowles was often led into a serious defence of Quaker principles. She spoke with clear and graceful eloquence on every subject. Her an-tagonists were shallow theologists, and opposed only idle and pointless raillery to deep and long-studied reasoning on the precepts of Scripture, uttered in persuasive accents, and clothed with all the beauty of language.

'Without any design of making a proselyte, she gained one. Miss Harry grew pensively serious, and meditated perpetually on all which had dropped from the lips of Mrs. Knowles, on a theme, the infinite importance of which she then, perhaps, first began to feel. At length she

believed that Quakerism was true Christianity, and beneath such conviction, although several clergymen were employed to argue with her, she was reasoned with, and threatened in vain, for she thought it her duty to join, at every hazard of worldly interest, that class of worshippers.

'Her father, on being made acquainted with her change of principles, informed her that she might choose between a hundred thousand pounds and his favour, or two thousand pounds and his renunciation, as she continued a Churchwoman or became a Quaker. Miss Harry lamented her father's displeasure, but thanked him for the pecuniary alternative, assuring him that it included all her wishes as to fortune, and she persisted in resigning her splendid expectations for what appeared to her the path of duty.

' Soon after she left her guardian's house, and boarded in that of Mrs. Knowles; to her she often observed, that Dr. Johnson's displeasure, whom she had seen frequently at her guardian's, and who had always appeared fond of her, was amongst the greatest mortifications of her then situation. Once she came home in tears, and told her friend she had met Dr. Johnson in the street, and had ventured to ask him how he was; but that he would not deign to answer her, and walked scornfully on.'

As Mary Knowles expected to meet Dr. Johnson a few days after at a dinner party, Jenny Harry requested her to expostulate with him, and plead for her, which she promised to do. On that occasion a dialogue took place between

Dr. Johnson, as the advocate of the Church of England, and Mary Knowles in support of Christian liberty, which proved highly interesting. Preposterous as the line of argument pursued by Dr. Johnson was, its absurdity is absolutely inseparable from the established principle of the alliance.

'The Doctor might as well have made A cone inverted stand Without support, as have essay'd To prove his work in hand.'

It may be well to observe, before introducing the dialogue between Dr. Johnson and Mary Knowles, that Boswell, in his Life of the celebrated lexicographer, inserted it so much curtailed and mangled, as to prove quite unsatisfactory. This Boswell acknowledged, that he had not fully narrated it. The case was also put to the decision of two impartial arbitrators, who were of decided opinion that justice was not done to the conversation; and Anna Seward, who was present on the occasion, expresses her dissatisfaction at Boswell's narration of it, in the following extract of a letter to Mary Knowles:—

'So Mr. Boswell's Life of Johnson is out at last. The second volume contains the memorable conversation at Dilly's, but without that part of it of which I made minutes, and in which you appear to so much advantage over the imperious and gloomy intolerant. This omission is surely unjustifiable, as I gave Mr. Boswell my memoir, and as I am sure, though it by no

means contains all that was said, it contains what was said by you and by the despot. Mr. Boswell might have given us much more as you and he could recollect, but he should not have omitted those highly characteristic sentences.

'ANNA SEWARD.'

The conversation as here related, is taken from Anna Seward's minutes, with a few particulars supplied to the Gentleman's Magazine by Mary Knowles herself. The latter opens the debate by saying—'I am to ask thy indulgence, Doctor, towards a gentle female, to whom thou usedst to be kind, and who is uneasy in the loss of that kindness; thy friend Jenny Harry desires her kind respects to thee, and weeps at the consciousness that thou will not speak to her.'

Dr. Johnson. 'Madam, I hate the odious wench, and desire you will not talk to me about

her.'

Mrs. Knowles. 'Yet what is her crime, Doctor?'
Dr. J. 'Apostacy, Madam; apostacy from the
community in which she was educated, and it
is you who have seduced her from the Christian

religion.'

Mrs. K. 'This is a heavy charge indeed. I must beg to be heard in my own defence; and I entreat the attention of the present learned and candid company, desiring they will judge how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.'

Dr. J. (Much disturbed at this unexpected

challenge, and wishing to evade a discussion on the momentous question of the alliance of church and state, said), 'You are a woman, and I give you quarter.'

Mrs. K. 'I will take no quarter; there is no sex in souls; and in the present instance I fear not even Dr. Johnson himself.'

(Bravo!' was repeated by the company, and

silence ensued.)

Dr. J. 'Well then, Madam, I persist in my charge, that you have seduced Miss H. from

the Christian religion.'

Mrs. K. 'If thou really knewest what were the principles of the Friends, thou wouldst not say she had departed from Christianity. But, waving that discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe, that she had an undoubted right to examine and to change her educational tenets whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous; as an accountable creature, it was her duty to do so.'

Dr. J. 'Pshaw! pshaw! an accountable creature! girls accountable creatures! It was her duty to remain with the church in which she was educated: she had no business to leave it.'

Mrs. K. 'What! not for that which she apprehended to be better? Surely the quitting of one community for another, which she apprepended to be better, cannot be a crime, if it be done from motives of conscience. According to that rule, Doctor, hadst thou been born in Turkey, it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian evidence might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction. And now, let me ask, would thy conscience have answered for such obstinacy at the great and last tribunal? Hadst thou been educated in the Romish Church, I must suppose thou wouldst have abjured its errors, and surely there would have been merit in the abjuration?

Dr. J. 'Madam, if I had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, I believe I should have questioned my right to quit the religion of my fathers. In adhering to the religion of the state as by law established, our implicit obedience therein becomes our duty; therefore, well may I hate the arrogance of a young wench, in supposing herself a more competent judge of religion than those who educated her, who sets herself up for a judge on theological points, and deserts the religion in whose bosom she was nurtured.'

Mrs. K. 'She has not done so; the name and faith of Christians are not denied to the sectaries.'

Dr. J. 'If the name is not, the common sense is.'

Mrs. K. 'I will not dispute this point with thee, Doctor, at least at the present; it would carry us too far. Suppose it granted, that in the mind of a young girl the weaker arguments appeared the strongest, her want of better judgment should excite thy pity—not thy resentment.'

Dr. J. 'Madam, it has my anger and my contempt, and always will have them; she imitated

you, no doubt; but she ought not to have presumed to have determined for herself in so

important an affair.'

Mrs. K. 'Consider, Doctor, she must be sincere; consider what a noble fortune she has sacrificed, £98,000, and her father's renunciation'

Dr. J. 'Madam, madam, I have never taught myself to consider that the association of folly

can extenuate guilt.'

Mrs. K. 'Ah! Doctor, we cannot rationally suppose that the Deity will not pardon a defect of judgment (supposing it should prove one), in that breast where the consideration of serving him, according to its idea, in spirit and truth, has been a preferable inducement to that of worldly interest.'

Dr. J. 'Madam, I pretend not to set bounds to the mercy of the Deity; but I hate the wench, and shall ever hate her: I hate all impudence, but the impudence of a chit's apostacy I nau-

seate.'

The argument was continued with warmth on the side of Dr. Johnson, but with perfect composure on the part of his female antagonist, until he declared he thought the Quakers were absolutely a deistical race, still accusing Mrs. Knowles of seducing Jenny Harry from the Christian religion. His opponent replied to these assertions in full, but the whole of the altercations on these points would extend the limits of this considerably.

Dr. Johnston observed, that he thought it

would be difficult to prove persons deserved the characters of moral agents who turned Quakers.

Mrs. K. 'This severe retort, Doctor, induces me charitably to hope thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of infidels or deists.'

Dr. J. 'Certainly, I do think you little better than deists.'

Mrs. K. 'This is indeed strange; it is passing strange, that a man of such universal reading and research, has not thought it at least expedient to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular!'

Dr. J. 'Not I indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason, I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by

silent contempt.'

Mrs. K. 'This reminds me of the language of the Rabbies of old, when their hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force, and simplicity of dawning truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust our principles stand on the same solid foundation of simple truth, and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology, is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a moral philosopher of the first rank; a teacher from whom they think they have a right

to expect much information. To this expecting, inquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every court and university in Christendom?'

The Doctor, growing very angry, again repeated that he did not think the Quakers deserved the name of Christians; when Mary Knowles endeavoured to convince him of his errors, by an explanation of the leading principles of Friends, to which he replied, 'Well! I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive that little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.'

Mrs. Knowles continued, 'Jenny is a very gentle creature. She trembles to have offended her parent, though far removed from her presence, she grieves to have offended her guardian, and she is sorry to have offended Dr. Johnson, whom she loved, admired, and honoured.'

Dr. J. 'Why, then, madam, did she not consult the man whom she pretends to have loved, admired, and honoured, upon her new-fangled scruples? If she had looked up to that man with any degree of the respect she professes, she would have supposed his ability to judge of fit and right, at least equal to that of a raw wench, just out of her primer.'

Mrs. K. Ah! Doctor, remember it was not from amongst the witty and the learned that

Christ selected his disciples, and constituted the teachers of his precepts. Jenny thinks Dr. Johnson great and good; but she also thinks the gospel demands and enjoins a simpler form of worship than that of the Established church; and that it is not in wit and eloquence to supersede the force of what appears to her a plain and regular system, which cancels all typical and mysterious ceremonies as fruitless, and even idolatrous; and asks only obedience to its injunctions, and the ingenious homage of a devout heart.'

Dr. J. 'The homage of a fool's head, madam, you should say, if you will pester me about the ridiculous wench.'

Mrs. K. 'If thou choosest to suppose her ridiculous, thou canst not deny that she has been religious, sincere, disinterested. Canst thou believe that the gate of heaven will be shut to the tender and pious maid, whose first consideration has been that of apprehended duty?'

Dr. J. 'Pho, pho, madam, who says it will?' Mrs. K. 'Then if heaven shut not its gates, shall man shut his heart? If the Deity accept the homage of such as sincerely serve him under every form of worship, I hope, Doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving, but that thou wilt renew thy friendship; and I sincerely desire that Dr Johnson and this humble girl will meet in a blessed eternity, whether pride and human animosity must not be carried.'

Dr. J. 'Madam, I am not fond of meeting

fools anywhere; they are detestable company; and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I certainly shall exert that power; and so you may tell the odious wench whom you have persuaded to think herself a saint, and of whom you will, I suppose, make a preacher, that I will take care she does not preach to me.'

'The loud and angry tone in which he thundered out these replies, to his calm and able antagonist, frightened us all,' continued Miss Seward, 'except Mrs. Knowles, who gently, not sarcastically, smiled at his injustice.' How striking is the mild fortitude of modest truth; and how finely contrasted with the boisterous

violence of bigoted sophistry!

Great as Doctor Johnson was, and superior as he might generally prove himself in argument, in this instance he was completely van-quished, and hid his diminished head in the presence of his female opponent. It was now that Boswell, his friend and biographer, emphatically whispered, 'I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before.

The irrational and weak bigotry which the whole of this dialogue displays, prove the Doctor to have been very superficial in his religious views, whilst his boisterous violence, and the unmeaning abuse he bestowed upon those who differed from him, contrasted with the mild fortitude of his female antagonist, show how weak indeed are even colossal strength and

learning when they assail the impregnable bul-

warks of reason and strength.

However much we may differ from each other in our religious opinions, let us remember that sectarian prejudice is but a mark of a contracted mind. 'In my Father's house there are many mansions,' says our blessed Redeemer; and is it for short-sighted beings like us to say by whom they are to be occupied? It is certain they are intended to be filled by the good and virtuous, without drawing nice distinctions with respect to their creeds.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

Two young men, members of the Society of Friends, but so far in the practice of deviation from their religious principles, as to be considered libertines, were sleeping together, when one of them had the following remarkable dream. He thought he was dead, and in hell. With the exception of confinement, he did not think his situation very disagreeable, and the place was not so bad as he expected. Presently a young man, with whom he had been acquainted, and who had died a short time before, advanced, and to him he communicated the above sentiment, when the young man most impressively said, 'I'll show thee what is hell!' upon which he opened his bosom, and there appeared a blue spot upon it, and on touching it there issued a blue flame; pointing to it he said, 'This is hell;

fiere is the worm that never, never dies, and the fire that is never quenched; and if thou dost not alter thy course of life, thou wilt be with me here

this day twelve months!'

With this the young man awoke, and immediately communicated his dream to his friend; they were both deeply affected, and determined on a different course of life. The reformation of the latter was lasting, but, as a proof of the instability of human nature, the young man who was favoured with this remarkable visitation, after having refrained from his improper conduct for a few months, by the persuasion of his company, relapsed into it again; and, at the expiration of the twelve months after this extraordinary dream, he was taken out of this world into an aviful eternity.

WILLIAM BARTRAM, THE BOTANIST.

The Travels of William Bartram (a member of the Society of Friends) were published in Philadelphia, in 1792. To those who are fond of works on travel, and more particularly to such as have a taste for subjects of natural history, this book is a treat. The author writes in a pleasing and simple style, and narrates circumstances and things in a Christian and philosophic spirit.

Wishing to learn more of his history, I obtained the following particulars from an American correspondent:—'Richard Bartram, his

grandfather, and also a Friend, was born in England, and formed one of the little band of emigrants who accompanied William Penn to America at the close of the seventeenth century. He settled in the county of Philadelphia, and had a son named John, who, although he received but a slender education (for schools were scarce in his youth), was an enthusiastic botanist, and of a most amiable disposition; he became, as an American writer observes, the first naturalist the United States had, and the first American scientific horticulturist. John was bred a farmer, and laboured in that vocation for the support of his family; but from an early date was enamoured with the study of botany, and made extensive tours throughout North America to collect trees, shrubs, and plants, which he transferred to and cultivated in his garden on the Schuylkill. This spot he purchased with the view of establishing a nursery on a scientific plan. Neither personal difficulties nor dangers from Indians deterred him in his travels. He explored the highest mountains and the western lakes; and, at the age of seventy years, embarked for South Carolina; travelled through that and the adjoining states, and Florida; ascended the river St. John 400 miles in a boat, and descended on the other side till he reached the sea. His notes on this great river, its branches and lakes, and the country through which he passed, were sent to the Board of Trade in England, by whom they were published, for the benefit of the young

colony. He was the first person who established a botanic garden, and who made a transmission of the vegetable productions of North America to Europe a regular business, and in this he was engaged for upwards of forty years to a great extent. The gardens of England are filled with trees and plants, the originals of which he sent to their proprietors, and Linneaus received many presents from him of curious and interesting plants, and the seeds of others, the value of all which was gratefully acknowledged by the great systematist. He was early in correspondence with Peter Collinson of London, who was his agent and warm friend; and with many of the most eminent cultivators of botany and natural history in Britain and on the Continent; particularly Gronovius, Dalibard, Sir Hans Sloane, Catesby, Dillenius, Fothergill, George Edwards, Philip Miller, and Targioni; a mass of letters from these and others are still preserved, but many have been lost. At the suggestion of Dr Hope of Edinburgh, the Royal Society presented him with a gold medal for the services he had rendered to the cause of natural history; and through the interest of his friend Collinson, he was elected a member of the Royal Society of London, and that of Stockholm. His two sons, John and William, continued the garden; the latter was the counterpart of his father in moral excellence, amiability, and love of natural history, and his superior in science. He accompanied his father in his southern journey, and published the afore-mentioned volume as the result of his travels.

The present proprietor, Robert Carr, who married the daughter of John, enlarged the garden, which now contains about twelve acres, and has been extensively engaged in the business of it with success for several years.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM GEORGE DILWYN.

BURLINGTON, 11th Month, 12, 1808.

The ways of providence are a great deep, which we cannot fathom with reason's longest line; but, when the veil is at length drawn over this ever-changing scene, it will be nothing to us whether our passage through has been pleasing or painful—calm or stormy—long or short; and, if the blessed port is but reached, we shall then at least be convinced, that most of the headwinds and hard gales we have had to contend with, were 'blessings in disguise,' and the means of preserving us, either from the enemy's cruisers, hurricanes in the latitudes we were hastened from, or other perils of which we had no apprehension at the time.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE AMERICAN ENVOY.

AFTER transacting some business with William Allen, at his house in London, and being about

to take his leave, he said—'I admire your Society; the principles contain all of Christianity that I have any idea of; but I am sorry to see that some of you are losing your badge, and I do not see how you can retain your principles and forego your little peculiarities, your marks of self-denial and difference from the spirit of the world. You are lights; the world should come to you, and not you go to the world. You may gather them, but they will scatter you.'

INTERESTING FACTS.

GIBBON, who, in his celebrated History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has left an imperishable memorial of his enmity to the gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of its rents, expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine, not having courage openly to assail it.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow the edifice of Christianity, which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. At this day, the press which he employed at Ferney to print his blasphemies, is actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures! Thus the self-same engine which he set

to work to destroy the credit of the Bible, is

engaged in disseminating its truth.

It is a remarkable circumstance, also, that the first provisional meeting for the re-formation of the Auxiliary Bible Society of Edinburgh, was held in the very room in which Hume died.

—(Cope's Anecdotes.)

OPINION OF CHARLES LAMB RESPECTING SEW-ELL'S HISTORY, AND THE WRITINGS OF THE EARLY FRIENDS.

CHARLES LAMB, whose relish for all that was individual and unworldly was strong to the last hour of his life, observes—'I would recommend you above all church narratives, to read Sewell's History of the Quakers, 'which,' he adds in another place, 'is worth all ecclesiastical history put together.'

'Get the writings of John Woolman by heart,' says Charles Lamb, 'and love the early

Quakers.

SINGULAR CONVINCEMENT.

Many instances have existed of individuals who date their attention being first turned to the plain and simple truths of the gospel, as set forth in the New Testament, from their having read Barclay's Apology. The following is a remarkable instance:—

A medical gentleman and his wife, who resided, some years ago, in one of the midland

counties, whilst knowing but little, perhaps nothing, of the principles of Friends, went together one evening to see a company of comedians perform in the town where they resided. It so happened, that on the night in question, the play to be acted was 'The Quaker,' a comedy, in which the language, dress, and peculiarities of Friends are broadly caricatured by the hero of the piece, 'to make sport' for the audience! The couple alluded to, it is said, were much amused with their evening's entertainment, but his mind was forcibly arrested by one of the performers coming forward, after the play had concluded, and announcing, if any of the audience wished to know more of this remarkable people and their principles, they might read Barclay's Apology.

The gentleman, who had never seen, or perhaps heard of the book before, felt a strong desire, which continued for some time afterwards to increase, to become acquainted with the contents of a book which had been so singularly recommended to his notice. The result of this feeling was, that he at length (secretly) obtained a copy of it, and sat down in his study, whenever a private opportunity occurred, to give it an attentive perusal. The further he read, the more he felt the force and beauty of Barclay's exposition of The true Christian Divinity, as held forth and preached by the

people called Quakers.

His wife, who had discovered her husband's frequent attention to a particular book, was in-

duced, in the interval of his absence, to look into it, and she likewise became struck with the importance of the doctrines therein set forth. After a time, a mutual explanation took place between the husband and the wife, and they were constrained to acknowledge to each other that Barclay's Apology for the Truth, as professed by the people called Quakers, was indeed a volume of Christian divinity which they could not gainsay.

Having had their attention thus singularly turned to the views of Friends, they continued to search and seek for themselves, and finding that these things were agreeable to Scripture and to the convictions of their own minds, they became entirely convinced; and, although at some sacrifice of rank and consequence in their own neighbourhood, they openly made a profession of the truth, and were united in membership with the Society.

INTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCE CONNECTED
WITH THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF A MEETING.

THERE is a little meeting-house at a village called Osmotherly, near the Tontine Inn, on the road from Stockton to Thirsk. It was shut up for about forty years; but a Friend deceased, having by will provided the means for its being kept in repair, it was attended to in this respect; within the last seven years some convincement has taken place in the neighbourhood, and it was again opened for meetings for worship, and

there now frequently assemble for this purpose nearly forty persons. A few weeks since, a Friend, who resides in the neighbourhood, went with another Friend on a Seventh-day to attend that meeting; being at an inn, he observed three men sitting drinking, whom he admonished of the evil and danger of intemperance. They, supposing he might be a preacher, went to the Friends' meeting, and a minister who had been raised up in that meeting, was engaged in testimony; they were reached, and their minds became so much contrited, that the tears flowed abundantly; having but one pocket handkerchief amongst them, it had to traverse from one to another in a remarkable manner.

The correctness of the preceding account, which was furnished by a Friend in 1838, may be relied upon. Such visitations of Divine love are manifestations of the power of the quickening and convicting influence of the Holy Spirit, in mercy vouchsafed to unregenerate man; and poor and stripped as our Society is, they afford an evidence that the 'glory' has not altogether departed therefrom; on the contrary, it is truly cheering to be enabled, in the midst of much of a discouraging tendency, to notice the fact of a revival having taken place, in any corner of the vineyard, especially under the circumstances above related.

JESUS THE LIFE OF HIS PEOPLE.

'Human orators often cloud Divine truth.' O let us aim at realities! This is a reality, an

assertion that has Divine truth in it, that the Lord Jesus is the life of the souls of his people, and that by his living in them they have a life which they will feel to be a life even in death.

—(ROWLAND HILL.)—

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE RELATED IN .'HOWITT'S RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND.'

A FACT related by a minister of the Society of Friends, shows at once the primitive simplicity which still prevails in some retired districts, and the evident power of faith in Providence over

the spirit of evil.

In one of the thinly-peopled dales of that very beautiful, and yet, by parts, very bleak and dreary region, the Peak of Derbyshire, stood a single house far from neighbours. It was inhabited by a farmer and his family, who lived in such a state of isolation, so unmolested by intruders, and unapprehensive of danger, that they were hardly in the habit of fastening their door at night. The farmer, who had a great distance to go to market, was sometimes late before he got back, late it may be supposed according to their habits; for in such old-fashioned places, where there is nothing to excite and keep alive the attention but their daily labour, the good people, when the day's duties are at an end, drop into bed, almost before the sun himself; and are all up, and pursuing their several occupations, almost before the sun too.

On these occasions the good woman used to retire to rest at the usual time, and her husband returning found no latch nor bolt to obstruct his entrance. But one time the wife hearing some one came up to the door, and enter the house, supposed it was her husband; but, after the usual time had elapsed, and he did not come to bed, she got up and went down stairs, when her terror and astonishment may be imagined, for she saw a great sturdy fellow in the act of reconnoitering for plunder. At the first view of him, she afterwards said, she felt ready to drop; but being naturally courageous, and of a deeply religious diposition, she immediately recovered sufficient self-possession to avoid any outcry, and to walk with apparent firmness to a chair which stood on one side of the fire-place. The marauder immediately seated himself in another chair which stood opposite, and fixed his eyes upon her with a most savage expression. Her courage was now almost spent; but recollecting herself, she put up an inward prayer to the Almighty for protection, and threw herself upon his providence. She immediately felt her internal strength revive, and looked stedfastly at the man, who now had drawn from his pocket a large clasp-knife, opened it, and with a murderous expression in his eyes, appeared ready to spring upon her. She, however, evinced no visible emotion, she said not a word, but continued to pray for deliverance, or resignation, and to look on the fearful man with a calm seriousness. He rose up, looked at her, then at

the knife; then wiped it across his hand; then again eagerly glanced at her; when at once, a sudden damp seemed to fall upon him; his eyes seemed to blench before her still, fixed gaze; he closed his knife and went out. At a single spring she reached the door, shot the bolt with a convulsive rapidity, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered from her swoon, she was filled with the utmost anxiety on account of her husband, lest the villain should meet him by the way. But presently she heard his wellknown step; his well-known voice on finding the door fastened; and let him in with a heart trembling with mingled agitation and thankfulness. Great as had been her faith on this occasion, and great the interposition of Providence, we may be sure that she would not risk the exercise of the one, or tempt the other, by neglecting in future to shoot the bolt of the door; and her husband, at once taught the danger of his house, and the danger of his own passage home, made it a rule to leave the market town at least an hour earlier after the winter markets.'

PRESERVATION OF PENNSYLVANIA WITHOUT THE FORCE OF ARMS FOR SEVENTY YEARS.

UNDER the Quaker government, Pennsylvania was entirely without garrison or battle-ships, soldiers or sailors, for its defence; the only force used being that of the constable's staff, nor was the province ever attacked by land or sea during

the period of seventy years it was so governed. —(Clarkson's Life of Penn.)

REMARKS OF HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST RESPECTING FRIENDS.;

'Or this much respected class of people,' says John Howard, the great philanthropist, 'improperly, because opprobriously called Quakers, with whom I have passed many agreeable hours of my life, I trust they will believe me, when I assure them, that I willingly join in the opinion of Dr Percival, who says, most truly, that "they certainly merit a very high degree of esteem from their fellow-citizens, for their industry, temperance, peaceable, and catholic spirit." To which I must add, as an amiable property, their uncommon neatness in their persons and houses.'

OCCURRENCES DURING THE REBELLION IN IRELAND.

Many and lamentable were the instances in which dark and cruel bigotry displayed itself during the rebellion in Ireland, in 1798.

An elderly Friend, named Jacob Goff, residing near Camolin, the father of a large family, who was in a declining state of health, was one, who, from the respectability of his character, and his influence in the country, was marked by the neighbouring priests as a desirable object of their proselytism, in this reign of terror. For,

as they were decidedly unwilling to take the lives of the Friends, their object was to convert them, by entreaties, or by menaces, to their faith. In the case of this Friend, they laboured at it very assiduously; for if by any means his conversion could have been accomplished, it is certain that they would have regarded it as a signal triumph. He was urged and threatened: but when attempt became hopeless, one of the priests told some of the insurgents, after inquiring, 'had they not killed him yet,' that 'they could not go forward until they had despatched the old man.'

One night about twelve o'clock, a number of them entered his house, and, when they had plundered it of what they wished, they snapped a pistol at him several times, seeming to be determined to take his life. After some consideration, they then insisted upon his going with them to their mainguard, which was stationed at a distance. He made an effort to go with them, accompanied by one of his daughters, but feeling much weakness, and finding himself unable to proceed, he sat down under a tree in his own lawn. After a pause which they did not seem to understand, they inquired, 'what he had to say?' His reply was, 'If you are permitted to take my life, I hope the Almighty may be pleased to forgive you, and to take me in his mercy.' Upon this they were silent, left him, and went quietly away.

EXCELLENT REMARK OF SOCRATES.

When a certain man was praising the saying of Cleomenes, who being asked what was the duty of a good king, answered, 'To do good to his friends, and evil to his enemies:' 'How much more correct,' says Socrates, 'would it be, to do good to his friends, and to make friends of his enemies!'

THOUGHTS ON WORSHIP.

Ir matters not, it matters not,
How many forms there be,
How many move the lips in prayer,
Or bend the suppliant knee.

It matters not, though all around Clouds of rich incense rise, And mingling with the organ's sound, Mount upwards to the skies.

It is not in the temple rear'd On consecrated ground, Nor where a thousand votaries kneel, The Lord alone is found.

But where the 'two or three' are met To worship in his name, There is his seal of promise set, Which they through faith may claim

And there the humble, contrite heart, In silence oft may prove, How great—how wonderful the theme, Of all-redeeming love.

Then may eternal praise be given
To his all-glorious name
Who dwelt on earth despis'd, and sought
Poor sinners to reclaim.

He came not in the gorgeous robe Of earthly champion drest; But meekness, charity, and love, Were inmates of his breast.

Then let us humbly search the page By Inspiration given; And that we may apply each truth, Ask aid of bounteous Heaven.

FALSE NOTION OF THE INACTIVITY OF THE SOUL DURING SILENT PRAYER.

Some persons, when they hear of the prayer of silence, falsely imagine that the soul remains stupid, dead, and inactive, but unquestionably it acteth therein more nobly and more extensively than it had ever done before; for God himself is her mover, and she now acteth by the energy of the Spirit.—(M. Guion.)

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ASSERTED.

(To the Editor of the Methodist Magazine.)

Dear Sir,—'God who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets,' and who hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, hath also in various ages of the church, and amongst different denominations of Christians, been pleased to manifest extraordinary light and direction upon particular occasions; especially to some of His faithful servants, who have cultivated Divine fellowship with the Father of spirits. These

manifestations have probably been intended not merely to confirm the faith of his people, but to stop the mouths of gainsayers, and to convince unbelievers.

As authentic accounts of extraordinary providential occurrences cannot fail to do good, I send, for the benefit of your readers, the following article, which is well authenticated in the records of the Society of Friends, or people commonly called Quakers.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

J. B.

London, December 9, 1807.

In the time of the American war, an encampment of about 500 men were stationed near the dwelling of David Sands in North America. During their stay, D. Sands and wife became very uneasy, particularly his wife, who felt a presentiment that some trial was approaching In a short time afterwards, she was alarmed by a noise she heardin the house after they were gone to bed, which her husband apprehended might be only the wind rustling among the trees. In a few minutes they were more certain by finding some persons near their room, and distinctly hearing them say, 'Some of the family are awake, we will shoot them.' In this alarming situation, personal safety seemed the first object, and they soon determined to attempt an escape, which was the more easily effected by their chamber being on the first floor. In getting out through the window, one of the company,

stationed to keep guard on the outside, discharged a piece at them, the ball of which grazed the forehead of D. Sands; however, they escaped, but with very thin clothing; and as it was a very cold night, and they remained in the open air till break of day, these circumstances, together with their painful anxiety, rendered it a most suffering time. When they returned to their dwelling, they found it plundered of all the cash, about fifty pounds, most of their bedding and much of their furniture. A servant and two children, who were sleeping in another part of the house, were not disturbed.

After considering what was best to be done, David found his mind most easy in determining to go to the encampment, On his arrival, he saw several officers conversing together, who said to him, 'Mr. Sands, we have heard of the depredation committed at your house, and desire to know what you think can be done to discover the offenders.' After some solid consideration he informed them, he had on the road felt a belief, that if the men were drawn up rank and file, about fifty in a company, he might be able (if he followed the best direction), in passing through them to detect those concerned in the robbery. The officers wondered at his proposal, thinking it very improbable he should discover them in such a manner without any outward knowledge of the persons. But they complied and gave the necessary orders.

On passing down the first rank, he made a

stop near the bottom, but went on to the next. when he soon made a stand at one of the men. and looking him full in the face, said to him, 'Where wast thou last night?' He answered: 'Keeping guard, Sir, and a very cold night it was.' 'Didst thou find it so when at my house?' replied David; at which the man trembled much, and showed evident signs of guilt, on which he was ordered out of the ranks, and in like manner four others were discovered. Then he went to a young officer, whom he asked how he came to aid and accompany his men in pillaging his house? He positively denied the charge, but D. Sands further interrogated him by saying, 'Let me feel thy heart, and see if that do not accuse thee.' On putting his hand to it, it throbbed up to his neck, and so loud, that D. Sands called to the other officers to come and see, and hear how it accused the officer. He was therefore considered to be guilty. Two others, which made eight concerned, deserted before the search commenced, and which accounted for the stop he made in the first rank.

The officers now desired to know what could be done for him? He said he should like to have his furniture, bedding, &c., returned, as he wanted his bedding in particular; on which they brought the greatest part, with half the money, assuring him the rest was lost. They were brought to trial before the civil power, but as David declined appearing at the stated time, they were of course acquitted; but this not

exempting them from the trial by martial law, and their guilt appearing beyond a doubt, the officers had them bound together and taken to D. Sand's house, informing him their lives were at his mercy, and he was to determine their sentence; upon which he gave them suitable advice, and then forgave them, and as they were weary with long travelling, he ordered them comfortable refreshment.

At this time, his wife observing one of the men, said, 'Thou art he that shot at us.' Her husband made answer, 'He has been told of it before.' David Sands was informed the officer could not be pardoned, as the punishment of such a crime was death to him, who should have been an example to his men. But David, being yery solicitous to preserve his life, asked if nothing could be done to release him from that punishment? They informed him there was but one way, which was for him to desert the regiment, which was permitted. They likewise said some punishment must be inflicted upon some of the men, to deter others from the like practices. Therefore some of them underwent a slight flogging.

Several years after this occurrence, D. Sands was travelling on a religious visit, and after appointing a public meeting, a person came up to him and begged his pardon. He was indeed going to kneel upon his knees, but David prevented him, saying, he thought he was not the person he meant, as he had no knowledge of him. But the man confessed he was one of

those concerned in pillaging David's house, and was one of the two who deserted to avoid discovery, and that he had not been easy in his mind since, but hoped he should meet with his forgiveness. D. Sands told him it was out of his power to forgive sins, but he hoped the Almighty would forgive him, as he himself had long done. The man informed him the other person was at a short distance off, who came to David attired as a Friend, asking his excuse, and confessing his crime, desiring him at the same time, as a confirmation of his entire forgiveness, to go with him to his house, telling him he had married a young woman of the Society, but said he had not had true peace of mind since they had done him that injury. David consented to go, and found it as he had said, his wife being reinstated in the society, and him self on the point of being received as a member

'FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES.'

Some moderate justices hearing that some Friends had been abused, came to examine the matter, and the clerk of the parish church was afraid of having his hand cut off for striking one of them in the church. The person struck was George Fox, who, like a true Christian, forgave the parish clerk, and would not appear against him.—(Sewell's History.)

Justice Hotham hearing of a man having abused George Fox, sent a warrant, and bound the said man over to the sessions. The justice,

desirous to keep the peace, previously asked G. Fox whether any other persons had abused him; but he believing it to be his duty to forgive all, would not name any one.—(*Idem*.)

We read that when a heathen surprised a Christian, and beat him with much cruelty, and with great scorn asking him, 'What great wonder his Master, Christ, ever did?' the believer replied, 'Even this great miracle, that, though thou usest me thus cruelly, I can heartily forgive thee.'

GEORGE FOX AND THE JAILER.

In the year 1650, George Fox was imprisoned at Derby, where he continued in confinement about a year. The keeper of the prison, a high professor of religion, was greatly enraged against him, speaking very wickedly of him, and often endeavouring to draw some unguarded language from him, wherewith to accuse him. But George was kept in such innocence and circumspection of conduct, that though his words and actions were watched, no fault could be laid to his charge.

'It pleased the Lord,' says George Fox, 'one day to strike the jailer, so that he was in great trouble, and under much terror of mind. As I was walking in my chamber, I heard a doleful noise, and standing still, I heard him say to his wife, "Wife, I have seen the day of judgment; and I saw George there, and I was afraid of him, because I had done him so much wrong,

and spoke so much against him to the ministers and professor, and to the justices, and in taverns and ale-houses."

'After this, towards the evening, he came into my chamber and said to me, "I have been as a lion against you, but now I come like a lamb, and like the jailer that came to Paul and Silas, trembling." He acknowledged also that he had been plagued, and his house too, for my sake. Afterwards he told me all his heart, and said he believed what I had said of the true faith and hope was correct, and confessed that at those times when I had asked him to let me go forth to speak the word of the Lord to the people, and he had refused, and I had laid the weight of it upon him, he used to be under great trouble, amazed, and almost distracted for some time after, and in such a condition, that he had little strength left him.

'When the morning came, he rose and went to the justices, and told them that he and his house had been plagued for my sake. One of the justices replied (as he reported to me), that the plagues were upon them too for keeping me. This was Justice Bennet of Derby, who was the first that called us "Quakers," because I bid them tremble at the word of the Lord.'—(G.

Fox's Journal.)

It is worthy the notice of the reader, that this penitent jailer afterwards joined in Society with Friends, and instead of keeping a prison, had everything taken from him, and there is little doubt suffered imprisonment also. He wrote a lively feeling letter to George Fox at that time, which plainly bespeaks a mind given up 'in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but to suffer for his sake' (Phil. i. 29).

Thus we see that the judgments and terrors of the Lord plague the hearts of the disobedient, and that he is not wanting to plead the cause of the upright, even in the very consciences of those that persecute and hate them. Herein was the ancient proverb fulfilled, which declares, 'Judgments are prepared for scorners' (Prov. xix. 29).

PERSECUTION.

About the latter end of 5th month, 1662, on a First-day of the week, one Captain Reeves, and some soldiers with muskets and drawn swords, came violently rushing into the Bull and Mouth Meeting, where they pulled down the person that was preaching, and presently laid hold of another, who desired Reeves to show his order for so doing. He answered he would not in that place; but it appeared afterwards that he could not, having no warrant. Yet he caused his soldiers to take away about forty persons, some of whom were not at the meeting, but had been taken up in the streets, and carry them to Paul's Yard, where they were kept till the public worship was ended there. Alderman Brown then came into the place where the prisoners were guarded, and with great rage and fury laid hands first on a very aged person, and pulled

him down twice by the brim of his hat, whereby he lost it. Then he served another in like manner, and a soldier struck the person a great blow with a pistol on his bare head. Two others Brown used in like manner, and then sent them all to Newgate, guarded by soldiers.—(Sewell's History, vol. ii. p. 7.)

This Alderman Brown was an inveterate persecutor, and behaved himself with such outrageous fierceness, that even the comedians did not scruple to expose him by an allusion to his name, *Brown*, saying, 'The devil was *brown*.'

RICHARD REYNOLDS.

AT a public meeting at Bristol, Dr. Pole made the following remarks respecting Richard Reynolds:—

'It is well known, that Richard Reynolds made it his constant practice, from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of in subscriptions and donations for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. At one particular time (if I am rightly informed), he wrote to a friend in London, acquainting him that he had not, that year, spent the whole of his income, requesting that if he knew of any particular cases claiming charitable relief, he would be glad to be in-

formed. His friend communicated to him the distressing situation of a considerable number of persons confined in a certain prison for small debts. What did this humane and generous philanthropist do on this representation? He cleared the whole of their debts. He swept this direful mansion of all its miserable tenants. He opened the prison doors, proclaimed deliverance to the captives, and let the oppressed go free.'

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER, AND ON FORMS OF PRAYER.

[The following lines were written by a poor mechanic, of Killileagh, Down, Ireland, on seeing a Family Prayer Book, which contained these words in the preface:—This Book is intended for those who have not yet acquired the happy art of addressing themselves to God in spiritual and appropriate language.]

While praying's deemed an art so happy,
By a few who others rule,
Jesus, teach us its importance,
In thy self-denying school!*

Prayer's the sweetest, noblest duty, Highest privilege of men, God's exalted—man's abased, Prayer can make their spirits one.

God alone doth teach his children †
By his Spirit, how to pray;
Knows our wants, and gives the knowledge,
What to ask, and what to say.

Why should man, then, manufacture
Books of prayer, to get them sold?
Sad delusion! strive to barter
Christ's prerogative for gold!

^{*} Luke xi. 1.

Where's the book, or school, or college, That can teach a man to pray? Words they give from worldly knowledge; Learn of Christ, then, he's the way.*

Why ask money from the people
For these barren books of prayer?
Paper, ink, and words are in them,
But, alas! Christ is not there.

Those who seek, shall surely find him—
Not in books—he reigns within;†
Formal prayers can never reach him,
Neither can he dwell with sin.

Words are free as they are common, Some in them have wondrous skill, But saying, Lord! will never save them, \$\Dag{\text{Those he loves who do his will.}}

Words may please the lofty fancy,
Music charm the listening ear,
Pompous words may please the giddy,
But Christ, the Saviour, is not there.

Christ's the way, the path to heaven,
Life is ours, if him we know, ||
Those who can pray, he has taught them;
Those who can't should words forego.

When a child wants food and raiment Why not ask his parents dear?
Ask in faith, then, God's our father, §
He's at hand, and he will hear.

Prayer's an easy, simple duty,
'Tis the language of the soul;
Grace demands it, grace receives it,
Grace must reign above the whole.

^{*} Matt. vi.; xi. 29. Matt. vii, 21; vi. 7.

God requires not graceful postures, Neither words arrang'd with form; Such a thought! it pre-supposes, That with words we God can charm!

God alone must be exalted,*

Every earthly thought must fall;
Such are prayer, and praise triumphant,
Then does Christ reign over all.

Every heart should be a temple, †
God should dwell our hearts within:
Every day should be a Sabbath,
Every hour redeem'd from sin.

Every place, a place of worship, ‡ Every tune, a tune of prayer, || Every sigh should rise to heaven, § Every wish should centre there.

Heartfelt sighs, and heaven-born wishes,¶
Or the poor uplifted eye—
These are prayers that God will answer,
They ascend his throne on high.

Spirit of prayer! be thou the portion,
Of all those who wait on thee;
Help us!—shield us!—lead us!—guide us!
Thine the praise, the glory be.

THEE AND THOU.

Of the causes which involved the early Friends in much persecution, was their using the plain language of thee and thou to a single person, as well as abstaining from the unmeaning ceremonies of society. 'This,' says William Penn,

^{*} Matt. vi. 22. † 1 Cor. iii. 17. † 1 Tim. ii. 8. ‡ Eph. v. 19. § Phil. iii. 20. ¶ Luke xviii. 13.

'sounded so harsh to many, and they took it so ill, that they would say, "thou me? thou my dog! If thou thouest me, I'll thou thy teeth down thy throat." —(W. P.'s preface to George Fox's Journal, p. 13.)

THE MAYOR OF ABERDEEN IMPRISONED AND FINED £1000!

ROBERT PETRIE, the provost or mayor of Aberdeen, at the furious instigations of his brother-in-law, John Menzies, and the other stated preachers in the place, had been very violent against Friends; often breaking up their meetings, and causing them to be roughly dragged

away to prison.

This same magistrate, some years after, on account of some public transactions in the Convention of Burghs, in which he thought himself altogether innocent, was ordered to be imprisoned at Edinburgh, fined £1000, and declared incapable of public office; but further, he was conveyed to Aberdeen, the scene of his unmerciful conduct, and there affronted by being imprisoned in the very same place where he had often cruelly detained the persons of his worthy fellow-citizens.

So sensibly was his conscience touched by this act of providential retribution, that he confessed, 'How just is this upon me, for causing honest men to be so unjustly imprisoned, that I should now be put into this place myself! But I hope I shall never meddle with any of you again during my life.'—(JAFFRAY'S Diary.)

ON THE IDOLATROUS VENERATION PAID TO SACRED EDIFICES, AS THEY ARE USUALLY CALLED.

THE late Dr. I. Watts, in a sermon on this subject, which he preached on occasion of opening a new meeting-house, has this sentiment: 'Since the great God has been pleased to put down and abolish the holy and anointed places of his own appointment, I cannot find one text wherein he has given to men any order or authority to pretend to make other places holy. Mortal men can never put holiness into ground or buildings, where God has not put it. No pompous ceremonies, no solemn forms, no magnificent appearances, no gauzy or golden solemnities, can sanctify any place unto God and his worship, or make it more holy than it was before; and whatsoever fooleries and ridiculous rites or notions are to be found, I cannot believe them to be of any value or importance, in order to to be of any value or importance, in order to make the worship more acceptable to God.' Upon the same subject, the present Archbishop of Dublin, on laying the first stone of a new 'Episcopal Church' in that neighbourhood, expressed himself after the following manner:—He commenced by saying, that he would not read the form of prayer generally made use of on such occasions, for a reason which he would afterwards explain. He wished those assembled on that, as well as on every similar occasion, to remember, that the churches erected by Christians heretofore, and at the present time, were not intended to correspond to the temple built by Solomon. Particular care was taken by the sacred writers to do away with this erroneous idea. It was not the sacred edifices which correspond to the temple of Solomon, but the Christians who worshipped the Lord in spirit and in truth. All Christians were the stones of his temple. It should ever be borne in mind, that the Lord had said-'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them.' It was also written, 'Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost.' Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.' 'Whosoever defileth the temple of God, him will God destroy.' This, he said, was his reason for not reading the form of prayer made use of on such occasions, lest any persons present, or elsewhere, should be under the mistake he had mentioned, which might arise from the word 'temple,' in the usual form of prayer, being misunderstood, some persons applying the word literally to the edifice, and not to Christians, who alone compose the temple of the living God.

On another occasion, the same Archbishop said, that 'the apostles preached a religion without any temple, except the collected congregation of the worshippers themselves.' How widely opposed are the sentiments of these two enlightened men, to the prevailing taste for empty ceremonies and formal appendages to

M.

the several ways of worship, both in and out of the Establishment—in the latter, it seems of late to be without bounds. 'The Cambridge Camden Society,' which numbers amongst its members the chief officers of that university, besides two archbishops, and fourteen bishops, has for its avowed object, 'The intrinsic holiness of a church, and the duty of building temples to God in some sort worthy of his presence!' In one of the tracts issued by this Society, entitled 'A few Words to Church-builders,' are recommendations worthy of the times of Popery in its darkest period. 'There are,' say they, 'two parts, and only two parts, which are absolutely essential to a church—chancel and nave. In this division is recognized an emblem of the holy catholic church; as this consists of two parts, the church militant, and the church triumphant, so does this earthly structure also consist of two parts, the chancel and the nave—the church militant being typified by the latter, and the church triumphant by the former.' Again, 'A cross is, of course, the most beautiful form in which a church can be built; the symbol conveyed by the cross is certainly better adapted than any other for a Christian place of worship; yet that of a ship is by no means unsuitable, in reference to our Saviour walking on the sea.' Again, 'The orientation, that is, the precise degree of inclination of the church towards the east is the next point. Some churches are, however, built north and south, in total defiance of the universal custom of the church in all ages, and some, out of pure perverseness, though they stand east and west, have the altar at the west!' Then we have arguments for the adoption of a patron saint—the most suitable form and size of the altar—the position and dimensions of the pulpit and reading-pew. On the subject of the altar-cloth, which is prescribed, by the rubric, to be 'a fair white linen cloth;' these reformers, or rather returners, assert that needlework and embroidery are needful for the altar-cloth; corporas, or napkin, to be laid over the elements; altar-carpet, the antapendium of the foldstool and pulpit cushion. 'We may be allowed to ask,' say they, 'would not the time and ingenuity spent on worsted-work, satinstich, bead-work, and the like frivolities, be better employed if it were occupied in preparing an offering to God, for the adornment of his holy dwelling-places!!!'

How pitiable, that the votaries of the Establishment should be content to have such doctrine as this propounded to them at the present day by their well-paid teachers! How abundantly more consistent with the nature of the Christian dispensation were the views of the unpaid Paul, the tentmaker, when he declared to the learned Athenians that 'God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all, life, and breath, and all things,' &c. (Acts

xvii. 24, 25.)

THE ROOT AND GROUND OF IDOLATRY; OR, VIRTUE NOT COMMUNICATED BY DEAD THINGS.

John Churchman, whilst on a religious visit to Friends on the eastern shore of Maryland, met an elderly man, who asked him if he saw some posts standing, pointing to them; he added, the first meeting George Fox had on this side Chesapeake Bay, was held in a tobacco-house there, which was then new; the posts that were standing were made of walnut. At which his companion rode to them, and sat on his horse very still and quiet; then returning again with more speed than he went, J. C. asked him what he saw among those old posts; he answered, 'I would not have missed of what I saw for five pounds; for I saw the root and ground of idolatry. Before I went, I thought perhaps I might have felt some secret virtue in the place where George Fox had stood and preached, whom I believe to have been a good man; but whilst I stood there, I was secretly informed, that if George was a good man he was in heaven, and not there, and virtue is not to be communicated by dead things, whether posts, earth, or curious pictures, but by the power of God, who is the foundation of living virtue.' 'A lesson,' says J. C. 'which, if rightly learned, would wean from the worship of images, and adoration of relics.'—(B. A. 79.)

Very consonant with the views contained in the foregoing, are those of that enlightened Christian writer, Ridley H. Herschell, as appears from the following extract from his Visit to my Fatherland:—'I looked with the deepest interest on the Corinthian hills, and on the road to Corinth, on which Paul travelled when he departed from Athens. The lively feelings with which we view the spots that have been trodden or inhabited by eminent saints of God, teaches how easily these feelings may grow into idolatry; how easy it is to begin by simply commemorating a saint, and end in worshipping him. But how would all such undue veneration be rebuked by these holy men; "See thou do it not; for I am thy fellowservant" (Rev. xxii. 9).

CORNELIUS CAYLEY ON THE EARLY FRIENDS.

CORNELIUS CAYLEY, a courtier, living in the reign of George II., justly queries, 'Amongst the Quakers, who can read Fox, Whitehead, Dewsbury, Pennington, and many others, without being convinced that they were rich partakers of the new birth and vital religion?'

ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear, The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try; Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice, Returning from his ways; While angels in their songs rejoice, And say, 'Behold, he prays!'

The saints in prayer appear as one, In word, in deed, in mind; When with the Father and the Son Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone; The Holy Spirit pleads; And Jesus, on the eternal throne, For sinners intercedes.

O Thou! by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Lord! teach us how to pray!

(MONTGOMERY.)

A QUAKER MEETING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PORTRAITS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS,' ETC.

Of the mode of worship practised by the Quakers, or the Society of Friends, very little is known by other denominations of Christians. It is true, that the idea of the prevalence of silence is associated with it; but beyond that,

scarcely any notion is formed of the mode or nature of Quaker worship. A few weeks ago, I was invited by an active and influential member of the Quaker body, to attend one of member of the Quaker body, to attend one of their meetings for Divine worship. I jocularly remarked, that I would willingly attend the meeting, provided he would guarantee me that it should not be characterized by nothing but its silence—beginning, middle, and end. My reference was to the circumstance of many of the meetings of the Society of Friends being held for Divine worship without a single word being uttered, from the commencement to the close of the service; if indeed that can be called a service in which there is no visible and united worship of the Divine Being. My friend at first answered, that he could not make a positive promise that there would be any audible address to the congregation; but on my remarking that I should feel much disappointed if I went so great a distance, and not hear anything after all, he expressed a presumption that I should hear an address from a particular lady. I did hear an address from a particular lady. I did hear the lady in question, and was much de-lighted with her address. The number of per-sons present may have been about four hundred, of whom a considerable portion were strangers. At the further end of the meeting-house (the Quakers never apply the term chapel to their places of worship) there was a large pew, elevated three or four feet above the floor, and extending from one side of the meeting-house to the other. A division was made in the centre of the seat, the female members being separated from our sex by a short rail; and each division of the pew (if that be the proper name to call it) had an entrance of its own. Five male members sat on the left-hand side, and seven female bers sat on the left-hand side, and seven female members on the right side, fronting the congregation. These were a class of persons called ministers [and elders]; that is, if I understand the matter right, male and female members of the body, not paid for their services as among other denominations of Christians, but having a superior status to the other members, in consequence of their speaking with greater frequency, and taking a more active part in the proceedings and prosperity of the body. The congregation was arranged into two great divisions; the females all sitting on one side, and the males on the other. The hour at which the service was to commence, was six o'clock, but service was to commence, was six o'clock, but for at least twenty-five minutes after that hour, not a whisper was heard, nor the slightest indication afforded of any coming visible worship. An unbroken silence prevailed; and anything more solemn than that stillness it were imposmore solemn than that stillness it were impossible for any one to imagine who has not been present at any of the religious meetings of the Quaker body. After the lapse of nearly half an hour, and when the strangers present must have been beginning to despair of hearing a syllable, one of the lady ministers took off her bonnet, and laying it on the seat [knelt down], and offered up a brief, but singularly beautiful prayer. The beauty of its sentiments, and the devotion which it breathed, were greatly increased by the almost angelic accents in which she spoke. Her voice was so unlike anything I had ever before heard, though I have been present at the vocal performances of the most distinguished female singers of the present day, that I could scarcely persuade myself that what I heard was uttered by mortal lips; and I use not the language of exaggeration when I say, that in the expression of mingled mildness, solemnity, and cheerfulness, there was something which must have seemed to every stranger present to partake much more of heaven than of earth.

The lady having resumed her seat, another season of solemn stillness ensued, which lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. Another lady then rose, and having laid aside her bonnet, proceeded to address the meeting. Her first words were that well-known passage in the Revelations, relating to one of the most interesting visions which the apostle John had during his solitary sojourn in the isle of Patmos, in which the voice said, 'Fear not, I am the first and the last. I am He that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death. Write these things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter.' Taking these words as a sort of motto, or text, the speaker proceeded to address the audience, but without any formal division of her subject, as is usual among the preachers in other denomina-

tions, and indeed without confining herself very closely to the subject to which the passage relates. For at least half an hour she spoke with great talent and intelligence, without a moment's pause, or the slightest appearance of difficulty. I was equally surprised and pleased at the depth of thought, the intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, the eminent spirituality, and strong practical tendency, which her discourse displayed. Even if regarded merely as an intellectual effort, or a piece of composition, it could not fail to command the attention of every person who heard it. She spoke with a degree of energy and decision of manner, which clearly showed that every word was uttered by her with a deep consciousness that she was speaking under the special inspiration of the Spirit, and that she was entrusted with the delivery of a message directly received from heaven.

The speaker having resumed her seat, a state of solemn silence again prevailed in the place. It was not, however, of long duration; it was speedily broken by a male member of the Society, who rose and delivered a short address, which was plain and practical. Scarcely had he resumed his seat, than the first lady again rose, and, in the same tender accents as before, addressed the audience for about seven or eight minutes. The first words she uttered were the well-known prayer of the Psalmist, 'Show me a token for good;' and then she proceeded to remark on the innumerable proofs which had been afforded to those present of the unmerited good-

ness of God during their past lives, but dwelling more especially on the proofs of Divine goodness which had been furnished to them during the year, which was then drawing to a close. The same beautiful simplicity of language which characterized her opening prayer, was displayed

in the delivery of her address.

After a short interval of silence, the lady who had given the first address kneeled down, and concluded the worship of the evening with prayer. Her approach to the mercy-seat occupied about twenty minutes, and a more thoroughly devotional spirit than she manifested (so far as a man could judge) I have never witnessed. The spirituality, the variety, the fervour, and fluency of that prayer exceeded anything of which the minds of those who were not present could conceive. No regenerated and sanctified person could have listened to it without feeling himself wafted in spirit to those celestial regions in which the unceasing occupation of the inhabitants is to offer up anthems of adoration and praise to him that sitteth on the throne for ever and ever. On the conclusion of the prayer, the audience remained about a minute in silent devotion, when the meeting broke up. The time which the exercises of the evening occupied was two hours and a half.

The Quakers have been suspected by some, and broadly charged by others, with denying the divinity of Christ and other distinctive doctrines of the gospel. Never was there a more unfounded insinuation—never was a more

groundless charge preferred against any body of Christians. So far from this, the divinity, the atonement, and the intercession of Jesus, were the most prominent topics of the addresses of each of the speakers. I have seldom, indeed, seen so much evangelical truth, whether of a doctrinal or preceptive character, condensed into addresses of equally limited length. I may here remark, for the information of those who have not been present at one of their meetings, that the Quakers not only do not sing in their public worship, but that they do not take a Bible or book of any kind with them to their meetinghouses; and, as I have hinted in a previous part of this sketch, the Quakers often meet together for public worship without a single word being uttered by any of their number. The solemn silence which occurred two or three times in the present instance reigns, on such occasions, from their entering until they quit their place of worship. It is right, however, to remark, that though, to other denominations of Christians, these silent meetings would appear to be no worship at all, they are regarded by the Society of Friends as being as devout, and as acceptable to the Object of all religious worship, as those meetings in which there is the greatest amount of audible worship.—(Abridged from the London Saturday Journal.)

A WORD FOR THE RISING GENERATION.

YE rising youth! the hope of future times; Ye who have felt the chords of heavenly love To draw and disengage you from the world, Keep near its quickening vivifying power, That freed from bondage Israel's favour'd sons: So shall you live to glad parental care, And be as warriors in the cause of Truth; On you the important task must soon devolve—O be ye faithful, upright, and sincere!

LINES WRITTEN IMPROMPTU, ON LEAVING THE LAST EVENING MEETING FOR THE SEASON.

Sweet balmy hour of worship! I could weep,
As pensively I leave this shaded shrine,
To think what months must pass ere yet we meet
Again, at this same holy, evening time.

Though to our God alike all seasons are,
Methinks at eve a calmer hope is given,
From deeper lowliness ascends the prayer—
The heart's rich incense, wafted up to heaven.

'Tis less the hour of mortal care and strife—
The heart is less inthralled by earthly ties;
It is a time with holy feeling rife—
The summer Sabbath's evening sacrifice.

SOUNDNESS OF 'BARCLAY'S APOLOGY.'

THE soundness and cogency of the arguments which

'Shine in Barclay's unrefuted page,'

though often attempted to be overthrown, remain unshaken, being impregnable to the assaults of learning and ingenuity. The principles laid down in the *Apology*, being so clearly deduced from 'Scripture and right reason,' have stood the test of the severest scrutiny, which men of acknowledged talents, of the highest order, have been able to apply. The work still remains to be

'One of the best expositors of Truth
That man has publish'd, since that sacred Book
Anciently written. Seekers are still led
By its direction to that blessed light,
And inward Teacher, who is Jesus Christ.'

ANCIENT RECORD.

THE annexed minute of a monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends, in the north of England, soon after its rise, was copied verbatim from the original. Does it not convey to the mind a beautiful illustration of gospel simplicity, and of the practical bearing of the 4th chapter of the first General Epistle of John?

'Att our Month Meeting, ye 11th of 6th month'95 [1695], friends haveing mett together, and upon inquiry, we findeing noe bussiness att this time, our meeting broke upp in the love of

God.

CURIOSITY OF A BOY.

WILLIAM PENN, during a season of intense cold, soon after his arrival in America, when the fields are described to have been as cakes of ice, slept one night in Merion, where a boy about twelve years old, son of the person at whose house he

lodged, being a lad of curiosity, and not often seeing a guest such as William Penn, privately crept to the chamber door, up a flight of steps on the outside of the building, which was only a log-house. On peeping through the latchet-hole, he was struck with awe in beholding this great man upon his knees by the bed-side, and in hearing what he said, for he could distinctly hear him in prayer and in thanksgiving, that he was then provided for in the wilderness. This circumstance made an impression on the lad's mind, which was not effaced in old age.—(Barclay's Anecdotes, p. 134.)

TRUST IN THE LORD.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please that Being that is able to crush all his adversaries—a being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great Superintendent of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures.

Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the instrument of

good to him.

In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness.

—(Holt's Extracts.)

THE COLONEL OF DRAGOONS.

During the revolutionary war in America, a part of the American army lay near the Gunpowder Falls meeting-house, which, however, did not prevent Friends from holding their meetings for worship. Amongst these troops there was a colonel of dragoous, whose resentment against Friends was raised to such a pitch of malice, that one day, when traversing the country, he came to the most extraordinary and cruel resolution, of putting to the sword the Friends who were then collected at their place of worship; considering them as no better than a company of traitors. Drawing up his men near the spot, he ordered them to halt, in order to make arrangements for the execution of his dreadful purpose. At this moment an awful silent pause took place, in which he felt his mind so powerfully smitten with conviction, that he not only drew off his men, but conceived very favourable sentiments of the Society; and continuing to yield to his convictions, he afterwards joined in communion with Friends, and continued faithful to the principles of truth professed by them. -(Sutcliffe's Travels.)

A MARTYR.

Six years' imprisonment and death, for refusing to swear.

In Seventh Month 1664, Joseph Coale lay ill in his chamber, which was entered on the 31st by a Justice of the Peace, who asked him whether he would take the oath of allegiance, and on his refusal, sent him, with several others, to the house of correction, and afterwards to Reading county jail. Here their persecutors detained them a long time, although they had drawn up a paper addressed to the cruel Justices imploring mercy. But their hearts were hardened against the innocent, and they detained Joseph Coale in prison six years, when it pleased the Lord to release him by death. Thus he became a martyr for a good conscience, freely giving up his life rather than disobey the plain command of Christ, 'Swear not at all.'—(Besse's Sufferings.)

THE DRUNKARD SMITTEN.

At Mansfield, George Fox hearing of a man who was a great drunkard, a noted whoremaster, and poet also, went to him and reproved him in an awful manner for his conduct. The man was so struck, that coming afterwards to George Fox, he acknowledged he was so smitten when he spoke to him, that he had scarcely any strength left in him. He was so thoroughly convinced, that he turned from the evil of his ways, and became an honest, sober man, to the

astonishment of all who were acquainted with him.—(Sewell's *History*.)

SWARTHMOOR HALL AND MEETING-HOUSE.

See FRONTISPIECE.

SWARTHMOOR HALL, the residence of Judge Fell, who was also vice-chancellor of the county palatine of Lancaster, is interesting to Friends, as being the place where our 'worthy elder,' George Fox, met with the first decided success in his mission. It was there that the power of truth through his preaching caused a family of wealth and local influence, brought up in the lap of luxury and in many of the frivolities of the times, to assume a markedly changed deportment, to throw aside their music and pastimes, and to incur the contempt of their former associates, as well as the probable anger of their absent father. So efficacious was his discourse, that most of their numerous domestics were also convinced, and some became instruments for the awakening of others.

The Hall, though still a building of considerable size, is no longer what it once was; a large portion having become ruinated has been altogether removed; the oriel window from which G. F. preached to the people in the orchard, still remains, and it is believed the owner of the property is bound to accommodate any travelling Friend with a bed. The hospitality of the Friends of Ulverston, however, prevents this

right being demanded; and no instance has been known within memory, of any Friend exercising his privilege. The old bedstead bequeathed by George Fox used to be kept here, and may possibly still remain. The room in which Friends held their meetings for the first forty years, and which were generally graced with the attendance of George or Margaret Fox, and others of the Society's parents in Christ, remains in its pristine state, having an embrasured window, and a raised dais at one end, which served for a

minister's gallery.

The situation of the Hall is somewhat singular and picturesque. Eastward of it, to the bay of Morecambe, extends a tract of rich champaign country, rivalling for beauty, wood, and fertility, any county in England; the Swarthmoor Hall estate formerly comprised much of this. Westward extends the bleak tract of Swarthmoor, recently enclosed, but still strongly contrasting with the rich pasture of the opposite view. Northward may be discerned the town of Ulverston, and beyond, the pointed mountains of Coniston and the Lake district. The immediate neighbourhood of the Hall is occupied by an ancient grove of forest trees, partially screening from view the barren common, while at the foot of the orchard is a woody dell, through which a stream murmurs over its pebbly bed.

The meeting-house is a solitary building, a quarter of a mile from the Hall; it is entered in the good old-fashioned way, through a porch, with a beach on each side, and over the door is

the inscription; 'Ex dono G. F. 1688'—(the gift of George Fox, 1688). It is commonly supposed he used to attend this meeting. Such, however, was not the case; he never sat in it, being in the south of England from its completion until his decease. It was, however, built at his cost, and on land given by him-the only piece of land he ever possessed in England. A paper is still extant, in which he apportions the supplying of the materials for the building among the members of the meeting; one was to bring lime, another stone, another wood, &c. The building needing thorough repair many years ago, the small old-fashioned mullioned windows were replaced by modern square ones, not much, as some deem, to the improvement of the exterior, however much tending to interior light and convenience; three or four of the old windows still remain in part of the building. This meetinghouse was meant to serve for a large district, and accordingly George Fox had a stable and barn added for the convenience of those from a distance. The interior of the place is comparatance. The interior of the place is comparatively modern, and presents nothing worthy of note. It is commodious, and, by means of shutters and slides, can be enlarged so as to admit a considerable congregation on public occasions. On entering the passage leading forward from the porch, two black ebony pillars, plain and slender, are seen, one on each side, supporting the ceiling. They are sometimes called George Fox's bed-posts, and rightly so, being the posts of the bedstead mentioned before. It was considered the best way of preserving the two principal posts, as well as to bring them under the notice of strangers, to place them in this situation.

Then there are also two massive arm chairs, of solid oak, adorned with carved work; they belonged to George Fox and his wife, and were removed hither from the Hall. Every visitor takes a seat in these chairs for a moment, from similar motives that visitors to the House of Lords contrive to enjoy a temporary occupancy of the British throne. Formerly another relic of George Fox was preserved here, the large Bible used by him, with wooden backs and brass clasps; this, for safety, is kept at a Friend's house.

The oak chest in the meeting-house contains the Library. The old minute-books of the Society's meetings for discipline present some curious instances of the zeal of our early Friends, their care for the poor, and their anxiety to carry into every-day practice the principles of our religious profession. One entry, of the date of about 1674, would in the present day, it is certain, if the principle were acted on, render many of our members subject to 'dealing.' Margaret Fell and Deborah Salthouse were appointed to visit a female member 'for the selling of lace,' which the minute states to be 'needless, and Friends cannot own her in it, nor the covetous spirit which sells it for advantage.' At the ensuing meeting the matter was cleared up by the visitors declaring

that the delinquent was 'broken and tender, and had promised not to buy any more lace to sell.'

Adjoining the meeting-house is the burial-ground, which is somewhat modern. The old burial-ground lies at Sunbreak, about a mile and a half distant, and is to many a spot of peculiar and intense interest. It is at the edge of a barren moor, the higher part of which consists of naked limestone, and at the highest point of all are the remains of a beacon, suitably enough placed, as its blaze could be seen over the whole promontory, and across the bay to Lancaster, a distance of twenty miles on a clear day. The view hence is magnificent, comprising the coast line in three-fourths of the horizon, the Lake mountains already mentioned on the remainder, and the beautiful bay of Morecambe with the wooded hills of the opposite coast. About one-third of a mile south of the beacon, where the cultivated land begins, is a small enclosure, surrounded with an eight-foot wall, and entered by a low narrow door. This, for about the first seventy years of the Society's existence, was the burial-place belonging to Swarthmoor Meeting.

Here lie the remains of many who braved persecution and suffering for conscience' sake, and so obtained for us the privileges we enjoy. Many reflections arise which it is needless to write, for they must come spontaneously to all, whether members or otherwise, who feel an interest in the advancement of religious freedom,

and have heard of the sacrifices our forefathers made to obtain it. Many valiants in the cause of truth have here been laid, when freed from the troubles of time; and though no memorial shows their resting-place, they have left a name more durable than monumental brass. Amongst them lie the remains of Margaret Fox, emphatically a mother in Israel, whose heroic behaviour rose superior to the weakness of her sex, and whose sufferings, after the death of her first husband, Judge Fell (the influence of whom, whilst living, was a safeguard not only to her, but to many others of this small band), were rendered more poignant from previous affluence, her body imprisoned, and her estates premunired. Yet her noble spirit remained unbroken; she closed her labours in 1702, and was buried here, followed to the grave by her children and a goodly company of ministers from various countries.

This place of sepulture takes its name of Sunbreak from its being the first to catch the sun's rays at break of day. Individuals exist in the neighbourhood not of the Society, who partake in the feelings of solemn interest with regard to it, and in their evening meditations turn a willing foot to its calm seclusion. Some do this from admiration of the religious principles of the interred—others because they look upon the dead as the general champions of liberty of conscience, and the foremost in the struggle against the intolerance and errors of a dominant and corrupt hierarchy.

Nearly every locality in this district has its interest and its tradition. It is indeed a notable country; we feel we are treading on classic ground. A few miles north-west is Marsh Grange, which George Fox frequently visited; possibly the situation and air reminded him of his birth-place, Drayton-in-the-Clay. It belonged to Margaret Fox, and was the residence of her ancestors, the Askews.

But we will delay no longer returning to our inn, and in so doing must necessarily pass through the market-place of Ulverston. Every spot, in town or country hereabouts, has its tale. Forty-three Friends were taken hence one market-day in 1660, by a party of horsemen, and, without warrant or examination, immured in the noisome dungeons of Lancaster jail.

Ours are comparatively happy days, and we are too much inclined to forget that the struggle against error, like that for freedom.

'When once begun, Descends from bleeding sire to son.'

Is the contest maintained by us? Do we not rather make a paltry compromise between our personal ease and the requirements of duty? Much has no doubt been accomplished; but much remains. Let us take heart from the example and success of those who have gone before us; and, God with us, who shall withstand?

THE PHILISTINE'S HEAD; OR, THE INFIDEL REPROVED.

A GAY young spark, of a deistical turn, travelling in a stage coach to London, forced his sentiments on the company, by attempting to ridicule the Scriptures; and among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a Friend, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. 'Indeed, young man,' replied he, 'I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine.'—(Buck's Anecdotes, vol. iii. p. 238.)

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

ELIZABETH FRY paid many philanthropic visits to the Continent. The following anecdote relating to her, is from the Morning Chronicle of April 28, 1840, and stated to have been contained in a letter from the Hague:—'A Dutch postmaster on the frontier received a letter, bidding him have horses ready for a lady who would travel that way, and arrive at a certain hour. The absence of any name, made the worthy postmaster see a mystery in the affair, and he not only set it down in his own mind,

but informed his neighbours, that the Countess d'Oultremont (whose intended marriage with the King of Holland was creating such ferment), was expected, and would change horses. The lady in the post-chaise arrived at the hour mentioned. The population greeted her with the most abusive language, and the most discordant and unwelcome sounds. To this the lady in the carriage replied by a shower of tracts and pamphlets, and, upon inquiry, the Dutch mob found that the traveller was not the Countess d'Oultremont, but Mrs. Fry, who had been visiting the prisons in these parts.'

REYNOLDS THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Snatch from oblivion every honour'd name,
To shine beyond the wreck of earthly fame.
A Reynolds, reverend in years, whose wealth
Flow'd round the land, dispersing joy and health;
Like some pure fount, whose lucid water flows,
Hid 'neath the verdure which around it grows.

(E. DICKENSON.)

RICHARD REYNOLDS of Bristol was a man of large property, but, during the whole of his life, he was unremittingly anxious to prove himself a good and faithful steward of the wealth he possessed. This he distributed with a munificence rarely to be met with in the annals of biography, and in a manner that proved incontrovertibly the benevolence of his heart. He annually spent the whole of a large income in charitable objects, in latter years diminishing

the actual sum of his property to alleviate the distresses and sufferings of others. He studiously endeavoured to conceal his benevolence from the public eye; and so scrupulous was he in this respect, that his accounts were kept in such a way, as to prevent others from knowing in what manner, and on what objects, his property was bestowed. To attempt anything like accuracy in the amount of his benefactions, would therefore be in vain; none but himself, and he 'whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good,' knew how much he disbursed. It is stated, on good authority, that in one year only, he bestowed, in various charities, upwards of £20,000.

There appeared neither limit nor bound to his benevolence, as he had correspondents in various parts, who sought for cases of distress in their respective neighbourhoods, and recommended them to his assistance, but that assistance was never given carelessly or slothfully. The energies of a mind, at all times vigorous and discriminating, were exercised to distinguish between the impostor and the sufferer; to the first he was a prudent monitor; to the latter a cheering friend and consoling benefactor.

Not contented with bestowing such abundant gifts annually, he purchased two estates in Monmouthshire, which he settled on trustees for the benefit of certain charities in Bristol; and it appears, that during his valuable life, he bestowed in acts of benevolence upwards of £200,000.

He lived to a late period of life, enjoying great good health, universally beloved and esteemed, and departed this life at Cheltenham, in 1816, in full reliance on the cheering promises of redeeming love.—(Piety Promoted, and Sketch of his life).

JOHN GRAY.

No one can read the foregoing account of Richard Reynolds, without admiring a man so distinguished by acts of disinterested benevolence and unostentatious charity. Yet let us remember that the Divine precept, 'occupy till I come,' is equally binding upon all men; and it is to the observance of this injunction that we must ever look, if we would be made instrumental in conferring real and permanent good upon our fellow-creatures. Although the talent upon our fellow-creatures. Although the talent committed to our trust may be but a small one, it is equally our duty to occupy it faithfully till our Lord's coming, if we would receive our reward. Whatever may be our relative stations in life, we are all possessed of the means of extensive usefulness, to a greater or less degree. May we then be stimulated to the fulfilment of our duty in this respect, by a perusal of the following interesting facts, selected from a short memoir of one who trod in the shady vale of obscurity, and who lived and died

'Alike unknown to fortune or to fame.'

John Gray was a journeyman pewterer, being

in the employment of a respectable firm in that business in London, nearly the whole of his life. 'He regularly attended meetings for worship on the week-day, as well as on the Sabbath, besides many of those for general business; and in so doing, he sacrificed no inconsiderable portion of his wages; for, being paid so much for the day's work of so many hours, he conscientiously deducted from the amount for the time he was absent from work; thus showing how justly he estimated the relative value of the "meat which perisheth," and of that "which endureth unto everlasting life," for which he waited on the Lord in company with his friends, and with which his strength was day by day renewed; thus, also, making his light to shine before men, as an example of the sincere love of God, and firm reliance on his protecting providence, in the faithful discharge of apprehended duty. The pecuniary sacrifices thus made, and in other virtuous pursuits, was equal to a fifth part of his whole earnings, which were by this means reduced to about 25s. per week. Yet, out of this sum, he for many years allowed 7s. per week to a widowed sister, who had left the Society, and had thus forfeited her claim upon its funds. To them also (the funds), John Gray contributed so liberally, that it was often thought out of proportion to his means. On one occasion, having subscribed two guineas towards the support of the Friends' School at Ackworth, it was suggested to him that one guinea would be quite as much as could be reasonably expected;

but he replied, that he should feel most easy to give both. This sum was nearly the full amount

of his earnings for two weeks!

'Though he gave much away in proportion to his income, yet he was not lavish, nor did he think it right to risk his own subsistence, in case of illness or old age, for the temporary relief of others. On the contrary, he laid by a portion of his earnings in the ever-available savings'-bank; and, at the time of his death, he had accumulated a sum not far short of £200. With the exception of a small legacy of about £30, left him by a Friend, the above amount was the fruit of his own industry and prudence; and, extraordinary as such instances are, we may readily comprehend how so much could be done with such small means, when we remember that John Gray never wasted anything. He never spent his money in spirits, tobacco, or in any other foolish or sensual indulgence; but what was not really required for his own, or others' comfort, he appears to have put into a drawer, in which was found at his decease a considerable sum in silver, probably retained for some specific object. The principal part of his savings he had invested in the funds. He left, by will, the sum of £15 to the Friends' Retreat at York, for persons of unsound mind, and about £20 to the poor of the Monthly Meeting of which he was a member.'

Whilst transcribing the foregoing, from a *Memoir* of this worthy man, the words of our blessed Saviour, when he saw the poor widow

casting her mite into the treasury, have been forcibly brought to remembrance, 'Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living' (Mark xii. 43, 44).

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED IN A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

The following account of the remarkable preservation of a family of Friends, residing about two miles from Dublin, during the rebellion in the year 1798, in which more than 100,000 lives were lost, was narrated by the mother of the family, to Richard Gordon of America, when on a religious visit to Europe, and related by him to some friends at Baltimore in 1825. He prefaced the account by the following statement:—
'And such is my confidence in the integrity of the Friend, that I have no more doubt of the facts, than if I had myself witnessed them.'

The family were dwelling at a beautiful villa, handsomely situated, and highly cultivated, and whilst assembled one afternoon round their peaceful and happy fireside, they were rudely assailed by a party of insurgents, who surrounded the house, and forced an entrance. The leader of this band of ruffians informed the family that they must prepare for death, as he was determined to murder every member of the

family as heretics, and burn their house and property. As they were proceeding to fulfil this murderous intention, a secret compunction of mind on the part of the officer arrested their progress; and, after a short delay, he told them he had concluded to give them twenty-four hours' respite, during which they might consider his proposals, viz., that they would return at the same time, four o'clock, the succeeding day, and if they were then willing to change their religion, and become Roman Catholics, their lives and property should be saved; but if not, every individual should be murdered, and the property razed to the ground. They then withdrew.

In this hour of extremity, their faith and constancy were put to a severe test, and the intermediate period was passed under feelings which can be better conceived than described. The following was their regular meeting day, and the mother proposed to her husband that the family should rise early, partake of a light repast, and every member of it repair to the meeting-place, there to mingle once more in social worship with their beloved friends, before the hour of their sufferings arrived. Her husband, however, deemed such a proceeding unwise, and they were brought into deep mental conflict, with fervent desires that they might be rightly guided in the struggle between religious duty on the one hand, and apprehensions for the safety of their beloved family on the other.

They assembled the family to deliberate on

the course they should pursue, with a degree of humble confidence that Divine direction would be afforded them; and after a time of solemn retirement of mind, they spread the subject before their children. The excellent and amiable mother still pressed the propriety of going to meeting, but the father could not conceal his fears that it would lead to greater suffering. Their eldest son, with Christian fortitude and magnanimity, encouraged his parents to go, saying, 'Father, rejoice that we are found worthy to suffer;' a remark which greatly affected his parents, and so strengthened their minds, that they at once concluded to make the attempt.

In the morning, they accordingly proceeded to their place of worship, taking the public highway, instead of going through the fields to avoid the armed insurgents, as was usually done, and, through Divine protection, they reached the meeting in safety. They sat with their friends in awful reverence, waiting on the great Preserver of men, and though their minds were deeply affected with the gloomy prospect before them, yet a degree of living faith was renewed in their hearts, under which they were strengthened to cast themselves entirely on the protec-

tion of the Almighty.

The meeting closed, and their minds were comforted and refreshed, in having thus fulfilled what they considered a religious duty. But now a new trial commenced, in considering whether it would be right to return home into the power

of their enemies, of whom they were now clear, or to pursue an opposite course, and seek a place of safety for themselves and children. Their faith, however, bore them up in this time of deep proving, and after solidly weighing the matter, they believed it their duty to return home. The struggle notwithstanding was severe, for nature must necessarily feel keenly when our lives, and those whom we hold most dear, are at stake; but as they journeyed onwards, with their hearts lifted in prayer to the Lord, the mother's mind was powerfully impressed by the recollection of the 14th verse of the 60th chapter of Isaiah, viz., 'The sons also of them that afflicted thee, shall come bending unto thee; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet.' The recollection of this passage of the Holy Scriptures was accompanied by such an assurance of Divine regard and protection being extended to them, that she clapped her hands for joy, and expressed to her husband and children the confidence she felt that they should be cared for.

On reaching home, they all assembled and sat down in silent, reverent waiting on that God who careth for all his humble and obedient children, and thus awaited the impending stroke. The clock struck four, but their persecutors came not. The King's troops had landed from England, and marched rapidly into the neighbourhood, while the insurgents were flying in every direction to escape their pursuit; being thus prevented from carrying their wicked de-

signs into execution. In less than two weeks the same party came to the house of the Friend, and on their knees implored their protection of the family to hide them from their pursuers, and save them from the destruction which they had so lately threatened to inflict on them.

Thus they were relieved from their painful state of suspense, and had cause to be humbly and deeply thankful for the merciful preservation extended to them, confirming their faith in the all-sufficiency of their gracious Redeemer.

—(Bradford Tract, and Hancock's Peace.)

MILTON'S OPINION OF WARRIORS.

(WARRIORS).—O, what are these? Death's ministers, not men; who thus deal death Inhumanly to men; and multiply Ten-thousand fold the sin of him who slew His brother.

ON A BURIAL-GROUND OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

You grassy mounds, which rise to view Above the verdant ground they strew; Who, that ne'er saw their sacred trust Consign'd amid its native dust, Would dream that manly forms are laid Beneath those little hillocks' shade? That beauty slumbers there at rest, Nor heeds the cold turf on her breast; That youth, and age, and manhood's bloom There mingle in one common tomb: No sculptur'd marble marks their fate—In death, what means the pomp of state?

Can the seal'd eye, or lips of clay, E'er ask, or see the proud display? Art here is vain !- it cannot save One pulse of feeling from the grave, With life's last throb the dream is o'er. And fame and titles charm no more: Here poverty has lost his sting-Want flaps o'er life her haggard wing. And here the weary rest from toil. Nor feel the earth-worm round them coil: The mourner hath forgot his grief, And found in death a kind relief: And wan disease a place of rest Finds pillow'd on the earth's cold breast. O Death! how awful every place, Where thy stern lineaments we trace: E'en here, the simple grassy bed Speaks of the silent, sleeping dead; Who hear no more the loud winds sigh, Though eddying tempests sweep them by.

PEACE versus WAR.

WAR is soon kindled, but peace very hardly procured; war is the curse, and peace the blessing of God upon a nation.

A realm gains more by one year's peace, than

by ten years' war .- (LORD BURLEIGH.)

LOVE, THE BEST REVENGE.

The best Revenge is Love:—disarm
Anger with smiles; heal wounds with balm:
Give water to thy thirsting foe.
The sandal tree, as if to prove
How sweet to conquer hate by love,
Perfumes the axe that lays it low.

(S. C. Wilkes.)

ON THE TERMS 'CHURCH' AND 'STEEPLE-HOUSE.'

A FRIEND, being interrogated by a bishop why he did not go to church, replied, 'I do go to church, and sometimes the church comes to me.' (See 1 Cor. xvi. 19; Col. iv. 15; Phil. ii.) The word 'church,' is in Holy Scripture

The word 'church,' is in Holy Scripture never applied to an outward temple or building, but to a company of belivers, whether generally or particularly. The use of this term appears to have crept in among Christians, and with it a superstitious consecration of those places, as possessing some latent quality not affecting other works of art or nature. To this Stephen the martyr evidently alluded, when he said, 'Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' &c. (Acts vii. 48.)

'Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' &c. (Acts vii. 48.)

The term 'steeple-house,' not unfrequently occurs in the early writings and records of Friends. It may sound harsh to most ears, if it does not seem to savour of the scurrility and intolerance of that zealous age; yet this, or any other mode of speech adopted by us as a people, was by no means taken up for the purpose of opprobrium, but rather significantly to discover the little veneration or distinction they could show for these buildings, more than for their own habitations; believing that the Almighty is equally present everywhere, to bless and to sanctify every place and everything to those that walk uprightly on the earth, his footstool.—(Barclay's Anecdotes.)

THE SCOFFING PRIEST MADE TO TREMBLE.

Being at Tickhill one First-day, George Fox went into the steeple-house, and speaking to the priest and people, they immediately fell upon him, and the clerk struck him with his Bible so violently on the face that the blood gushed out, and he bled exceedingly. The people then thrust him out, beat and threw him down, and dragged him along the street, so that he was besmeared with blood and dirt. and his hat taken away. As soon as he could stand, he told the people how much they dishonoured Christianity by such actions. Some time after, the priest coming by, scoffingly called George Fox and his friends, 'Quakers,' but he was spoken to in such a powerful manner that he began to tremble, which made one of the people say, 'Look how the priest trembles and shakes; he is turned a Quaker also.'—(Sewell's History.)

EXPRESSION OF THANKS BEFORE MEALS.

James Backhouse, in his Narrative of a visit to the Australian Colonies, remarks: 'When taking a meal with pious persons, I was frequently requested to give thanks. This being intended as a mark of Christian courtesy to a stranger minister, I received it as such; but we found it necessary to explain, that it was our practice on such occasions to endeavour to feel thankful, but not to give expression to this feeling on behalf of ourselves and others, unless under

such a sense of Divine influence as warranted the belief that it was done in spirit and in truth. Though, in the course of our travels, we were sometimes present when thanksgiving was uttered in a formal way, which left upon the mind the impression, that God was drawn nigh unto with the lip while the heart was far from him; yet we were often sensible of a measure of the influence of the Holy Spirit, when thanksgiving was devoutly uttered by those who were in the constant practice of using expression on such occasions. Nevertheless, when we were present, where the attention of the company was individually turned to the Lord, in a short period of silence, in order to feel thankful, and to acknowledge this feeling in the secret of the heart, we were sensible of a greater measure of Divine influence, which comforted our minds, under the belief that the Father of mercies condescended more decidedly to mark this homage with approbation.'

THOMAS SHILLITOE ON TEMPERANCE.

THE late Thomas Shillitoe, in his eightieth year, attended a Temperance Meeting in Exeter Hall, London, to which he had that morning walked from his residence, a distance of six miles.

The following is an extract from his address to that Meeting in favour of Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks:—'It is an opinion that it is necessary to take ardent spirits when people are travelling, to defend them from cold; now, I will mention two striking instances of my experience to the contrary. Having to travel from Copenhagen, in Denmark, to Christiana, in Norway, eleven days' journey before me, in carts that would have no covering over them, in the Twelfth Month, when the frost was very severe, my friends told me I must have spirits. We sometimes started at four in the morning, and travelled till ten at night, at that season of the year, fearing the falls of snow might have a tendency to impede our journey, and I never took anything stronger than coffee, while the man whom I hired to take charge of me was taking his spirits, and seemed as if he could not do without them. I have reason, however, to believe I suffered less from the cold than he did. I spent the greater part of the winter in Petersburg, and travelled on sledges, without having recourse to anything stronger than coffee. I do not say my mode of living would do for all constitutions; but I am sure that if persons had but courage to make a trial of it, it would suit a great many, and be the means of procuring and preserving their health better than living in a more generous way.'

FORMALISTS.

WE (Friends) have religion without ceremony; but if we lose the *power*, we are of all formalists the most contemptible.—(John Rutty.)

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ON PEACE.

To-day is Christmas. From east to west, from north to south, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the principle of love!—that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity. It is the divine idea which distinguishes it from all other religions, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept only to swear by, that gospel which says, 'Swear not at all.'

Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict have 'ushered in our brief to-day,' and is there peace and good-will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfil the prophecy which angels sang. But the world persists in saying, 'This doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice now; men are not yet prepared for it.' The same spirit says, 'it would not be safe to emancipate slaves; they must first be fitted for freedom; 'as if slavery ever could fit men for freedom, or war ever lead the nations into peace! Yet men who gravely utter these excuses laugh at the shallow wit of that timid mother, who declared that her son should never enter into the water till he had learned to swim.

Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if accompanied by the declaration that such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a deep friendliness for humanity. Who seemed so little likely to understand such a position as the Indians of North America? Yet how readily they laid down tomahawks and scalping-knives at the feet of William Penn! With what humble sorrow they apologized for killing the only two Quakers. they were ever known to attack! 'The men carried arms,' said they, 'and therefore we did not know they were not fighters. We thought they pretended to be Quakers, because they were cowards.' The savages of the East, who murdered Lyman and Munson, made the same excuse. 'They carried arms,' said they, 'and so we supposed they were not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We would have done them no harm if we had known they were men of God.'

If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, 'we will not fight under any provocation; if other nations have aught against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen;' think you that any nation would dare to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if any were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilized world would cry fie upon them, and by universal consent, brand them as poltroons and assassins;

and assassins they would be, even in the common acceptation of the term. I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town (in the Tyrol, I think), and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighbouring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, 'If they will take it, they must.' Soldiers soon came riding in with colours flying, fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, 'the harlequins of the nineteenth century.' Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked. 'We have none,' was the brief reply. 'But we have come to take the town.' 'Well, friends, it lies before you.' 'But is there nobody here to fight?' 'No; we are all Christians.' Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit-a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight,' said he; 'it is impossible to take such a town as this.' So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the

village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity of another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above mentioned.—(L. M. Child.)

PERSECUTION AND SUFFERINGS OF THE EARLY FRIENDS.

Sewell's History of the Quakers exhibits such a scene of savage persecution on the one hand, and firmness and patience in suffering on the other, as is not easily paralleled. Little known as these things are, it will hardly be credited now, that to such a length was hatred carried against the Quakers, that at one time, there were few of them, except those below the cognizance of the magistrates, who were not in prison for their religious faith.

It was about the year 1662, when persecution ran very high, that there were in England and Wales, upwards of 4200 Quakers in prison at one time, for meeting to worship God, refusing to swear, &c. And in such prisons too! They who would know what the miseries of prisoners have been in England, let them read Sewell's

History.

But the malice of persecution did not stop here; the property of the most respectable families was confiscated; attempts were made to transport some; and great numbers actually died of their maltreatment.

The most amazing portion of these outrages, however, was perpetrated by the Independents of New England, who had themselves fled from persecution at home, to enjoy religious liberty. And what did they? To crown the whole story of cruelty, amongst many other instances which would fill a volume, they ordered three Quaker women to be stripped to the waist, and to be flogged through eleven towns, a distance of eighty miles, and in all the severity of frost and snow. But as if this was not enough, they at length actually hanged three men and one woman for Christ's sake.

SUFFERINGS OF FRIENDS IN THE TOLBOOTH AT ABERDEEN.

THE following may afford some idea of the cruelty sometimes exercised towards the first Quakers. The early annals of the Society abound with similar cases, many of them still more aggravated.

During the close imprisonment of Friends in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, Patrick Livingstone was frequently engaged, in the aboundings of Christian love, to preach to the people through the prison windows, exhorting them to fear the Lord, and to obey the gospel of his grace. This practice was highly displeasing to the magistrates. They therefore sought to prevent it, by causing some of them to be separated from the rest of their companions, and violently thrust into a close vaulted cell, on the top of the jail, called the 'iron house,' where the worst of felons and murderers were usually confined. They had neither light nor air, except through along hole in the thick wall, which had a double grating of iron on the outside, and another within. Here they were kept night and day, in the heat of the summer of 1678, when the filthiness of the place, and the corruption of the air so closely pent up, produced a multitude of worms, called white maggots, and other vermin, which swarmed about, even upon their beds and victuals, and manifestly tended to the extreme danger of their health and lives.

Most if not all of Patrick Livingstone's works,

were dated 'Aberdeen prison.'

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS ECHO.

Colossians iii. 12, 15; Matthew xviii. 21, 22; 1 John iii. 14.

WRITTEN BY CORNELIUS CAYLEY, A COURTIER, LIVING IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

TRUE faith, producing love to God and man, Say, echo, is not this the gospel plan? The gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show, By doing good to all, both friend and foe? Both friend and foe. But if a brother hates, and treats me ill, Must I return him good, and love him still? Love him still.

If he my failings watches to reveal, Must I his faults as carefully conceal? As carefully conceal.

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless.

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?

Be patient still, and still forgive.

Why, echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove? Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love!

Nothing else but love.

Amen! with all my heart then be it so,
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know,
And now to practise I'll directly go.

Directly go.

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.

Surely will protect.

Henceforth I'll roll on him my every care, And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer. Embrace in prayer.

But after all those duties I have done, Must I, in point of merit, them disown, And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone? Through Jesus' blood alone.

Echo, enough; thy counsels, to mine ear,
Are sweeter than to flowers the dew-drop tear;
Thy wise instructive lessons please me well;
I'll go and practise them. Farewell, farewell.

Practise them, Farewell, farewell.

ANECDOTE OF KING GEORGE III.

As Michael Futcher, of Romsey, was walking on the terrace at Windsor, in company with the daughter of a Friend in London, King George and Queen Charlotte drew towards them. Both entering freely into conversation with Michael Futcher, the King inquired whether there were many of his Society residing in his neighbourhood, saying they were a people he had a great respect for. Addressing the female, he inquired if she was one of the Society. She replied she professed to be such. The King then said, 'Is there not here too much gauze?' She acknowledged 'she had deviated, and was sorry for it.' The King replied, 'And I am sorry for it too; for when persons once begin to deviate, they do not know where to stop.'

FROM ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY'S 'KINGDOM OF CHRIST DELINEATED.'

Must not Christians, as legislators or civil magistrates, act on Christian principles? No doubt; but they would cease to act on Christian principles if they should employ the coercive power of civil magistrates in the cause of Christianity. If they should not only take a part in civil affairs, but claim, as Christians, or as members of a particular church, a monopoly of civil rights; it is this, and this only, that tends to make Christ's kingdom a kingdom of this world.

To attempt the propagation or support of gospel truth by secular force, or by establishing on behalf of Christians, as such, a monopoly of civil rights, is utterly at variance with the true character of Christ's kingdom, and with the teaching and practice of himself and his apostles; and to attribute to them any such design, is to impugn their character, not merely as inspired messengers from heaven, but even as sincere and upright men.

SILENT PRAYER.

In the extremity of pain, the Christian feels there is no consolation but in humble acquiescence in the Divine will. It may be that he can pray but little, but that little will be fervent. He can articulate, perhaps, not at all, but his prayer is addressed to one who sees the heart; who can interpret its language; who requires not words, but affections. We have a striking instance of an answer to silent prayer in the case of Moses. In a situation of extreme distress, when he had not uttered a word, the Lord said unto him, 'I have heard thy crying.'— (American Moral Almanac.)

THE HERMIT.

A WILD young fellow, once observing a hermit who passed his time in fasting, in prayer, and in mortification, thus addressed him:—'Father,' said he, 'what a miserable condition is thine if

there is not another world after this.' 'True, my son,' answered the anchorite, 'but what

will be thy state if there is?'

Without endeavouring to uphold, or even to countenance that rigid and solitary species of devotion, that leads its possessor from the duties of his nature, and, to say the best of it, can only be selfish; yet the above answer conveys with it an important truth, and may be supposed to be addressed to any of those flighty mortals that pass away their time without reflection, and drown, in the giddy vortex of ceaseless dissipation, the useful and serious ideas of eternity.—(Cope's Anecdotes.)

EXTRACT FROM THE WRITINGS OF LUKE HOWARD, OF DOVER.

On the Third day of the 8th Month, 1661, in the night watch, upon my bed of straw and chaff, in the common jail of Dover Castle, as I lay in a sweet and comfortable sleep and rest, the hand of my God fell upon me, and his sweet and comfortable presence awakened me, and so continued with me unto the morning watch; in which time the living presence of my God was with me, and the comfortable fellowship of his Holy Spirit accompanied me, so that my soul was filled with his living presence, as with a mighty river which did overflow the banks, so that nothing appeared but joy and gladness, and the streams of his everlasting virtue ran through

me exceeding swift; and as the dew from heaven refresheth the tender grass, so was the plant of God's renown refreshed in me, and gave glory to Him that sitteth on the throne, the Ancient of Days, and to the Lamb for evermore; even so saith my soul, and all that is within me; yea, praise ye the Lord, for he is worthy, even the Lord God of life and light, of truth and righteousness, the God of heaven and earth, whose dreadful presence will make the strong to bow, and bring the lofty down, and rebuke the wicked devices of the heart of man, and strike through the liver of the oppressor as with a dart, and none shall shift his hand; before whose glorious presence all must appear, and all flesh must be silenced before him; this is my God, I have waited for him, and his appearance to me is as the morning without clouds, and his beauty hath taken my heart, and his comeliness hath ravished my soul, and with his exceeding riches hath he adorned my inward man, and his everlasting strength is my salvation, even the Son of his love, which was from everlasting to everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; by whom he will judge the world in righteousness, and the men thereof in truth, and no covering of falsehood shall then hide any, but all must stand naked and bare before him and his holy angels, and the mighty host of redeemed ones, the hundred and forty and four thousand which he hath redeemed from the earth, who shall sit upon the holy hill of Zion with new songs in their mouths, and everlasting praises in

their hearts, who hath followed the Lamb wheresoever he hath gone, and have not loved their lives unto death. These are the generation of the just, yea, the general assembly of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven; the just men whose spirits are made perfect, being washed in the blood of the Lamb, yea, the Lamb of God that hath taken away their sins, and carried them into the land of forgetfulness, so that they shall never be remembered more against them. A new song of salvation is put against them. A new song of salvation is put into their mouths, and joy and gladness is in their souls, and everlasting praises are under their tongues, and the voice of melody is in their inward parts, and the voice or shout of a king is in the midst of them for evermore; so that great is the shout of the living host, which giveth all the glory and praises unto the Ancient of Days, and to the Lamb that lives for everyone From so. Amon Amon I lives for evermore. Even so, Amen, Amen! saith my soul.

WHAT IS THE PERFECTION OF LOVE?

To love our enemies; to love them to that extent that they may become our brethren; to love thine enemies, that thou mayest wish them to become thy brethren; to love thy enemies, that they may be called into thy society; for thus did he love, who, as he hung upon the cross, exclaimed, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.'—(Augustine.)

THE CROSS.

A FEMALE Friend, being desired by a Roman Catholic clergyman to put up the sign of the cross, which was made use of by their party during the rebellion in Ireland, in 1798, replied that 'she could not do it, but hoped the Almighty might be pleased to enable her to bear it.'

COPIED FROM THE FIRST PAGE OF CHESTER-FIELD MONTHLY MEETING BOOK.

This book was bought the 21st day of 12th month, 1672; the price was 2s. 10d., and is for the use of the church and people of God, called by his grace, and gathered and knit together by and in his Spirit of light, life, and love, in which we now meet and assemble together; to wait upon and worship the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; who freely hath given unto every one of us a measure of the Holy Ghost, by which we come, and are in a measure coming, unto the true knowledge of the mind and will of God; though we are a poor, unworthy, and despised people, scattered amongst the rocky mountains and dark valleys of the high peak country, and were many of us convinced of God's light, way, and truth in this same year above said. Glory! glory! glory to the Lord God of Israel! who keeps covenant, and his mercies endure for ever; praises to his name for ever, saith the soul of one of the poorest and unworthiest of his little remnant,—(J. G.)

ON THE DANGER OF SEEKING THE PRAISE OF MAN MORE THAN THE GLORY OF GOD.

How applicable are the words of our Saviour to the following remarkable relation—' Woe unto you, when all men speak well of you' (Luke vi. 26). It is taken from the Imperial Magazine for 12th Month, 1819, and may be of use to every minister of the gospel. It is the substance of a remarkable dream, related by R. Bowden, a clergyman of Darwin, who committed it to writing from the lips of the person to whom the dream happened, on the evening of 5th Month 13, 1813.

A popular minister whose name, from the nature of the circumstance that occurred, it will be needful to conceal, being much fatigued at the conclusion of the afternoon service, retired to his apartment, in order to take a little rest. He had not long reclined on his couch, before he fell asleep and began to dream.

He dreamed that, in walking into his garden, he entered a bower that had been erected in it, where he sat down to read and meditate. While thus employed, he thought he heard some person enter the garden, and leaving his bower, he hastened towards the spot where the sound seemed to come from, in order to discover who it was that had entered. He had not proceeded far before he saw a particular friend of his, a gospel minister of considerable talent, who had rendered himself very popular by his zealous and unwearied exertions in the

cause of Christ. On approaching his friend, he was surprised to find that his countenance was covered with a gloom to which it had not been accustomed, and that it strongly indicated a violent agitation of mind, apparently arising from conscious remorse. After the usual salutations had passed, his friend asked the relater the time of day; to which he replied, 'Twentyfive minutes past three.' On which, this his friend said, 'It is only one hour since I died, and now I am damned!' 'Damned! for what?' inquired the dreaming minister. 'It is not because I have not preached the gospel, neither is it because I have not been rendered useful, for I have now many seals to my ministry who can bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, which they have received from my lips; but it is because I have been accumulating to myself the applause of men, more than the honour which cometh from above, and verily I have my reward! Having uttered these expressions, he hastily disappeared, and was seen no more.

The minister, suddenly awaking, with the contents of this dream deeply engraven on his memory, proceeded towards his chapel, in order to conduct the evening service. On his way thither, he was accosted by a friend, who inquired 'if he had heard of the severe loss the church had sustained in the death of that able minister?' He replied 'No;' but, being much affected at this intelligence, he inquired of him the day, and the time of the day, when his

departure took place. To this his friend replied, 'This afternoon, at twenty-five minutes past three o'clock!'

LINES ON BAPTISM.

WRITTEN BY A CLERGYMAN, WHO SECEDED FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT ON CONSCIENTIOUS GROUNDS.

NIYON ANOMHMATA MH MONAN OYIN.

[This inscription, which reads the same backward or forward, is copied from the font in 'Harlow Church,' Essex; and, being interpreted, means, 'Wash your sins—not merely your face.' The like sentence may be found, also, in Sandbach church, Cheshire.]

THESE words, which we in Harlow Church survey. May sound instruction to the mind convey. God is a spirit, who regards the heart; Trust not in outward rites: from Popes depart! The line (in Greek) at either end begins-Not merely wash your face, but cleanse your sins. A priest, in vain, your person will baptize, While you the holy laws of God despise. Alas! on Britain's highly-favoured ground. How many baptized infidels are found ! And though they, afterwards confirm'd may be, It proves too often in iniquity: As sepulchres without, appearing white, Exhibiting within a ghastly sight. The lesson taught, in compass short, is plain. That in religion outward forms are vain, Unless, to God omniscient, we appear Renew'd in conduct, and in heart sincere. How many are, baptized with water, seen, Who never have regenerated been ! Yet charter'd priests, perversely, have maintain'd That, with the first, the last is always gain'd. A short reflection weigh'd, the truth may teach, The heart is hid beyond the water's reach:

The Holy Spirit, therefore, must apply · His energy, the soul to purify. The blood of Christ, received by faith, alone Can cleanse the soul, and for our sins atone. And they who die in infancy, we trust, Are, through his merits, number'd with the just. Though men may sprinkle water on the face, We must be born by supernatural grace; A boon which (though baptized) some never know, As by their life they manifestly show. It may suffice to mark what Paul has penn'd, The doctrine of our thesis to defend; The second chapter (in conclusion) search, Which he directed to the Roman church. Therein, without a veil, believers view Who truly is, in God's esteem, a Jew; But God the Spirit must give eyes to see, Or his own Word a sun in clouds will be. He from our eyes must nature's film remove, That we the beauty of his work may prove; We then shall water baptism no more Misname regeneration as before; Shall see the need of being born again— Not born of water, sprinkled here by men, But of the Holy Spirit, from on high, While by his influence to sin we die; Old errors then no more will cloud our view, But joyful we shall sing, 'Lo, all things new!' Then Popish dogmas will to truth give place, Self-righteousness subside, and sovereign grace, From every hallow'd lip will loudly sound, And Christ alone with glory will be crown'd.

S. J.

THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC WORSHIP.

THE following remarks on the manner of public worship amongst Christians, were written by Dr. Guistiniani, a foreign clergyman or minister, whilst on a visit to London. They contain a

word for professors of many forms of religion, and may be considered as a very valuable testimony against the excitement of the senses in the performance of Divine worship.

It is not without diffidence that I attempt to speak of the feelings of joy and grief which have many times pervaded my heart, when assisting at the public worship of Protestant churches of different Christian denominations; not that I have any doubt of the truth of what I am about to dwell on-but of myself. I feel at this moment the greatness and the almighty power of God, and the feebleness of man, whose voice can have no power if it be not the echo of the eternal voice of the great I AM!

I entered within the walls of the high cathe-

drals, with their gigantic towers and gothic architecture; there I saw the ceremonies performed with all the splendour of outward pomp; festoons, and drapery, and surplices; highly wrought pulpits, multicoloured windows; the vault reverberating with the peals of the organ, the melodious voices of the children, the deep chant, and the majestic chorus. I saw their ritual, the mitre, and the crosier; my eye was charmed, but my heart-alas! my heart remained cold and oppressed. In vain there I sought my crucified Redeemer—I beheld this as a Protestantism brought forth by the power of the world, which neither Luther nor Calvin, nor other reformers, had ever contemplated; as a bastard produced by the union of interested men; as a weak and vacillating child, disguised

in the armour of Christianity; as a negative Protestantism; an easy pillow on which to rest with pleasure, and sleep the sleep of death; as a Protestantism, alas! created but for painters and poets! I left the place with tears in my eyes, crying, 'Ichabod; the glory is departed, for the ark of God is taken! They forgot God their Saviour; they believed not his word, and hearkened not unto the voice of the Lord,' but unto man; 'God desired not sacrifices, but a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart he will not despise.' He desired not exterior worships, not chants and notes, but the perfume, the harmony of a thankful, of a sensible heart, 'of a heart of flesh.'

In going along the street, and meditating on what I had witnessed, and on the feelings produced in my heart, I was aroused by songs, neither so studied nor so melodious as those which I had left, but which appeared to be emanations of the heart; I felt myself attracted, and was induced to enter the house where they proceeded from. An old violincello was the leading instrument; girls and boys, who had never seen a note, were the choristers; the people not only unacquainted with music, but apparently deficient in the taste of that art, accompanied them inharmoniously. New feelings came over my soul: I asked myself, is this worshipping God? Are sounds like these agreeable to God? Is it a means of salvation for the perishing souls of men? Has Jesus commanded it? or, is it a copying after the great cathedrals?

In the time that my mind was occupied in putting these questions the hymn had ceased, and the preacher had begun to pray. The people answered with groanings, but not those 'groanings which cannot be uttered;' they were with utterable groanings, Amen! Glory be to God! Blessed be God! My mind was disturbed, and my heart neither elevated nor diffied, the senses were excited but that calms edified; the senses were excited, but that calm was not produced in my spirit so indispensable in the presence of the eternal Judge of the earth. I asked a man who was near me, if the Lord was deaf, that they prayed so loud? He replied, 'The Lord is not deaf, but we think that you are deaf.' Then I adored my crucified Redeemer with all my heart, and magnified the operations of his works of grace which he has done for me. I blessed his name, that through his tender mercy my ears were shut to the wisdom of man, and opened to the voice of the good Shepherd. I felt that such a worship excited the senses, and 'quenched the Spirit;' that Christianity became a work of man and not of grace. Salvation must come from 'our Cod which sitteth worm the throne and the God which sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb.' When the voice arises from a penitent heart, and not from the excitement of our neighbour, it will be sanctified 'of the Spirit unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ! by whom we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.'

After the service was over, I joined in con-

versation with two pious ladies. One said, ' How delightful the sermon was!' The other replied,
'O it was beautiful!' I asked them what their souls had profited by it, and what they remembered which could improve their mind? Neither answered; but after a short pause one groaned and sighed, and the other said, 'I hope we have profited something.' But I could evidently see that my fair companions were pleased without receiving spiritual or intellectual benefit; they were entertained, but not edified; delighted, but not instructed. I said afterwards to those ladies, 'The reason which your preacher adduced may persuade the mind, but not convince the heart; intellect must have its proofs, the heart equally its demonstrations and evidences; and they do not consist in trepidations, and in thumping the Bible, but in the power of that Word, of that "two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow!" Yes, in a renewed heart only reside the qualifications of a true Christian, and not in groaning and Amens; it is faith, love, hope, assurance in the promises of our blessed Jesus, which unite believers "in spirit and in truth;" and in the Spirit we are better instructed than by the reasoning of man; because we have the consoling promise of the Holy Scriptures, that "God had revealed them unto us by his Spirit, and the Spirit judgeth all things." In a renewed heart only,' I continued, 'reside these qualifications which support them with patience amid the temptations of their life; it is from the heart that the most elevated sentiments, the most noble effects, the most magnanimous actions generate. From this source springs the precious tear-drops of tenderness and pity, of joy and consolation. Through the heart the pleasures of this life are rendered precious, while its evils find comfort and alleviation. The gospel is a work of the heart and not of the mind; "A new heart also will I give you, a new spirit will I put within you," said the Lord by his prophet; but he said nothing of the head. Thus conversing we arrived at the dwelling where these ladies resided, and we separated with very good Christian feeling. The following Lord's Day one of my friends

The following Lord's Day one of my friends came to conduct me to a chapel, to hear an eloquent preacher from the country; a storm prevented us from going as far as the desired chapel, and we were obliged to take shelter in a meeting-house of the Society of Friends. In sitting down and looking around, I involuntarily made a contrast between the beautiful music of the splendid cathedral, the vociferation of the chapel, and the solemn silence of this place of worship; where they who worshipped 'in spirit and in truth, and with patience, wait for that which we see not.' The luxury of the Gothic temple, the insignificance of the chapel, and simplicity and neatness of the place I was in, combined to absorb my every thought. That passage which says, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them,' forcibly occurred to my

mind; and I was deeply impressed with the truth, that our blessed Redeemer cometh not in the midst of us by groans and exclamations, or even by the concordance of sweet sounds, but 'for his name's sake.' I was so transported with joy from this silent worship, so elevated upon the wings of faith in a sublimer sphere, that I said in my heart, if the union in spirit and in truth of the children of God is so sweet here below, what will it be when we shall worship before the throne of God with the great congregation; with the cherubim of glory; with the angels and the redeemed from the earth; with the prophets and apostles? what joy we shall experience when we shall 'enter into the temple of God, and never depart, but serve him day and night;' when we shall sin no more there, neither expose to God our wants and miseries, because 'there shall be hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed us; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away, and all things made new.' In those meditations, without being interrupted, the congregation rose, shook hands with one another very heartily, except with me. I felt displeased to be considered by them as a stranger at the moment that I had worshipped with them before the throne of grace, when I was united with them truly in the spirit of Christ.

In going out, my friend, who was more accustomed to a noisy sacrifice than to that of the

contrite heart, said, 'Have you noticed "the dumb dogs?" they appeared as if they were all dead.' I asked him what had been the subject of meditation with him the whole time? He answered, 'Nothing! I like a good sermon and a lively prayer. They seemed to me as if they were sleeping; do they not pray?' On my answering that they did, but that they were waiting for the Spirit, he said, 'How can they know that they have the Spirit? And where does the Bible teach the church to meet together without saying anything?'

without saying anything?'

I replied, it is impossible for me to answer so many questions at once; but, if you will allow me, I will endeavour to give you reasons from what I have gleaned from the Bible; though, as you are aware, I am not one of their body. You

ask me, Why they do not pray?

How can you say that they do not pray? Prayer is nothing more than an elevation of the soul towards God, in paying homage of adoration and gratitude to him; or a humiliation of our hearts before the throne of grace, to implore his pardon and assistance; this is properly that which constitutes prayer. I know that the elevation of a sanctified soul, or the humiliation of a contrite heart, can be expressed in words, but words are nothing, if they are not the sincere testimony of the feelings of the heart. If a man meditates on the infinite attributes of God, and on the nothingness of self, and feels profound adoration in his affected heart—behold, he has prayed! If he elevates his eyes to the Most

Holy, and the uneasiness of his conscience moves his heart to feel his sins, and hastens his mind to his Father which is in heaven, to bless his mercy, to implore his favour—behold, he has prayed! The thought only of the benefits of God, of the unworthiness of man; of his justice and our rebellion; the immense riches of his grace, and of the profound misery of human nature, a sigh escapes from his heart—behold, he has prayed! The penetration only of deep feeling, of repentance and gratitude, and the desire to approach his Maker with the greatest confidence, through the intercession of Jesus Christ—behold, he has prayed! A sinner subdued by the influence of the Spirit of God, and soaring freely with the sentiments which fill his bosom—behold, he has prayed! A sinner who is desirous to bless his Redeemer, to confess his disobedience, to intrust his misery to him 'who searches the heart, and tries the reins of man,' and finding no words to express his love to him 'who had before loved us,' his swollen heart redoubles its palpitations, his eyes become involuntary fountains, and fixed on the blessed cross of justice and love—has he not prayed? The intensity of our feelings towards those we love is at times so overpowering, that words fail to convey it; how can you say, then, that a people who wait in silence for the Spirit of God, to incite them to the utterance of their feelings, are dead; that they are asleep? Or, how can you ask, Why they do not pray? Q 3

Your second question is not less futile than the first. 'How can they know when they have the Spirit?' How can you know that you are in life, but by the effects which the living power produces in your body—the activity of the senses? It is the same with the spiritual life; 'where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' A Quaker, who feels liberty to speak of the goodness and mercies of God, and to soar with his soul to his crucified Redeemer, has certainly the Spirit of our blessed Jesus.

One of the effects of the Spirit is also faith. Like a child that is never suspicious of its nurse, and believes with all its heart the most extraordinary things that are related to it; in whose mind the idea never enters that it can be deceived; so the Spirit of God is a spirit of faith, which bends natural resistance to the truth, humbles pride, and makes it submissive to his holy will, to believe in his Word, without suspicion of that Word. 'Thus saith the Lord!' dissipates all doubts and objections; and the greatest use he thinks to make of his reason is, to cease to reason with the infallible and eternal One, and to submit like the child to its nurse, believing God to be a greater philosopher than man.

Charity and love are another sensible effect of the Spirit of God; and as the visible thing can only be enjoyed through the senses, so the spiritual thing can only be discerned through the Spirit. 'God revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.' You may ask, is the power of music, of chants and songs, to excite or to produce faith, charity, and love in our hearts? No! 'God alone revealed them unto us by his Spirit.' As the source of the spring is not to be found in the roaring of the torrent, but in the silent forest, so the Spirit of God is not manifested in the boisterous movements of our senses and passions, but in holy patience, and silent waiting on that 'Spirit who helpeth our infirmities, and maketh intercession for us.'

Your third question is equally simple:— 'Where is it in the Bible that the church shall come together, remain, and separate, without

saving anything?'

Where is it found in the Bible that there should be external trappings, surplices, and mitres, violincellos, and chantings? Jesus has taught us by his example the way we ought to pray: 'Before day he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there he prayed.' Separated from the contentions of the world, retired in our heart, and solitary as at Gethsemane, we should 'watch and pray always, with supplication in the Spirit.' 'Let none that wait on thee be ashamed, then their strength is to be still,' says the Scripture. If the association of man had such a moral influence on our social life, that we should flee the bad and seek the good, how salutary must be the holy company of our blessed Jesus, with whom we have retired in the secret of our heart, to receive those 'things which God hath prepared for them that love him?' Ah! a soul centered in itself, and

united with its Saviour, should 'tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril,' or the voice of his conscience, make desolate his heart, yet he will be more than con-queror through him that before loved us. We have no want of music to excite our senses, for we carry Divine harmony in our hearts; it is 'Jesus who is all in all.' We have no want of sermons, it is our blessed Jesus who speaks, who instructs, who edifies; it is no longer the voice of man which elevates us to the heavenly sphere; it is God who descends to man, who brings the heaven in our heart. We are 'like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season.' Like a plant, planted in a fertile ground, and nourished by its root, so is the sweet plant of faith rooted in our Redeemer, from whence we receive joy and peace, consolation and comfort, hope and life. Like the calyx of a flower, which opens itself to the beneficial rays of the sun; so from the influence of the Sun of Righteousness the heart becomes inflamed; its lukewarmness changed into zeal, the zeal into faith, the faith into love and hope. A sinner retired, SILENTLY WAITING for the Spirit of God, is like a plant which, in the stilly night, is refreshed by the dew of heaven; his heart is revived and renewed by the influence of the Spirit of God.

In conclusion, I said to my friend, that it was our duty to pray for every church, of whatever denomination it might be, that the Lord might multiply his blessings upon them, and that they

might grow from grace to grace, and the Spirit of God fill their hearts; that every member might be a temple of the Holy Ghost, and that all their doings might be for the glory of God, for the salvation of their souls, and the advancement of the kingdom of Christ.—(The Christian Witness.)

DEVOTION; SILENT PRAYER.

DEVOTION OF mind is itself a silent prayer, which wants not to be clothed in words that God may better know our desires.—(SMALLRIDGE, Bishop of Bristol.)

THE LIFE OF A HAPPY MAN.

THE Happy Man was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance-unto-Life; he was educated in the School of Obedience, and now dwells in the Plains of Perseverance; he works at the Trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the Country of Christian Contentment, and many times labours in the Fields of Self-denial; he wears the plain Garment of Humility, but has a better suit to put on when he goes to Court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness; he often walks in the Valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the Mountains of Spiritual-mindedness; he breakfasts every morning on Spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same; he has meat to eat which the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere Milk of the Word;

thus happy he lives, and happy he dies; and happy are all who live like him, having Gospel Submission in their Wills, due order in their Affections, Sound Peace in their Conscience, Satisfying Grace in their Souls, Real Divinity in their Hearts, a Vain World under their Feet, and a Crown of Immortal Glory over their Heads; in order to obtain which, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, watch abundantly, live holily, die daily, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for his glory.

ADAM CLARKE ON DANCING.

Dancing was to me a very perverting influence, an unmixed moral evil; for although, by the mercy of God, it led me not to depravity of manners, it greatly weakened the moral principle, drowned the voice of a well-instructed conscience, and was the first cause of impelling me to seek my happiness in this life. Everything yielded to the disposition it had produced, and everything was absorbed by it. I have it justly in abhorrence for the injury it did me; and I can testify (as far as my observations have extended, and they have had a pretty wide range), I have known it to produce more or less of the same evils in others that it did in me. I consider it, therefore, as a branch of that worldly education which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan; let them plead for it

who will, I know it to be evil, and that only. They who bring up their children in this way, or send them to schools where dancing is taught, are consecrating them to the service of Moloch, and cultivating the passions, so as to cause them to bring forth the seeds of a fallen nature, with an additional rankness, deep-rooted inveteracy, and inexhaustible fertility. 'Nemo sobrius saltat,' 'no man in his senses will dance,' said Cicero, a heathen; shame on those Christians who advocate a cause by which many sons have become profligate, and many daughters have been ruined.

THE WRESTLING CHAMPION.

'AT London,' says Sewell the historian, 'there is a custom in summer-time, when the evening approaches, and tradesmen leave off working, that many lusty fellows meet in the fields, to try their skill and strength in wrestling, where generally a multitude of people stand gazing in

a ring.

'Now it so fell out, that Edward Burrough passed by the place where they were wrestling, and standing still among the spectators, saw how a strong and dexterous fellow had already thrown three others, and was waiting for a fourth champion, if any durst venture to enter the lists. At length, none being bold enough to try, Edward Burrough stepped into the ring, which was commonly made up of all sorts of people; and having looked upon the wrestler

with a serious countenance, the man was not with a serious countenance, the man was not a little surprised, instead of an airy antagonist, to meet with a grave and awful young man; and all stood amazed as it were at this sight, eagerly expecting what would be the issue of this combat. But it was quite another fight Edward Burrough aimed at. For having already fought against spiritual wickedness, that had once prevailed over him, and having overcome in measure, by the grace of God, he now endeavoured also to fight against it in others, and to turn them from the evil of their ways. and to turn them from the evil of their ways. With this intention, he began very seriously to speak to the bystanders, and that with such a heart-piercing power, that he was heard by the mixed multitude, with no less attention than admiration; for his speech tended to turn them from darkness to the light, and from the power of Satan unto God. To effect this he laboured with convincing words, showing how God had not left himself without a witness, but had given to man a measure of his grace, and enlightened every one with the light of Christ.

'Thus zealously he preached; and though many might look upon this as a novelty, yet it

"Thus zealously he preached; and though many might look upon this as a novelty, yet it was of such effect, that some were convinced of the truth; for he was a breaker of stony hearts, and therefore, by a certain author, not unjustly called "a son of thunder;" though he omitted not in due season to speak a word of consolation to those that were of a broken heart, and of a contrite spirit."—(BARCLAY'S

Anecdotes.)

THE MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

[In a form so attractive, the following lines may catch the eye, and enchain the attention of some, who would, perhaps, pass over them without notice, if in another garb.]

Sons and daughters of Fox, from your slumbers awake ye, No longer in listless indulgence recline!

From the fetters of sloth and luxury break ye, And put on your beautiful garments, and shine.

Time was when your fathers, in wisdom grown hoary, In their doublet of leather, the pilgrim's rude guise, Contemning the pride of this world and its glory, Pursued their rough path of reproach to the skies.

Unletter'd as they, who on Judah's lone mountain,
By her wind-ruffled lake, in deep forest or glen,
Drawing waters of life from salvation's blest fountain,
Surrounded the houseless Redeemer of men.

Your sires, by his Spirit's best influence guided, Regardless of dangers, of prisons, and death; Alike by the sage, and the triffer derided, Look'd o'er this vain world with the keen eye of faith.

From the lure of false glory, false happiness turning, With the courage of martyrs they follow'd their Lord; Their loins girded close, and their lamps brightly burning, Unceasing they publish'd his life-giving word.

Those days are long past, and new light rises o'er us, No longer we suffer such hardships and loss; The 'March of Refinement' now opens upon us, And points other way than the way of the cross.

No longer we talk of meek patient endurance, Of low self-denial and watchful restraint; But of confident hope and exulting assurance, And the triumphs that wait on the steps of the saint.

Knowledge waves her light wand, and poor wandering mortals
No longer a rugged and thorny road trace,
The gate that was strait now unfolds its wide portals,
The way once so narrow expands into space.

11.

Religion has softened her features; around her The attractions of taste and of fancy are shed; The arts, with their graceful adornments, surround her, And weave a rich veil for her delicate head.

Our maidens, no longer their homely task plying,
That once could adorn the grave matrons of yore,
Are all in each liberal accomplishment vying,
And high on the pinions of sentiment soar.

See our Scrap-books and Albums of curious adorning,
The offerings of friendship so richly unfold;
E'en the Yearly Epistle, its humble garb scorning,*
Now sparkles in silver, or blazes in gold.

'Tis true there are some who these flow'ry paths fearing,
Again and again tell us plainly we stray,
Who the standard of ancient simplicity rearing,
Exhort us to pause and consider the way.

But many, though granting their honest intentions, Deem them rigid, and narrow, of prejudiced mind, And believe that midst thousands of modern inventions,

Some happy expedient yet we shall find.

To reconcile things in their nature discordant, Inclinations and duty no longer at strife; Religion with luxury kindly accordant—

The peace of the soul with the pride of this life.

Vain hope of blind man! his fond self-deceiving,
Whilst immutably true stands the Saviour's own word;
Happy they, who its sacred assurance receiving,
In lowliness follow their crucified Lord!

POPULARITY.

GEORGE Fox, speaking of his travels in America, remarks: At another place I heard some of the

^{*} Alluding to an elegant edition of the Yearly Meeting's Epistle, printed some years ago, by certain individuals, in gilt and silver letters, on fine glazed paper!

† 'Ye cannot serve two masters' (Matt. vi. 24).

magistrates say among themselves, 'If they had money enough they would hire me to be their minister:' this was where they did not well understand us, or our principles. But when I heard of it, I said, it was time for me to be gone; for if their eye was so much to me or any of us, they would not come to their own teacher. For this thing, namely, hiring ministers, had spoiled many, by hindering them from im-proving their own talents; whereas our labour is to bring every one to their own teacher in them-selves, 1 Jn. ii. 27. In the days of the apostles, when some were crying up Paul and Apollos, and so forth, Paul judged them as carnal; and exhorted and admonished them that their faith should not stand in men, nor in the words of man's wisdom, but in the power of God (1 Co. ii. 5). He said, He would not know the speech of ii. 5). He said, He would not know the speech of them, but the power amongst them; for the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power (1 Co. iv. 19). So it is to be now. Every one's faith must stand in the power of God, and not in men, nor their speeches upon the good words. For we have seen by experience, when they begin to cry up men, their faith stands in them; and such as would have people's faith to stand in them, love popularity, and bring not people's faith to stand in the power of God. Such neither exalt Christ, nor preach Christ, but themselves themselves.

The apostle Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, testifies, in speaking of himself and his fellow-labourers in the gospel, 'Our sufficiency is of

God, who hath made us able ministers' (2 Co. iii. 5), and exhorts that their 'faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God' (1 Co. ii. 5).—(George Fox's Journal, &c.)

THE HAT OF A QUAKER.

WHILE I was in London (says Thomas Ellwood), I went to a little meeting of Friends, which was then held in the house of one Humphrey Bache, a goldsmith in Tower Street. It was then a very troublesome time, not from the Government, but from the rabble of boys and rude people, who, upon the turn of the times, at the return of the

King, took liberty to be very abusive.

When the meeting ended, a pretty number of these unruly folks were got together at the door, ready to receive the Friends as they came forth, not only with evil words, but with blows; which I saw they bestowed freely on some of them that were gone out before me, and expected I should have my share when I came amongst them. But quite contrary to my expectation, when I came out, they said one to another, 'Let him alone; don't meddle with him; he is no Quaker, I'll warrant you.' This struck me, and was worse to me than if they had laid their fists on me, as they did on others. I was troubled to think what the matter was, or what these rude people saw in me, that made them not take me for a Quaker. And upon close examination of myself, with respect to my habit and deport-

ment, I could not find anything to place it on, but that I had then on my head a large mountier cap of black velvet, the skirt of which being turned up in folds, looked, it seems, somewhat above the common garb of a Quaker; and this put me out of conceit with my cap .- (T. E.'s Life.)

WRITTEN ON FIRST ATTENDING FRIENDS' MEETINGS.

'Their strength is to sit still.'

And have at length my wand'ring feet, Been led to where thy servants meet! How sweet to sit in silence there. And offer up the secret prayer! O! soften, Lord, this heart of steel, And let me thy sweet mercy feel; Disperse the clouds of every sin, And love Divine reveal within. What though no preacher's voice should sound, Yet oft a still small voice is found To whisper comfort, and impart Its secret teachings to the heart: Teachings by which Almighty grace Trains up the soul to holiness, Bids all our sins and sorrows cease. And calms the mind with heavenly peace. Then, silence, solemn silence, reign ! Be still, my soul, thy thoughts restrain! Strength may'st thou find in sitting still, And thus be taught th' Almighty's will. (H. SHEPHERD.)

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A FEMALE CRIMINAL.

WILLIAM BENNIT, an early and eminent member of our Society, was a prisoner for conscience sake in Bury jail, in the year 1668. One day whilst there, he seriously accosted a young woman who was a criminal, and asked her whether, during the course of her life, she had not many times transgressed against her conscience? and whether she had not often thereupon felt some secret checks and inward reproofs, and been troubled in her mind on account of the evil committed? This he did in such a convincing way, that she not only assented to what he had laid before her, but, her heart being reached by his discourse, came clearly to see that if she had not been so stubborn and disobedient to those inward reproofs, in all probability she would not have come to such a miserable fall as she now had. For man, not desiring the knowledge of God's ways, and departing from him, is left helpless, and cannot keep himself from evil, even though it be such as he would formerly have abhorred in the highest degree, and have said with Hazael, 'What! is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?' (2 Kings viii. 13.)

William Bennit, thus opening matters to her by his wholesome admonitions, so wrought upon her mind, that she who never had conversed with the Quakers, and was altogether ignorant of their doctrine, now came to apprehend that it was 'the grace of God that bringeth salvation,' which she had so often withstood; and that this grace had not yet quite forsaken her, but now made her sensible of the greatness of her transgression. This consideration weighed

so powerfully with her, that from a most grievous sinner she became a true penitent, and with hearty sorrow she cried unto the Lord, that it might please him not to hide his countenance. And continuing in this state of humiliation and sincere repentance, and persevering in supplication, she felt in time some ease; and at length attained to a sure hope of forgiveness by the precious blood of the immaculate Lamb, who came into the world to save sinners, and call them to repentance, who died also for the sins of the world.

Of her change, she gave manifest proofs at her trial before Judge Hale, who having heard how penitent she was, would fain have spared her, and accordingly had on purpose got the words, 'willfully and designedly,' inserted in the indictment, that from thence she might find occasion to deny the charge, and so to quash the indictment. But she, being asked according to the form, 'Guilty or not guilty?' readily answered, 'Guilty.' This astonished the judge, and he told her that she seemed not duly to consider what she said; since it could not well be believed that such a one as she, who it might be inconsiderately, had handled her child roughly, should have killed it wilfully and designedly. Here the judge opened a back door for her to avoid the penalty of death.

But now the fear of God had got so much room in her heart, that no tampering would do, no fig-leaves could serve her for a cover, for she knew now that this would have been adding sin to sin, 'and to cover herself with a covering, but not of God's Spirit' (Isa. xxx. 1.) And therefore she plainly signified to the court, that indeed she had committed the mischievous act intentionally; and that she having sinned thus grievously, and being now affected with true repentance, she could by no means excuse herself, but was willing to undergo the punishment the law required. She could not therefore but acknowledge herself guilty, since otherwise how could she expect forgiveness from the Lord?

This undisguised and free confession, being spoken with a serious countenance, so affected the judge, that, tears trickling down his face, he sorrowfully said, 'Woman, such a case as this I never met with before; perhaps, you, who are but young, and speak so piously, being struck to the heart with repentance, might yet do much good in the world; but now you force me to pronounce sentence of death against you,

since you will admit of no excuse.'

Standing to what she had said, the judge pronounced sentence of death. And when afterwards she came to the place of execution, she made a pathetic speech to the people, exhorting the spectators, especially those that were young, to have the fear of God before their eyes, to give heed to his secret reproofs for evil, and so not to grieve and resist the good Spirit of the Lord; she not having timely minded this, it had occasioned her to run on in evil, and thus proceeding from wickedness to wickedness, had brought her to this dismal exit. But since she

firmly trusted in God's infinite mercy, nay, surely believed her sins, though of a bloody dye, were washed off by the pure blood of Christ, her Redeemer, she could contentedly depart this life.

Thus she preached at the gallows a doctrine very consonant with the views of those, by one of whom she had been brought to repentance, and gave heart-melting proofs that her immortal soul was to enter into paradise, as well as anciently that of the thief on the cross.—(Barchay's Anecdotes.)

THE CONJUROR OUTDONE.

In the dungeon for rogues and felons at Derby Jail, was confined a wicked man who was said to be a conjuror. This fellow threatened the jailer and George Fox (who had been unjustly confined in this loathsome place almost half a year), that he would 'raise the devil, and break the house down.' At this the jailer was much afraid, but George Fox went to the man and said, 'Come, let us see what thou canst do, and do thy worst; the devil is raised high enough in thee already, but the power of God chainshim down.' At this undaunted speech the fellow slunk away.—(Sewell's History.)

'THERE IS NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.'

ALEXANDER GORDON, a bailie of Aberdeen, went in a great anger to the lower Court-house,

where many Friends were then imprisoned, and took Andrew Jaffray, while he was declaring through the window the gospel of peace and salvation to the people, forthwith thrusting him into the higher prison, where no Friends had as yet been confined. This place is represented as 'filthy and disgusting beyond most prisons in the nation.' The persecutor, however, was so troubled in his conscience for such cruelty, that he afterwards confessed to a Friend, he could get no peace or rest in his mind that night, until he had caused Andrew Jaffray to be returned to the spot whence he had taken him.—(Jaffray's Diary.)

THE PATH.

THERE is a path no vulture's eye hath seen, A path which leads to everlasting joy; There is a land where fields are ever green, Where sin and sorrow never can annov.

O seek this path, nor ever from it stray, It leads to God, the source of happiness; 'Tis Christ the Saviour—Christ the living way, The way to pardon, peace, and righteousness.

Thousands have travell'd in this path Divine,
Finish'd their course, and now in glory shine;
Their warfare ended, and their arms laid down
For harps melodious and a heavenly crown.

JUDGMENT ON A PERSECUTOR.

James Skene, who was generally known by the name of 'White James,' to distinguish him

from a very abusive and wicked man of the same name called 'Black James,' took great delight in inventing malicious slanders against Friends. On one occasion whilst he was repeating some wicked verses, which he had composed on purpose to defame a worthy and innocent person, he was in that instant suddenly struck down as one dead, and was for some time deprived of his senses. When he recovered, he acknowledged the just judgment of God upon him, confessed the offence he had committed against this innocent people, and gave proof of repentance by ever after abstaining from such practices.—(Jaffray's Diary.)

WHO WOULD REVIVE THE FIRES OF SMITHFIELD?

In 1667, Oliver Sansom, for a demand of £6, 8s. for tithes, suffered distress to the amount of £30, at the suit of James Anderton, priest of Boxford, in Derbyshire, who told him, that 'if the king would grant a law, he would be the first man that would put a faggot to his tail.'—(Besse's Sufferings.)

PICTURES AND IMAGES IN PLACES OF WORSHIP.

THOMAS STORY, in his travels, coming to the town of Mildorp in Germany, stayed there to refresh himself. He, with Peter Leendaars, went into a place of worship that was open, be-

longing to the Lutherans, where, says he in his longing to the Lutherans, where, says he in his Journal, 'we observed several pictures and images (as they say) of Christ, in several conditions, as on the cross, risen again, &c., and one was of a golden colour all over. Here were painted and wooden Christs in statuary and imagery, painted heaven, and painted hell, painted saints, and this among professors of Christ, pretending reformation from that church which is condemned for idolatry; and all is instrumentally the Haly Scriptures and which is condemned for idolatry; and all is justly condemned by the Holy Scriptures, and by the practice of the saints in all ages. I asked our landlord why they had so many images of Christ in their churches and houses? He answered, 'It is to put us in mind of Christ.' I replied, 'It seems you do not love Christ so well as you should, since you want so many outward mementos of his outward appearance, but the primitive believers had the mind and Spirit of Christ; they bore in their own bodies the dying of the Lord, and wore his cross in their hearts, by which they were crucified to the world, and the world unto them, with all its show and vain-glory: and this cross is that world, and the world unto them, with all its show and vain-glory: and this cross is that living virtue and life of Christ appearing in men's hearts now, as well as in those days; working the same effects in all who believe, follow, and obey it, being the saving grace and light of Christ unto all people.' This seemed strange to him, as appeared by his countenance, yet I believe it answered his conscience, for he made no reply — (Ranguar's Appellate) made no reply.—(BARCLAY'S Anecdotes.)

SLEEPING DURING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The habit of sleeping in a place of worship is every way disgraceful to the person doing so; and is an offence to God. Vespasian, when consul, accompanied Nero into Greece; but he offended the Emperor by falling asleep while he repeated one of his poetical compositions. How much more may the Supreme Governor of heaven and earth be offended in beholding his creatures careless, when they are met together professedly for the solemn purpose of worshipping him; when their attention ought to be fixed solely on him, and turned to the most important of all subjects, the interests of their immortal souls.

ENJOYMENT FROM THE STUDY OF NATURE.

In his introduction to a course of lectures on natural and experimental philosophy, by William Allen, he forcibly points out the sources of enjoyment afforded by the study of nature; and in reference to its ennobling effect upon the character of those who possess well-regulated minds, he says, 'Such view, with delight, the footsteps of the Deity among his magnificent works; they even derive instruction and pleasure from the most common circumstances in nature.

Springs not a flow'ret in the enamell'd vale, Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays, Sports not an insect on the spicy gale, But claims their wonder, and excites their praise. For them e'en vernal nature seems more gay,
For them more lovely hues the fields adorn,
To them more fair, the fairest smile of day,
To them more sweet, the sweetest breath of morn.

The murmuring brook, the rushing torrent, craggy rock, and even the varying forms of the clouds, are to them subjects of pleasing contemplation.'—(W. Allen's Life.)

LESSON TO THE PROUD.

I DREAM'D that, buried in my native clay, Close by a common beggar's side I lay:
And as so mean an object shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of quality, I cried:
'Varlet! begone; and henceforth touch me not,
More manners learn, and at a distance rot.'
'How—Varlet!' with a haughty tone cried he,
'Proud lump of carth! I scorn thy words and thee,
For all are equal now—thy case is mine—
This is my rotting place—and that is thine.'

THE OPINIONS OF SOME OTHERS RESPECTING THE PRINCIPLE OF FRIENDS.

THE French Encyclopædia, published in the reign of Louis XIV., speaking of the religion promulgated to the world by George Fox, says, 'It is the only system of religion ever published that is consistent throughout with itself and with Scripture, and reconciles seemingly contradictory passages of Scripture with each other; and though it was first published at a time when religious controversy ran very high in Europe,

FACSIMILE AUTOCRAPHS

Goorgo Do Horno MMENR Thy real friend James Logan

(W^{rm} Penn's Secretary and Founder of the Loganian Library in Philadelphia)



William Caton,

Samuel Wattonfield



it was never answered in a manner to weaken the force of any of its arguments.'

What a testimony from that profoundly

learned work!

To this may be added the opinion of a learned American, Wm. Livingston, the first governor of New Jersey, under the federal Constitution, educated at Yale College, in New Haven-bred a Presbyterian, and a great lawyer. He said, at a meeting of men of letters in New York, to discuss questions of literature and religion-'That of all the schemes of religion he had ever read, that which was explained in Barclay's Apology was the one he could the most readily set his seal to.' And the secretary to Count D'Estaing, the French Admiral on the American coast, in the Revolutionary war, after reading that book, returned it to the owner, thanked him for the loan of 'that good book,' and said, 'It is an excellent book; it is all very true, but it is too tight.'

On the above testimonies, William T. Robinson, of New York, makes the following remarks:

—'And here lies the difficulty, the rock on which most of those who are awakened to a concern for their everlasting welfare, split, and are irrecoverably lost—as Christ when on earth, said, "Many are called but few chosen"—and the reason is, the cross stands in the way, which very few are honestly willing to take up and endure—preferring the gratification of their propensities in following after the beauty and pleasures of this world, and so waste their time

and talents in unproductive idleness; and, in the end, incur that awful sentence, "Depart from me." &c.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

'But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you' (Matt. v. 44).

That it is possible to carry out this great precept of our blessed Lord and Saviour into the detail of real life, may be seen in many instances related of our early Friends. The following anecdote, respecting Rodger Haydock, given by his brother, is no mean specimen:—

'My brother, about the year 1674 or 1675, being at a meeting at Freckleton-in-the-Fylde, in Lancashire, was apprehended, and brought to Preston, before Edward Rigby (called Justice), who treated him very roughly, and gave him many opprobrious speeches, calling him, and one taken with him, "traitors," &c., and fined him £20 for preaching. Rigby endeavoured to lay the fine upon the hearers, but my brother told him he had goods of his own more than £20, and, therefore, none ought to be imposed on because of his fine. Rigby said he would have them.

'Several years after this—in King James's time—the said Rigby, with others, was apprehended, and sent from Preston to Chester, by Warrington; at which place, neither at inns (many soldiers being in town) nor at private houses, could they get entertainment, until my brother took Rigby and some others into his house, and other private persons gave entertainment to the rest.

'After this, my brother went to Chester, and visited Rigby and the rest in prison; so that after they were released, upon their return, Rigby gave an account how kind a Quaker had been in giving him entertainment and visiting him, &c., in prison, to whom he had formerly been so unkind, and dealt so unchristianly with; so that this my brother's hospitality to one who exercised cruelty to him when he was in power, now, in the time of his distress, did demonstrate my brother to be a true follower of Christ, and one that had learned to do good, and to extend charity to those who were evil-minded, and greatly made their cruelty manifest.

'This account I received from some Friends.

' JOHN HAYDOCK.

'2d Month 16, 1679.'

Thus we see that various were the dealings of Providence towards those who persecuted a peaceable people, for the quiet exercise of their religious duties. To some, he permitted the love of kindness, as above related, operating in the breast of the oppressed, to 'heap coals of fire upon the head' of the oppressor, and, by that means, to bring them to a just sense of their cruelty and injustice.

To others, he more signally manifested his displeasure by the dispensation of affliction of body, mind, or estate; and sometimes by all of these, conjointly. David Hall, in his memoir of his father, John Hall, instances the following circumstance:—

'In the year 1682, my father was taken with a capias warrant, for bearing his testimony at a meeting, and kept prisoner until Knaresborough sessions, and being fined, was released. Then was taken from him almost all the substance he had in the world, insomuch, that he, his wife, small children, and servants, were forced to borrow bedding to lie on the chamber floor; neither had they left them so much as necessary vessels to eat their meat in; but by keeping near to the Lord, he was prospered and blessed in his undertaking, and through the favour of Providence, he recruited in the world, and lived reputably among his neighbours.

'But the officers, who, at that time, seemed to be in good circumstances, and were so rigorous in the execution of the same law upon him, thenceforward went to decay with their families, insomuch that one of them made an open and plain confession to my mother, and asked her, "If she had cursed him for taking her husband's goods?" "No," replied she. "Well," says he, "but I am cursed, for I never throve since I

took your goods away, nor ever must!"'

LADY CONWAY'S OPINION OF FRIENDS.

Your conversation with them (the Friends) at London, might be, as you express it, charitably intended, like that of a physician frequenting his patients for the increase or confirmation of their health; but I must confess that my converse with them is to receive health and refreshment.

—(LADY CONWAY'S Letter to Dr. More.)

ANECDOTE RELATED BY DR. D'AUBIGNE THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF THE RE-FORMATION.'

Suffer me, says D'Aubigné, to relate an episode for the Evangelical Christendom, from one of my tours in Switzerland.

In 1846, after the Evangelical Alliance had closed its sittings in London, I left the baths of Allisbrum, and went into the Grisons to see some friends. On the steam-boat of the Lake of Zürich, I found myself in the midst of strangers; but I soon noticed two persons whom I took to be Quakers. I believed there would be, doubtless, between them and me, some points of friendly relation. I addressed them, and soon found in them two Christians—sincere, enlightened, lively. We travelled together two or three days, and we enjoyed all that time true Christian union. I remember well the moment of our parting. We were on the mountain not far from the beautiful convent of Pfeffers. To

the right, the path descended to the Grisons and the Via Mala. To the left, a road opened towards the Tyrol. My course was along the first, my friends were to take the other. We were in the deep gully of a ravine. A mountain stream, falling behind us, crossed our road, and then made a second fall immediately below. Some boulders of rock, rolled together without order, formed a sort of a bridge. We were seated on these stones. One of the Friends, who had been an advocate, and who was now a minister in his community, grasped my hand at the moment when we were about to part, and without saying a word, knelt down on one of the fragments of rock. I knelt down beside him. After some moments of profound silence, during which no sound was heard but the calm and majestic fall of the waters, my friend began to pour forth his soul unto God. He prayed for me as if he had been one of my oldest friends, or my own brother. I had unfolded to him some of the wounds of my own heart; he asked the Lord to heal them. I have seldom enjoyed an hour of such entire Christian union. We rose and parted. I passed rapidly down the mountain on the side of Crettigon, following the guide who carried my bag.—(Evangelical Christendom.)

SECTARIAN BIGOTRY.

Or all the detestable evils that disgrace the Christian world, this is certainly the most pernicious, the most to be dreaded. It is fashionable to declaim against the evils of enthusiasm and fanaticism, and perhaps with some reason; where they exist they are to be deeply deplored; we do not defend or palliate them. But what are these, compared with the dark, malignant spirit of bigotry! Enthusiasm has the glory of the sun to kindle up its mists and clouds with beauty. Fanaticism has thunder, and lightning, and meteors, in its gloom; and the tempest which it threatens, may soon be dispersed. But bigotry is the palpable obscure, the solid temperament of darkness, mixed with drizzling rain; its pestilential vapours blast the lovely fruits of piety and goodness; while all noxious, all prodigious things, crawl forth, and increase the horrors of the night. This is especially the case when bigotry obtains a complete ascendency in a country; those who yield to its authority possess no common sympathies. Man, as man, has no place in their hearts; he must belong to their sect, imbibe their prejudices, feel their antipathies, believe every tittle of their creed, or be unto them as a heathen man or a pub-Religion, with all its glorious and extensive interests; humanity, with its social qualities and endearing charities, must all be trussed up in the narrow dimensions of their little party. How many noble institutions must languish, how many thousands of immortal souls perish, what mighty engines of good would be in an instant paralyzed, if the voice of this bigotry could be heard and obeyed!—(Dr. Styles.)

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF ANSWER TO SECRET PRAYER.

'THESE all wait upon Thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good' (Ps. civ. 27, 28).

A FEMALE Friend, who resided in London not long after the establishment of the Society, being far advanced in years, was under some concern lest her secluded station in life, and small intercourse with Friends, should prevent her being interred in their burial-ground, or agreeably to the way of the Society. While thus tried, two Friends called on her, and after some exchange of conversation, wished her to be easy respecting her interment; that her desire, on that head, should be complied with; and further, that if she needed any pecuniary assistance she should be supplied as far as lay in the power of her friends to impart; after which, she appeared satisfied. 'And now, my friends,' added she, 'I will give you some account of my convincement.' When I lived in the country, George Fox had several meetings in those parts, to one of which I, with many others, went; and while I was on my way to the meeting, this query presented itself to my mind, What is that which I feel condemning me for evil, and that which justifies me when I do well?—what is it? At the meeting, George Fox addressed the audience as follows:- 'Who art thou that queriest?-what is that I feel that condemns me for evil, and

justifies me when I do well?—what is it? I will tell thee:—Lo, He that formed the mountains, and createth the mind, and declareth unto man what is his thought—the Lord of Hosts is his name.' He then proceeded to recommend a close attention to this Divine and inward Teacher, as the means of redemption from evil.

Thus it was that I became convinced of the truth, and have since been desirous of keeping

thereto.

EXTRACT FROM 'LECTURES ON PHYSIOLOGY, ZOOLOGY, AND THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN.'

BY WILLIAM LAWRENCE, SURGEON.

To obviate the possibility of misunderstanding, I state most seriously and sincerely, that, whether I regard them as a religious sect, or as a body of citizens; whether I look to their private or public conduct, I hold Quakers in the highest respect. As Christians, they entertain no unintelligible articles of faith; they waste no time in splitting hairs of theological controversy; their singular and honourable distinction is practical Christianity; evinced in blameless lives, in renouncing all force and violence, in endeavouring to fulfil, literally, the gospel precepts of peace and goodwill, in active benevolence, in unremitted personal as well as pecuniary co-operation in all measures calculated to diminish the amount of human misery and suffering, and to improve the condition of their fellow-creatures.

These truly Christian merits would redeem much heavier sins than those of an adherence to the plain and simple garb, and the unceremonious language of George Fox and William Penn.

LETTER TO SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.

BY AN ATTENDER OF FRIENDS' RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

DEAR SIR,—As you have great influence in establishing things decent and orderly in your Society, I take the liberty of troubling you with this address. I have often attended silent meetings, and have come away greatly edified, both from what I have felt in myself, and from the great satisfaction I had in sitting with so many Christian philosophers, for so I must esteem those who can sit two hours to improve, only from the operation of Divine grace within them; and yet the point I am concerned about is, the great want of silence too frequent after meetings. After the few words uttered by an excellent woman, yesterday afternoon, I was aston-ished!—I was shocked! to hear the universal babbling after the meeting broke up. I endeavoured to account for it by many town friends meeting their country friends, after a year's absence, but this could not convince me that the clamour was consistent with the decorum expected from so still and quiet a people.

If it be said that the house is only a house, and that, after meeting, it is as decent to talk in the meeting-house as in the streets or by the

way, to this it may be I have no answer that can be satisfactory to those who esteem it only a proper degree of liberty; and, if custom has made it inoffensive, I shall another time avoid the hearing of it, and at all times pray for the prosperity of Mr. Fothergill and his friends.

CHRIST THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

'For there is none other name given under heaven or amongst men whereby we may be saved.' How truly then may we say of Christ as the foundation of our hopes for eternity—

Had I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there given
On which I'd place my hopes of heaven,
But Christ the corner-stone.

ADVICE TO MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.

The late excellent Dr. Fothergill, in a review of his early professional career, makes the following instructive observations:—'In my first setting out, I wished most fervently, and I endeavour after it still, to do the business that occurred with all the diligence I could, as a present duty, and endeavoured to repress every rising idea of its consequences; knowing, most assuredly, that there was a hand that could easily overthrow every pursuit of this kind, and

baffle every attempt to acquire either fame or wealth. And with a great degree of gratitude, I look back to the gracious Secret Preserver, that ever kept my mind more attentive to the discharge of the present care of those I visited, than either for the profits or credit resulting from it; and I am sure, to be kept under such a circumscribed unaspiring temper of mind, doing everything with diligence, humility, and as in the sight of the God of all, frees the mind from unavailing distress and disappointment.'

This truly benevolent physician, when aware of his patients being under pecuniary distress, often in a very delicate manner continued to return the proffered sum (sometimes with additions), under the pretext of purchasing the medicines he wrote for.

A WOULD-BE GREAT MAN REBUKED.

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story, travelling together in Virginia, being caught in a shower of rain, unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco house; the owner of which, happening to be in, thus accosted them—'You have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises; you enter without leave. Do you know who I am?' to which was answered 'No.' 'Why, then, I would have you to know that I am a Justice of the Peace.' Thomas Story replied, 'My friend here makes such

things as thou art; he is the Governor of Pennsylvania.' The would-be great man quickly abated his haughtiness.—(Imperial Magazine.)

JANE STUART.

A curious and interesting entry occurs in the Friends' Register of Burials at Wisbeach, respecting Jane Stuart of that place. The following is a copy of the register:—

J. S.) "Jane Stuart departed this Life on 12th of 7th mo., on the first day, about one o'clock, ye, 14th, aged 88. King

Supposed to be descended from James 2nd she lived in a cellar in the old Market Wisbech—the house has been rebuilt by Chs. Freeman—

Respecting this extraordinary individual, the following notices appeared, forty years ago, in vols. xxviii. and xxix. of the Monthly Magazine, or British Register; at that time one of the most influential periodicals of the day:—

(From the Monthly Mag., 10th Month, 1, 1809.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

'A natural daughter of King James II. was convicted of *Friends*' principles, and imprisoned for the same with Thomas Ellwood, &c. Upon her being engaged to a young man for marriage, and the day fixed, as they were on the road the coach overturned, and her intended

husband was killed, and his brother broke his leg. She stayed in London, and nursed the young man till he recovered; when, assuming some habit of disguise, she travelled on foot to the Isle of Ely, and inquiring at some Friend's house for employment, the master asked her, "What she could do?" she answered, "She was willing to put her hand to anything." He then said, "Canst thou reap?" She replied, "She could hardly tell; but, if he pleased, she would try." So he sent her into the field; and, before evening, she discovered herself to be so great a proficient at reaping, as to be called "Queen of the Reapers." She constantly attended the adjacent meeting; and, observing a rock hard by, she either put up with a natural cave in the rock, or had a cell made therein, where she lived quite recluse, spinning for her employment. She told Sarah Taylor, that she enjoyed such contentment and peace that she would not leave her cell and spinning-wheel to be Queen of England." She had been at most of the European courts, particularly the Hanoverian and Prussian; and the Pretender being her supposed brother, she once travelled by chaise into Scotland to see him.'

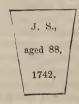
(From the Monthly Mag., 2d Month, 1, 1810.)
'TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

'SIR,—Jane Stuart, the extraordinary character of whom some account is given in the Monthly Magazine for October last, supposed to be a natural daughter of King James II., after

renouncing the world, and splendour of courts, resided at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire. It is to be regretted that few memorials remain of her; but two ancient and respectable inhabitants, now deceased, have related to the writer of this the following incidents:—

'When she first came, she sought employment by standing (as is usual with labourers, at this day, who want work) on or near the foot of the bridge, where, in hay-time and harvest, the farmers resort every morning to hire. She selected for her abode a cellar, in a part of the town called the Old Market, where she spun worsted; to dispose of which, she regularly had a stall on the market-day. Being once thus employed, she recognized, by the arms and livery, a coach and attendants going to the principal inn (the "Rose and Crown"), near to which her stall stood; upon which, she immediately packed up her worsted, retired to her cell, and carefully concealed herself. The owner, who was said to be the Duke of Argyle, endeavoured to find her, but without effect. house under which she lived has been since rebuilt; and part of it is now occupied by the Lady Mary Knollis, aunt to the present Earl of Banbury. She constantly attended, when in health, the meeting of the Society of Friends. in Wisbeach; was humble and exemplary in her conduct—well esteemed by her neighbours invariably avoided all conversation relative to her family connections; and when, in the freedom of intercourse, any expression inadvertently

escaped, leading to an inquiry, she stopped short, seemed to regret having disclosed so much, and silenced further research. She read the New Testament in Greek; but even this circumstance was discovered accidentally, by an unexpected call. She was fond of birds, which were frequently allowed to leave their cages and fly about in her apartment. When near eighty, she had a new set of teeth. She died (according to the Friends' register) the 12th of 7th Month, 1742, aged 88, and was buried in the Society's graveyard, at Wisbeach; where, out of respect to her memory, box has been planted round her grave, with her initials, age, and date; which still remain to mark the spot of her interment. 'Yours, &c., A.'



The box-planting on the grave is yet preserved; and is trimmed short, so as still to exhibit the initials, &c., arranged as above.

AN INVITATION TO HEAVENLY COMMERCE.

'Buy the truth and sell it not;'
Buy the garment without spot;

Buy the oil that feeds the lamp. Buy the gold of heavenly stamp; Buy the pearl of matchless worth, Buy the treasure hid in earth: Buy the anointing full of light, Buy the robe of purest white; Without price, and without money, Buy the food more sweet than honey: Buy the milk, and buy the wine, Trade in commerce that's Divine: Fear no risk-no doubt-no loss. Nothing here thy hopes will cross; Though thy vessel should be tost On many a rough and desert coast, Though the whirlwind's dreadful gale, Make thy heart and spirit quail; He that once the tempest stav'd, Whispers through the darkest shade, 'IT IS I-BE NOT AFRAID!'

A FEW LINES.

Addressed by one of the audience, collected at a meeting, held by Catherine Phillips, at Oxford or Cambridge, at which several of the students of divinity (so called) were present.

YE sons of science, candidates for arts,
Who trust in learning and superior parts,
Who serve a long apprenticeship at schools,
To moralize and teach the ignorant, rules,—
Can you, my friends, attempt with her t'engage,
Who stood this day dictatress on the stage?
Not one word empty, all was sterling sense,
Replete with love and pure benevolence.
Intent you gazed to see her virgin zeal
Crown'd by a power that some assert, not feel;
Can your learn'd dogmas gross offenders reach,
Yourselves not practising the thing you preach?
Strip off the gown, more candid 'tis, at least,
To be a laio, than a graceless priest.

ADDRESS TO AN ASSEMBLY AT A BALL.

Many interesting incidents are related of that truly devoted servant of God, David Sands; through whom the power and mercy of God to man, through Christ Jesus, was often made manifest, in causing the lofty head to bow, and the knee to bend in submission to his holy will. The following is preserved as a remarkable evidence of it.

In the course of one of his early journeys in the work of the ministry, he arrived at a town or village where the Society of Friends or their principles were unknown. He put up at an inn where there was to be a large ball that evening. It was their custom, on such occasions, to invite strangers who might happen to be there to join them; and his appearance being new to them, and very singular, they invited him to attend; perhaps to add to their amusement as a subject of ridicule. He accepted the invitation; and after they were all assembled, and their mirth and music commenced, he walked into the midst of them. His solemn and impressive demeanour struck the company with awe; the music and dancing ceased, and they all stood in silent amazement waiting the result; when he commenced addressing them to the following import:-

'My friends, for what purpose is this gay company assembled? Is it to worship Almighty God; him from whom all your favours and blessings flow; who, in his love and compassion, gave the dear Son of his bosom as a ransom, that through him you might have eternal life? Or have you rather suffered yourselves to be led captive by the enemy of your souls' peace, who, for a season, may hold out bright and pleasant allurements to tempt your unwary feet to stray from the true fold of peace, revealed in and through Christ Jesus your Saviour and Redeemer; he who suffered his precious blood to flow to wash away your sins? O be persuaded, by a brother who loves you with that love which flows from the fountain of all good, to turn from these follies and devices of Satan, which will lead you astray! O be persuaded, I say, to seek the Lord whilst he may be found; turn to him, and he willst he may be found; turn to him, and he will turn unto you; knock, before the door of mercy is eternally closed, and he will receive you and encompass you with unbounded love, and lead you gently into pleasant places, even into the kingdom of heaven, where you will rejoice for evermore; singing praises unto the Lamb! Yea, he will be unto you as a shield and buckler; and as your strong defence in times of trouble. Suffer him not to stand knocking at the door of your hearts until his head shall become wet with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night.'

Thus did he continue to address them, until the power of the Most High was so made manifest among them, that they listened to his communication with great interest; and, as some of them afterwards expressed, he appeared as a messenger from heaven sent to warn them of their danger. Many of them were brought to tears whilst he was speaking; and after he concluded, acknowledged with gratitude their sense of his solicitude for their welfare; saying, 'We have heard this night what we never can forget.' After taking a tender leave of them, they separated, almost forgetful of the cause for which they had assembled.—(Memoir of David Sands, pp. 218, 219.)

BAD BARGAINS.

A TEACHER in a Sabbath-school once remarked, that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain; and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain. 'I do,' replied a boy; 'Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.' A second said, 'Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.' A third boy observed, 'Our Lord tells us, that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul.' A bad bargain indeed!—(Cope's Anecdotes.)

SILENCE.

'I have known,' says Cicero, 'many sin by speaking, few by keeping silence; it is therefore more difficult to know how to be silent than how

to speak.' And there is a Spanish proverb to the same effect: 'Any fool may babble, but it takes a wise man to hold his tongue.'—(American Moral Almanac.)

DEATH.

'The best course of moral instruction against the passions,' says Saurin, 'is death.' The grave is a discoverer of the absurdity of sin of every kind. There the ambitious may learn the folly of ambition; there the vain may learn the vanity of all human things; there the voluptuous may read a mortifying lesson on the absurdity

of sensual pleasure.

The aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon, with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, then, in that space, 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently, 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3,407 every hour, or about 56 every minute! Reader, how awful is this reflection! Consider—Prepare—Watch!

The calculation as it respects death in Great Britain is as follows: every year, about 332,708; every month, about 25,792; every week, about 6,398; every day, 914; every hour, 40; and every three minutes, 2.

When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c., at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment, which was expected, 'Ah;! David, David, David,' said the Doctor, clapping his hand upon the little man's shoulder, 'these are the things which make a deathbed terrible.'

Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance, and marked out a space of ground of the size of the human body, and told him, 'Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have.'

conquer the whole world, in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have.'

'I take this spear,' says Saurin; 'I mark out this space among you; in a few days you will be worth no more than this. Go to the tomb of the avaricious man, go down and see his coffin, and his shroud; in a few days these may be all

you will have.'

'Death,' says the same author, 'puts an end to the most spacious titles, to the most dazzling

grandeur, and to the most delicious life.'

Philip, king of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand; and, when he rose again, seeing the print of his body in the sand, cried out, 'O how little a parcel of earth will hold us, when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world whilst we are living!'—(Buck's Anecdotes.)

SUBMISSION OF THE HEART TO THE GREAT HUSBANDMAN.

LET the soil of your hearts be entirely submitted to the operations of the great, the holy Husbandman; permit it to be cultivated according to his pleasure. Though he may sit as a refiner with fire, and as a fuller with soap, shrink not at the effects; for though he cometh with the fan in his hand, thoroughly to purge the floor, to burn up the chaff with fire unquenchable, the wheat he will gather into his garner; and if we can be made pure, fit vessels for his Divine service, it is immaterial to us what prepares us, or it ought to be so, if done by him. May we become obedient children, willing to be taught of the Lord. His grace we shall find to be sufficient for us.

May you, my endeared young friends, individually choose the Lord for your portion, and the God of Jacob for the lot of your inheritance. He will be your protector, your preserver through every vicissitude of life. By attending to the inspeaking word of his truth, which is near you, even in your hearts, and as a law written in your minds, you will be qualified to serve him in the morning of your days. You will be sweet solaces to your parents, holding up their feeble hands, and supporting their declining years; causing joy to spring in their devoted hearts, thanksgiving and praise to our Heavenly Father on your accounts.—(Anna A. Jenkins.)

THE LAND UNKNOWN.

Though earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land which no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from the throne Flows on, and for ever will flow,
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

O! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go:
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know?

EXTRACT FROM JOHN BARCROFT'S JOURNAL.

When about five years of age I went with my mother to a meeting of the people called Quakers, held at William Edmundson's house; where, through the effectual preaching of a servant of the Lord, Samuel Thornton, I was greatly reached and tendered by the Lord's power, insomuch that I wondered at it; and as I was going home after the meeting, I told my dear mother how I had been therein, at which she was greatly broken into tears, to my admiration, being a worthy religious woman. From this time I had a great love and esteem for the Lord's servants and people, with a fear upon me

lest I should offend the Lord, after I knew that it was his power that had reached unto me. Praise be given to his powerful name, who thus touched my heart when very young, and hath been my preserver to this day. A meeting being kept for some time at my father's house, and being frequently visited by Friends in the ministry, when I was sent to invite the neighbours (which was often), I was under great fear and concern how to answer such as might query of me on that account, being but a child, and the Lord often furnished me with such suitable answers as caused both me and them to admire, though I was not forward to argue or discourse about religion, knowing my own weakness; but upon such occasions cried secretly to the Lord for wisdom, my love increasing to him and his people, with earnest desire to be in the company of honest Friends, whereby I found great benefit and comfort, often marvelling that such Friends took that notice of me they did.

NEGRO BENEVOLENCE.

Paul Cuffe, a negro, was a minister in the Society of Friends. Many of his benevolent exertions on behalf of his degraded African brethren are recorded, which do him more honour than marble statue or monumental trophy could confer. The following anecdote evinces a pleasing trait in his character:—

Having himself experienced the many disadvantages of a limited education, he resolved, as

far as it was practicable, to relieve his own children, as well as those of others of his colour, from similar embarrassments. The neighbour-hood in which he resided had neither a tutor nor a school for the instruction of youth, though many of the citizens were desirous that such an institution should be established. About 1797. Paul Cuffé proposed convening a meeting of the inhabitants for the purpose of making such arrangements as should accomplish the desired object, the great utility and necessity of which were undeniable. A collision of opinion, however, respecting place and mode, occasioned the meeting to separate without arriving at any conclusion; several meetings of the same nature were held, but all were alike unsuccessful in their issue. Perceiving that all efforts to procure a union of sentiment were fruitless, Paul, by no means disheartened, set himself to work in earnest, and had a suitable house built on his own ground, entirely at his own expense, which he freely offered for the use of the public, without requiring any pecuniary remuneration, feeling himself fully compensated in the satisfaction he derived in seeing it occupied for so useful

and excellent a purpose; and the school was opened to all who pleased to send their children.

How gratifying to humanity is this anecdote! and who, that justly appreciates human character, would not admire Paul Cuffé, the offspring of an African slave, before the proudest statesman that ever dealt out destruction amongst

mankind?—(Memoir of Paul Cuffé.)

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

'Search the Scriptures' (John v. 39).

THE Scripture, like a teeming mine.
Is sown throughout with jewels rare,
All its rich ores refulgent shine,
And every stone is 'precious' there.

Though e'en the surface oft contain
Some sparkling of the wealth below,
'Tis only they who work the vein
That all its depth and richness know.

If e'er the miner there endure
Risk in his toil—his own the blame—
'Tis when the Spirit's lamp secure
He throws aside, for reason's flame.

And like the living stream, whose way
Welcome through desert regions lies,
Does Heaven's own book its page display,
That solace and support supplies.

Yet though the wave so freely flow,
If unbelief or 'reasoning pride'
Their wintry breath should o'er it blow,
It oft becomes a prison'd tide;

And till the Spirit's radiance deign
To break, in solving warmth reveal'd,
The captur'd waters still remain
'A spring shut up—a fountain seal'd.'*

Lion of Juda's tribe! whose might Opens the book, † hear our appeal! To us supply thy Spirit's light, And loose for us the mystic seal!

^{*} Cant. iv. 12.

FROM WILLIAM ALLEN'S DIARY, WHEN AGED ABOUT EIGHTEEN.

12th Month, 7, 1788.—George Dillwyn was at our meeting this afternoon, and towards the close, spoke in ministry; chiefly addressing the poor in spirit, yet aptly observing that there were some people who were poor, and yet would neither work nor beg; 'such,' said he, 'were a burden to the community.'

O! thought I, had I but a house to entertain thee, how gladly would I do it; but it seemed retorted upon me, 'Thou hast a tabernacle capable of receiving his Master, why dost thou

keep him out?'

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM WILSON, OF LANGDALE IN WESTMORLAND.

He was a man of an innocent life, and though he had little outward learning, God was pleased to teach him himself, and called him to bear a testimony to his name. This he did faithfully, not only in many parts of England, but in Germany and Scotland, which he visited several times.

He was a man of a lowly and meek spirit, upright and just among his neighbours, which caused them often to submit their differences to his arbitration, in which he was careful to find out the real truth, and would never countenance deceit. In this service he was successful, seldom missing his desired end, viz., to make

peace. Faithful he was in his testimony for the truth, and a sufferer for the same in the prison at Kendal, in the year 1666, and several other times afterwards, as well as by distress on his goods. Besides which he suffered cruel mockings, stoning, blows and wounds, both from priests and people, particularly at Eskdale, where he exhorted the people 'to mind that of God in their consciences, and to turn to that holy light and law which he had put into their inward parts, that by the same they might come to know the will of God and do it.' Because of these and like words, one Parker, a priest, did beat and wound him, and with one of his crutches broke his head, and caused the blood to run down his shoulders. The priest being lame, and not able as he would to effect his cruel purpose, caused his horse to be brought, on which he mounted, and in the sight of the people broke his staff in three pieces upon William Wilson's bare head, which made the people cry out against such merciless behaviour. Before the priest got home, he was overtaken with sickness, and never came more to the steeple-house. During the time of his sickness he was very loathsome, and so died.

A few weeks after, William Wilson went to the same place at Eskdale, and for speaking a few words to the people, one Fogo, a priest, took him by the hair of the head, pulled him to the ground, and drew him out of the steeple-house. In rage and cruelty he also abused his brother Michael Wilson; but a few months after, this same Fogo, riding over some sands, accompanied by several people, fell into a quicksand, and was

immediately smothered.

William Wilson left behind him a widow and two daughters, to whom he was a true husband, and a tender father, instructing his children 'to keep in the fear of the Lord, and to walk in the way of truth, which he walked in himself;' often saying to them, 'it would be the best portion that they could enjoy.'

His last illness was short. Having recently returned from a long journey, wherein his body was much spent and weak, he said, 'I have not served the Lord unfruitfully; I have no trouble upon me; and I am very sensible that all is well with me. Again he said, 'He was content, whatsover way the Lord pleased; he felt as a dove, harmless; and as a lamb, innocent.'

A few hours before he died, at which time he walked several times over the room, he said, as he had often before, 'My peace far exceeds my pain;' and standing upon his feet between two Friends, he said, 'O that every one would mind the Lord, that they might keep life.' He then sat down, and drew breath no more.

He died at his own house at Langdale Chapel Steel, the 10th of the 5th month, 1682.

THE END CROWNS ALL.

HENRY PONTYN, of Frenchay, was a faithful minister of Christ, as well beyond the seas as in England. He endured many sufferings and hardships, and several years' imprisonment at Gloucester, for his testimony, to which he continued faithful to his death.

On his dying bed he said, 'The Lord hath done well for me, and the chastisements of the Lord are good;' exhorting his children and friends about him to 'live in the fear of the Lord, that they might die in his favour;' saying, 'The end will crown all.'

He died in the 67th year of his age.—(Piety

Promoted.)

DO JUSTLY.

The following little anecdote shows the effect of the just principle in pious minds, more strikingly than many occurrences of greater account. Two persons, who lived at some distance, happening to meet, and the one inquiring of the other how he was in health, was answered, 'Pretty well, but a little fatigued with riding—my horse goes rather roughly; he is hardly fit for the saddle, and I believe I must provide me another.'

Q. 'What dost thou use him for in common?'

A. 'He is a good cart-horse.'

Q. 'Well I have an easy-going saddle horse, and want a carriage-horse; perhaps it will suit

us both to exchange.'

They then had their horses out, and at length agreed to the proposals. Some months after, the like occasion bringing them together, they renewed their dialogue.

Q. 'Well, A., how dost thou like thy horse?'

A. 'Why, so well, that I thought I had deceived thee, and have brought £5 in my pocket, which I desire thee to accept, as I believe it to be about the difference in their value.'

Q. 'Surprising! Why I had the same thought of thine, and have actually brought the same sum to offer thee, supposing the advantage to

have been all on my side.'

After indulging a little pleasantry on this singular occasion, they concluded to keep to their bargain, and each to take back his own money.—(George Dillwyn.)

A FAITHFUL WARNING.

AFTER the restoration of Charles II., a time of mad licentiousness followed. When the very floodgates of vice were opened in the land, George Fox the younger, then a prisoner for conscience sake, addressed a very plain and forcible expostulation to the King, on account of the vices which prevailed under his sanction, and the disposition which he thought he saw to restore Popery. The following passage evinces the innocent boldness of the writer, in those arbitrary days, mingled with Christian love and zeal. He says:—

'And when I have seen the abomination and cruelties which are committed and intended, there hath a pity arose in me towards thee for thy soul's sake; and it hath been my desire, if

it might stand with the will of God, that he would put it into thy heart to go out of the land again, that so thy life might be preserved, and that thou mightest have time to repent; for although many men flatter thee and applaud thee for self-ends, yet the Lord is displeased with thy ways. Let no man deceive thee by feigned words—God will not be mocked; such as thou sowest, such must thou reap.'

The King is said to have read this faithful warning with attention. The Duke of York, who also read it, was very indignant, and urged the King to punish the writer; to which he replied, 'It were better for us to mend our lives.'—(Sewell's

History.)

THOMAS RAYLTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVINCEMENT.

I was born in the year 1671, and educated in the way of the Church of England; but in the year 1685, being about fourteen years of age, and then a scholar with one Richard Wharton, priest of the parish, it providentially happened, that by the invitation of one called a Quaker, at whose house a meeting was kept, about two miles from the place of my abode, my mother went to a meeting there, and took me to ride before her. At this meeting were two ministers, John Bowran, and George Rooke, being come to visit in this part. George Rooke was the instrument under the Lord for my convincement, by whose powerful ministry and lively

prayer, it pleased God to open my heart, and let me see the vanity of this present world, of which, for my short time, I had some share, for which I had often been secretly smitten by the just witness of God in my heart. Yet, for all that, I was pretty much a stranger to it, and so was not sensible from whence it came. until I came to be affected by the gospel, which I may say was glad tidings of salvation unto me: and from that day, I was joined in heart with those people that directed me to Christ

with those people that unrected hie to Christ within, the hope of their glory.

After this, the Word of God more powerfully wrought in me, and showed me that I was to alter the course of my conversation; that I was to leave the corrupt life, and to shun evil company; and forasmuch as I was bowed before the Lord, and had given up my name to serve him, I then saw I must walk in the narrow way, and leave the vain compliments, the pulling off the hat, and bowing the knee to man. I was soon taken notice of, and complaints made to my mother, of my neglecting to conform to these things, by the priest; then my master, who was moved at my behaviour, and, I suppose, intended at that time to have used the rod, and having made preparation, called me to him, and said, 'I heard to-day thou passed by Mr. Bounskill, and did not put off thy hat and bid good morrow,' adding, 'what is thy reason for so doing? Whether is it pride or religion?' I told him, it was not pride. 'Then,' said he, 'it must be religion; and if so, thou must not be

whipt;' and so laid down the rod. 'But,' said he, 'if for religion, let me know why thou re-fusedst, and give me some precedent.' So I told him I had been reading in the Revelation, and there I found that an angel showed John many things, and that John said, 'When I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship the angel that showed me those things; but the angel said, See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.' And from this I told him, I refused to do it unto men. But he endeavoured to persuade me, that what he requested of me was no more than a civil respect between man and man. From that he thought I might the better conform to it, and to make me the more willing to believe it was no worship, but respect, he turned me to the place of the children of Heth and Abraham's bowing to each other, and also proceeded to show me something of the like kind among the children of Israel, in the time of Moses and Joshua; but all these were to no purpose to me, for my eye was opened to see a more glorious dispensation than that of Moses, yea, or the prophets; for though they were good men, and by the Spirit of Christ in them they did foretell the coming of Christ, and his sufferings, yet they did not live to see those things come to pass, which they had spoken of. And since the New Testament is silent, and gives no account of either Christ or his apostles being in the practice of bowing, I did not see why either knee or hat should be expected of me; for as for the latter, I have no account at all. Therefore I stood to my principle, and kept to the light and understanding the Lord had given me through Jesus Christ my Saviour, who then was come to my house in spirit, and had brought salvation with him.

And that day I told one of my school-fellows, that what my master (the priest) had showed me, was but out of the law, and not out of the gospel, which he told my master, and I had a quiet day. Though I had at that time met with favourable treatment from my examiner, whose moderation then appeared, yet afterwards he began to be more severe, and told me, that unless I would make 'congées' to him (as he called them), he would teach me no longer; and although I must confess I would gladly have learned a little more, yet, rather than have it in a way I saw I must deny and bear testimony against, I forsook the school at that time, and went home to my father's house. I told my mother the occasion of my coming, and although she had taken me to the meeting but a few weeks before, yet then she repented it, and would not hear of my suffering by my master, so as to give me any relief; but I think I may say, the arm of the Lord wrought for me, for my master presently sent word to my mother, that he had done what was in his power to persuade me to be conformable, but he saw it would not do, therefore desired her to send me

to school again, and he would leave me to my liberty about religion. The tidings being brought, as I was retired alone, not knowing what would become of me, I received them gladly, and went to school again, and found it pretty much as had been told me. And thus the Lord pleaded my innocent cause; unto whom be glory ascribed for ever.—(LEADBEATER'S Extracts.)

GEORGE III. AND WEST THE PAINTER.

The two following anecdotes exhibit so amiable a trait in the character of George III., that they will be read with pleasure, evincing as they do, that an upright adherence to our religious principles never fails to insure the respect even of those in exalted stations.

It is said to have been George III. who first suggested to West the professional study of Scripture History, in which that artist afterwards so eminently excelled, and desired him to bring his drawings to the palace for his inspection. West did so; and came at the time when the Sovereign had with him some dignified clergymen of the higher order. The company were all gratified with the sketches, and particularly their accordance with the sacred text, affording proof of the painter's acquaintance with the Scriptures. 'And do you know how that was?' said the King to the prelate who made the remark. 'Not exactly, your Majesty.' Why, my Lord, I'll tell you: Mr. West's pa-

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rents were Quakers, and they teach the children to read the Bible very young; I wish that was more the case with us, my Lord.'—(Religious Tract Society's Anecdotes.)

West had the good fortune to maintain his influence at Windsor. When the King grew weary of courts, and camps, and battles, the observing artist took new ground, and appealed to the religious feelings of his royal patron. He suggested to the King a series of pictures on the progress of revealed religion; a splendid oratory was projected for their reception, and half a dozen dignitaries of the church were summoned to consider the propriety of introducing paintings into a place of worship. 'When I reflect,' said the King, 'that the Reformation condemned religious paintings in churches, and that the Parliament, in the unhappy days of Charles I., did the same, I am fearful of introducing anything which my people might think popish. Will you give me your opinion on the subject?' After some deliberation, Bishop Hurd delivered, in the name of his brethren and himself, their unanimous opinion, that the introduction of religious paintings into his Majesty's chapel would in no respect whatever violate the laws or the usages of the Church of England. 'We have examined, too,' continued Hurd, 'thirty-five subjects which the painter proposed for our choice, and we feel that there is not one of them but may be treated in a way that even a Quaker might

contemplate with edification.' The King conceived this to be an ironical allusion to West, and was a little nettled. 'The Quakers,' he replied, 'are a body of Christians for whom I have a high respect; I love their peaceful tenets, and their benevolence to one another; and, but for the obligations of birth, I would be a Quaker.' The Bishop bowed submissively and retired.—(Life of Benjamin West—Family Library, No. X.)

A GOOD PROFIT.

YES; that is what all men wish to have. With what delight do they view their success, and calculate their gains! Reader, I will propose another calculation to thee, in which thou art deeply interested. It is conveyed in the following question, put by Christ, who knew the value of the souls for which he died: 'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Matt. xvi. 26.

He may gain money
He may gain some friends
He may gain earthly profit
He may gain fading pleasures

Balance this account, and see on which side the profit lies. Let eternity be considered in thy reckoning, and then ask whether the vanities of the world are to be preferred to the durable riches and righteousness which the Lord Jesus Christ offers to believers in him.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

O NOT in the halls of the noble and proud, Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd, Where all is in beauty and splendour array'd, Were the nuptials perform'd of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took, By the altar, the mitre-crown'd bishop, and book; Where oft in bright jewels doth stand the fair bride, To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to Him Before whom the pomp of religion is dim; Whose presence is not to the temple confin'd, But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveil'd, save by modesty, stood The Quakeress Bride, in her pure satin hood, Her charms unadorn'd by the garland or gem, Yet fair as the lily just pluck'd from the stem.

A tear glisten'd bright in her dark shaded eye, And her bosom half utter'd a tremulous sigh, As the hand she had pledged was confidingly given, And the low-murmur'd accents recorded in heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the board, Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was pour'd; Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read, And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire in his thin locks of grey, Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away; While he brush'd the big tear from his deep-furrow'd cheek, And bow'd the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene, Nought seem'd to my eye so sincere in its mien; No language so fully the heart to resign, As the Quakeress Bride's, 'Until death I am thine!'

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL,

HIS EARLY SINFUL CAREER; CONVERSION; AND REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS FATHER AFTER HIS CONVERSION.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, the sixth son of John and Margaret Fothergill, was born in 1715, at Carr End, on the banks of the quiet lake of Semer Water. He was very little more than three years old, when the death of his mother deprived him of her tender care; and of his early youth but little is now known. He was endowed with considerable talents; had a strong mind, and was of an active, lively, and even volatile disposition. These qualities caused his company to be much sought after, and early introduced him into society at Stockport (where he had been placed apprentice), of an injurious and hurtful character, calculated to dissipate and eradicate those lessons of piety and virtue which his worthy father had earnestly laboured to impress upon the minds of all his children.

Yielding to the temptations to which he was thus exposed, Samuel gave way to the indulgence of his evil passions, and, with his new companions, abandoned himself to the pursuit of folly and dissipation. This downward path he continued for some time, and the state into which it brought him, as afterwards described by himself, and the view which he subsequently took of his condition at this time, is striking and affecting:—'I wandered far from the garden

enclosed, and laid myself open to the enemy of my soul. I kept the worst company, and subjected myself to almost every temptation, broke through the fence of the sacred enclosure, and trampled it under my feet; and I went on from one degree of iniquity to another!'...'I strayed to that degree, that my life became a burden to me, and I wished that I had never been born.'

The downward course which he thus pursued, was not, however, of long duration, nor was he utterly cast off nor forsaken, even in the midst of this sinful career. Many were the strivings of the Spirit with his soul, and frequent the visitations of Divine grace. He says, 'He who had kindled breathings in my soul after him, would (even then) sometimes break in upon me.' And again, 'Although I had exceeded all others in sin, and had long done despite unto him, yet there was mercy with him, that he

might be feared.'

He continued, however, for a time, to resist these visitations of Divine regard, thus graciously continued to him; and many were the deep trials and conflicts through which he passed, alternately yielding and resisting, until at length his spiritual state and his danger were very forcibly brought before him, attended by a deep persuasion that these offers of mercy would be no more renewed, and that if he now any longer resisted, the day of his visitation would be over, and his destruction certain and inevitable. So powerful was this impression, that it brought him into great trouble and distress, and

caused renewed and very earnest prayers for help and strength; he cried mightily for deliverance, and says, 'My lips quivered, and I trembled, that my soul might rest in the day of trouble.'

This help and this strength were mercifully granted, and he was enabled to maintain his ground. He was now twenty years of age, and the altered circumstances in which he was placed, were favourable to the progress of repentance and conversion; and he had now many seasons of retirement, peculiarly favourable to the present state of his mind. Deeply affecting to John Fothergill was the past conduct of his son Samuel; the evil of his ways, and his grievous departure from those paths of truth and virtue, in which he had, by long example and often inculcated precept, endeavoured to train all his children, caused him much sorrow and distress. He was now about to embark for a distant land, in the service and cause of his Lord and Master, and the conviction that he was leaving behind him a beloved son, for whose restoration and welfare he had often put up his prayers, and yet who had so deeply revolted from the law of God, was bitter indeed to his soul. Memorable and affecting was their last interview before John Fothergill sailed for America. After once more imparting to his son deep and impressive counsel, he took his leave in these words: 'And now, son Samuel, farewell, fare well! and unless it be as a changed man, I cannot say I have any wish ever to see thee

again.' These parting expressions, this powerful appeal from a father whom, notwithstanding his disobedience, he still tenderly loved, uttered during what might probably be the last time they should meet in this life, together with the awful solemnity and deep feeling with which they were accompanied, produced a strong impression upon Samuel Fothergill; they remained as if engraven upon his heart, and assisted to confirm and strengthen him in the path of repentance and conversion upon which assisted to confirm and strengthen him in the path of repentance and conversion upon which he had entered, and which, happily for him, he now experienced to be permanent. Thus, yielding to the powerful convictions of Divine grace, he was brought into a state of deep repentance; and as a brand plucked out of the burning, and as one awakened from the sleep of death, in due time he witnessed a deliverance from the bondage of corruption, and a being created anew unto holiness, the end whereof is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord

of the many conflicts and baptisms through which he passed, during this work, or of the advancement which he was enabled to make towards that thorough establishment and settlement in the truth which he was favoured afterwards so eminently to experience, no distinct account is now to be found; such a record from his own pen would have been interesting, and deeply instructive. Yet there is ground to believe that after a time his progress was rapid and steady. In his correspondence, he speaks of his state, and of the dealings of the

Lord with his soul, and in due time he became an eminent minister of the gospel, labouring to turn others to that which he had in his early

years despised and rejected.

Soon after the return of John Fothergill from America, he went to the Quarterly meeting at York. Here he met his son Samuel. Tradition has handed down a remarkable circumstance connected with this, their first interview, since the return of the father to England. It is said that, from some accidental circumstance, John Fothergill did not arrive in York until the morning of the day of the meeting, and that it was late when he entered the meeting-house. After a short period of silence, he stood up, and began speaking; but after he had proceeded a short time, he stopped, and informed the meeting that his way was closed; that what he had before him was taken away, and was, he believed, given to another. He resumed his seat, and another Friend immediately rose, and taking up the subject, enlarged upon it in a weighty and impressive testimony, delivered with great power. At the close of the meeting, John Fothergill inquired who the Friend was that had been so remarkably engaged amongst them, and was informed that it was his son Samuel!

Their thus meeting together, under circumstances so different to those in which their last memorable interview had taken place, previous to John Fothergill's departure for America, was peculiarly moving and affecting to them both. The son, at that time in a state of rebel-

lion and alienation from good, now become 'changed' indeed, and a fellow-labourer with his father in the ministry of the gospel, powerfully advocating and enforcing those great and solemn truths he had formerly neglected and trodden down, and engaged earnestly to beseech others to become, as he had been, reconciled unto God.

The good old man received his son as one restored from the spiritually dead, and wept and rejoiced over him with no common joy.—
(Memoir of Samuel Fothergill.)

YOUTH IS THE MOST FAVOURABLE SEASON TO ATTEND TO RELIGION.

'Therefore,' says one, 'as the mariner takes the first wind to sail; as the merchant takes the first opportunity to buy and sell; and as the husbandman takes the first opportunity of sowing and reaping; so should young men take the present season, the present day, to seek the Lord and serve him, and not to put off the present season; for they know not what another day, another hour, another moment may bring forth; that door of grace which is open to-day, may be shut to-morrow; that golden sceptre of mercy, that is held forth in the gospel to-day, may be withdrawn to-morrow; that love which at this hour is upon the bare knee entreating and beseeching young men to break off their sins by repentance, to return to the Lord, to lay hold

on his strength, and be at peace with him, may, the next hour, be turned into wrath.'

Begin, be bold and venture to be wise; He who defers this work from day to day Does on a river's bank expecting stay, Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone, Which runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

'CHILDREN ARE AN HERITAGE OF THE LORD.'

THE following remarkable circumstance was related to Ann Mifflin, wife of Warner, by a person not a member of the Religious Society of Friends, but who attended their meetings:—

'Reading the life of Fenelon, one First-day morning, in my bed, two of my children being with me—a son of seven years old and a daughter of four—I requested them to remain still while I read; and to induce them to be so, I proposed that they should think for half an hour, and then tell me their thoughts.

'After a pause, my little son replied, it was impossible to tell his thoughts; they were the same that had been in his mind more than one year; and that they were so delightful, the more he thought the more he wished to continue in that sweet meditation; and if all the world could get into the same feeling, it would be impossible for any to be damned.

Geing very much startled at such an unexpected reply from so young a child, I inquired of him if he could recollect the first time when he felt these serious impressions. He said they

came on by degrees, and from a desire to be

good and serve God.

'I then asked him if he was willing to die and go to heaven. He said he had heaven already in his own heart, therefore he believed if he should be called from this world his spirit would unite with God his Father. But he wanted to live to pray for others who were wicked; and that many times when he was alone he had burst into tears for the sins of the world, and had wished it were in his power to bring them into the same feeling as himself. He also said that he could not speak of these things to his companious at school, knowing he should be ridiculed; and also, that if I knew all he suffered in his mind among such a set of wicked boys, I should weep for him.

'I asked him what he meant?

'He said he grieved for them, lest they should continue hardened in wickedness; was sorry that they should offend so good a God, and was distressed for himself in struggling against the temptations before him, and was afraid he should do something wrong himself; but that these thoughts which were continually with him, were his comfort.

'I asked him if he knew from whence those

thoughts proceeded?

'He said, "Yes, from God;" and added, it was God's Spirit in him, and that he sometimes enjoyed heaven without waiting for death."

[After the child had left the room] 'my eldest daughter, aged twelve years, who was present,

burst into tears, and said, "What but the Spirit of God could make a child like this speak in this manner?"'-(Philad. Moral Almanac.)

INSTANCE OF MERCY AND JUDGMENT.

A singular instance of the love and mercy of Almighty God, as also of his just judgment, in the case of a young man, happened in my early life. He lived at a public house, and was one who took great delight in company, vanity, and horse-racing. One day, as he and one of his companions were running horses, at the end of the race ground, he was dashed with great violence against a tree, the horse taking the opposite side from that he expected to go, which brought his head directly against the tree. He was taken up and carried into a house for dead. A doctor was sent for, who gave no encouragement of his recovery: but after a time he revived, and in a few days recovered his understanding. O! the distress and anguish he was then in, O! the distress and anguish he was then in, having no other prospect but shortly to be summoned before an offended God, to receive the sentence, 'Depart from me, thou worker of iniquity.' Bitter were his moans, and sore his lamentations, and fervent his cries for mercy. I went to see him in his distress, when it was not in the power of man to relieve him. His petitions were for mercy and for time; he asked only for one year, that he might lead a new life, be an example and warning to his companions,

and honour and glorify God his Creator. The Lord in mercy heard his petition, and in great condescension granted his request, even to a miracle, as it was thought impossible for him to be raised; and gave him not only one year, but several. For a time he lived a sober, watchful, and orderly life; but for want of breaking off from his old companions, and living a more retired life, he at length by little and little fell away, and got into the same paths of folly and dissipation. He was not, however, suffered to go on long in this way; for one evening as he was riding with several of his companions, one of whom he expected to be joined in marriage with in a few days, his horse, without any fright that they could discover, ran off, threw him in the road, and killed him. I was told he never drew breath after they reached him, that they could discover. This event happened in the evening, after spending the First-day afternoon in lightness and vanity.—(E. Collin's Journal.)

THE FRUIT OF A MEEK AND CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

WILLIAM BLAKEY, a minister in the Society of Friends, resided at Middletown, Pennsylvania. During the war of the American Revolution, he, with many of his fellow-professors, suffered from the foraging parties of the American army. At one time a party, headed by an officer, came to William's farm, and appeared disposed to strip him of all his substance which they could

possibly take off. The officer ordered his men to seize upon the horses and waggons, and to load up the grain and other produce. Whilst the men were doing his bidding, he himself was abusing William, calling him a rebel, and threat-ening to take his life. His aim seemed to be to irritate William to do or say something which might furnish a pretext for personal violence towards him. But William remained silent, and was perfectly calm and collected; his thoughts were turned inward towards his divine Master, for strength and support, and he displayed no hard feelings towards those who were thus robbing him of his substance. The officer soon became silent; he was evidently agitated and distressed. The quiet humility of his victim was a more powerful appeal to him than the most eloquent intercession would have proved.

After a time he turned to William, and with a faltering voice asked him whether he ever prayed. William replied, he hoped he had at times been favoured to have access to the throne of grace, and that at this time of trial he had been endeavouring to feel after the spirit of supplication. The officer then asked if he ever prayed for any one but himself; and on William answering in the affirmative, added, 'I wish, then, you would pray for me, for I would not endure the wretchedness I now feel for all you are worth.' The soldiers had by this time secured the grain, and had loaded it into the waggons; but the officer was so completely overcome by the meek Christian spirit of him they

had been spoiling of his goods, that he ordered all to be restored.—(Philad. Moral Almanac.)

FREEDOM FROM RESTRAINT.

An absolute freedom from all restraint, which some young men think to be liberty, sets over them harder masters than their tutors—even their own desires, let loose as it were like wild beasts from chains.—(Plutarch.)

IMPRISONMENT AND WHIPPINGS UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

'There was a law' (says Besse, in 1657) 'requiring single persons, under forty years of age, having no other visible means of maintenance, to go out to service.' Under this law, 'Agnes, Jane, and Eliza Light, who had a house and land of their own, and maintained themselves by their industry, were sent to Exeter Bridewell, although two of them were above the age mentioned.

Under the like pretence, Mary Witheridge was taken from her aged father and sent to prison; and Eleanor Roberts, an industrious young woman, was committed to Bridewell, where she lay two nights on the bare stones, and at the end of three days was unmercifully whipped, and detained there six months after.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF ELIZABETH FRY'S OPERATIONS IN NEWGATE.

'It would be altogether in vain,' writes a clergyman of the Church of England, 'to form an estimate of the good effected by the continued operations in Newgate, of Mrs. Fry and her amiable colleagues. Mr. Highmore, however, remarks, in his publication in 1822—"The beneficial effects are calculated from the progressive decrease of the number of prisoners recommitted, which has diminished, since the visits of Mrs. Fry and the ladies at Newgate, no less than forty per cent. Their judicious arrangements in the prisons, and the attention provided for the moral and religious instruction, on the voyage, of convicts to transportation, have promoted good order in the passage. In many places in England and in Europe, ladies of distinguished rank have engaged with ardour in this interesting work."

'Benefits to society at large, by labours so truly philanthropic, could not fail to receive some acknowledgment in public. This might be expected at the public meetings of the Prison Discipline Society. And especially was it the case at the general meeting of that institution, held June 2, 1821, in Freemasons' Hall, at which the Duke of Gloucester presided. There were present, also, Lord Calthorpe, Lord John Russell, others of the nobility, and a numerous assemblage of the gentry and

ladies, particularly members of the Society of Friends, and Mrs. Fry.

'Sir James Mackintosh, after the Royal Chairman and the two noble lords had addressed the assembly, advocated the cause of prison discipline, as the cause of humanity and sound policy, paying an eloquent tribute to Mrs. Fry, as "the more than FEMALE HOWARD."

'Mrs. Fry's labours and success among the female prisoners of Newgate, became the theme of admiration and praise with every one capable of admiration and praise with every one capable of estimating real goodness and genuine philanthropy. Her name and her works were known in every part of the country, and far beyond the boundaries of the United Kingdom. The great good resulting from the reading of the Scriptures in the prisons of England being generally known, the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society were influenced to direct attention to those gloomy mansions abroad. Their counsel was taken in many instances Their counsel was taken in many instances, and blessings followed, of which there is abundant evidence. — ("Rev." T. Timpson's Memoirs of Mrs. Fry.)

SIX GREAT PERSECUTIONS DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

Whiting, after mentioning the death of Charles II. in 1684, recapitulates six great persecutions of the Quakers which took place during his reign.

1. In 1660, for meeting to worship, and for

refusing to swear, 220 of the Society were prisoners at Ilchester, 500 in Yorkshire, and (he thinks) about 5000 in all England.

2. In 1662, on the Act 13 and 14, Charles II., made against Friends in particular, abundance were taken up at meetings and imprisoned, as well as for refusing to swear.

3. On the Act of Banishment in 1664 (pretended against seditious conventicles), many were

tried and sentenced to banishment.

4. In 1670, on the new Act of like purport with the above.

- 5. In 1675 and 1676, renewed and continued persecution in meetings, with as great rigour and violence as before.
- 6. The persecution still more rigorously revived and carried on, from 1682 to the time of the king's death. In the latter persecutions, the informer getting one-third, and often more, of the excessive penalties, 'a great many loose, profane, lewd fellows of the baser sort, of indigent fortunes, having spent their own estates, or what they had, were thereby encouraged to ruin their neighbours; and abundance of havoc and spoil was made on Friends' goods, in most if not all the counties of England.'-(WHITE-HEAD's Christian Progress, p. 266.)

ON GOSPEL MINISTRY.

THE pious biographer of Henry Martyn (that devoted and laborious missionary) has this sensible remark on his first being called to the work of the ministry:—'God, who has appointed different orders and degrees in his church, and who assigns to all the members of it their respective stations, was at this time pleased, by the almighty and gracious influence of his Spirit, to call him to a work demanding the most painful sacrifices and the most arduous exertions—that of a Christian missionary.' And Henry Martyn himself, when afterwards engaged in the service, entertained a sound and evangelical view of what the true authority is which makes manifest the right ordination of a Gospel minister. 'I longed,' says he, 'that I might not say one word to men of myself from my own mind, but that God would put his own word into my mouth, that I might feed his people with true spiritual food.'

FRIENDS SUFFER AS VAGRANTS.

1657.—A FRIEND, of Totness, was stopped on the road about 10 miles from home, by a drunken fellow, who took away her horse. She complained to a justice, who finding she had not a pass (at that time requisite for safety), sent her to jail, and had the horse sold to pay charges.

—(Sewell, i., 150.)

On a single page of Besse are recorded as occurring in Devonshire, in 1657, the case of nine Friends taken upon the road or at meetings, publicly whipped, and passed away as

vagrants. One of them, Samuel Curtis, whipped at Chard Market, was a clothier of considerable trade, wealth, and reputation. Another, George Burley, was sent off from Bridport without his horse and clothes; and the infliction of the scourge was twice repeated, upon his returning twice after the constable had set him liberty to get them. Laura Bagg, a mercer's wife in Bridport, with her son and two daughters, having walked to a meeting in the town and home again, were charged by the bailiffs with wandering and profane walking on the Sabbath-day, and fined 2s. 6d. each, and for refusing to pay imprisoned several months.—(Besse, ii., 166.)

DEPUTATION OF FRIENDS ON BEHALF OF THE SENECA INDIANS.

'Among the individuals whose private friendship we had the fortune to cultivate and enjoy while at Washington,' observes J. S. Buckingham, M.P., 'none delighted us more by their intelligence, urbanity, and perfect freedom from that overweening assumption of national superiority and exclusiveness, which we had too often occasion to observe in others, than Judge White and his lady. They were both from Tennessee, of which the Judge is one of the senators. At the last contest, he was one of the candidates put in nomination for the presidency; for though upwards of seventy years of age, the universal appreciation of the justness of his character

was such as to overcome this objection, and he was thus very extensively supported in the States in which he was best known. This reputation for integrity occasions him to be the senator most frequently appealed to against acts of oppression and injustice, whether committed by the government or by private individuals. Several instances of this became known to me, as the deputations that waited upon him were often received in the drawingroom, so that we had an opportunity of hearing their statements.

'One of these, a deputation from Philadelphia, came to seek his counsel in the following case. They said, that about fifty years ago some members of their body, the Society of Friends, living at Philadelphia, considered that as they were occupying the lands that once belonged to the Seneca tribe of Indians—though these lands were ceded by voluntary treaty, and fairly and fully paid for—yet as they, the Quakers, had many of them grown rich by the occupation of the territory through the improved condition of it by themselves, they felt it to be their duty to take the Seneca nation under their especial protection, and do all they could to advance them in comfort and civilization. They had accordingly sent agents among them, prevailed upon them to hold lands in severalty, and to follow the arts of cultivation; and had so improved the adults, and so trained the children of the tribe, that the greater portion of them were now fixed as permanent occupiers of the soil in the Western country, and were slowly, though steadily, advancing onward in the same career.

career.

'A fraudulent attempt to remove these Indians still farther west, beyond the Mississippi, had recently been made known to the Quakers, and they had come on to Washington to stop its further progress if they could. Some unprincipled land-speculators, white men and Americans, had been among them, and tried all their arts to persuade them to part with their lands for a given sum of purchase money, quite insignificant as compared with the real value of the territory; but neither misrepresentations, blandishments, nor threats could prevail on the Indians to assent. Failing therefore in this, these speculators drew off. prevail on the Indians to assent. Failing therefore in this, these speculators drew off, one by one, a few of the most ignorant of the tribe, and by false representations and false promises, got a very few to accompany them to Washington, as a deputation from the Indian tribe, bearing a treaty assigning their whole territory to the speculators in question; which treaty was signed by the said Indians for and on behalf of the tribe, who, it was pretended had deputed them. The Outloop pretended, had deputed them. The Quakers, however, who suspected this story from the beginning, sent some of their own members to the west, and ascertained from the mouths of the chiefs that they had never delegated their power to treat to any persons whatever, when they returned bearing a protest against the alienation of their lands, and declaring their

dissent from the pretended treaty in question.

'As all treatics are of necessity sent by the President to the Senate for their approval, it would fall within the power of Judge White, as one of that body, to give due exposure to this nefarious transaction, and thus the benevolent mission of these worthy Quakers—always engaged in this country, as the members of their Society are in every other in which they exist, in doing good—would be crowned with success. For want of similar interventions of friendly parties, the poor Indians are often plundered and pillaged by unprincipled and cunning speculators, who grow rich by the spoil, and pass from the completion of one successful aggression to the commencement of another and a greater one, till death or exposure puts an end to their wicked career.'—(Buckingham's America.)

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM R. S.

I LIKE young men to avow their principles, and range themselves conspicuously on the right side. I like such to commit hostilities, to carry the war into the enemies' quarter, and to engage in such acts as will make an irreparable breach, an everlasting enmity; for such there must and will be between the two seeds. My spirit hath waded in the deep many a time in travail for the visited youth, that not one grain of the

heavenly seed might be lost, nor unfruitful; and now my cry is that they may 'go forward.' They have, many of them, been tied up from the further sallies of their own wild nature; they have known the discipline of the rein; and now the Master hath need of them—he calls for their service in the church. Indeed they cannot serve a better Master—his service dignifies; the meanest talent and the brightest, if they tend not to promote it, are but meanly employed. This world, its bustles, its pursuits, and its highest glory, will soon be over to every one that is at present in it: then the answer of 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' will be a more joyful, a more substantial reward than all the favour and friendship, false praise and honour, which this life can bestow.—(Lead-Beater's Extracts.)

WIT.

Wir is a happy and striking way of expressing a thought. It is not often, though it be lively and mantling, that it carries a great body with it. Witis therefore fitter for diversion than business, being more grateful to the fancy than judgment. Less judgment than wit, is more sail than ballast. Yet it must be confessed, that wit gives an edge to sense, and recommends it extremely. Where judgment has wit to express it, there is the best orator.—(WILLIAM PENN.)

SILENT MEETINGS.

A person in Birmingham, inclining to attend Friends' meetings, was disappointed that those he attended were held in silence; he resolved, however, that he would go once more, and if nothing was spoken, he would give up his attendance, for it seems he had depended much on instrumental help. Near the close of the next meeting he went to, a Friend from Coventry was there, who rose with saying, that he believed it was his place just to express those memorable words of our blessed Lord to Paul, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' The instructive assurance went with power to the heart of the stranger, he left the meeting satisfied, and from that time it is said he was a constant attender.

HORRORS OF WAR.

In the Crusades, or Holy Wars, continuing 200 years, 2,000,000 men were butchered, besides women and children.

At the battle of Waterloo, more than 50,000 perished.

At the battle of Chalons, the number slain was 153,000.

The Persian expedition to Greece lost 200,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ, 40,000 Romans were slain. After the battle, three bushels of gold

rings were found, showing the number of Roman

knights who were slain.

By the will of three military despots—Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon—six millions of human beings were butchered.

HEAR THE 'CHURCH.'

Let us pause for a moment and hear what the Bishops and other Dignitaries of the Church of England say in reference to the purity of her character.

1. BISHOP LOWTH says,—'It pleased God, in his unsearchable wisdom, to suffer the progress of the reformation to be stopped in the midway.'

(Vivitation Saymon 1758)

-(Visitation Sermon, 1758.)

2. Dr. Henry More says, the reformed churches 'have separated from the great Babylon to build those that are lesser and more tolerable, but not to be tolerated for ever.'—(Myst. of

Iniquity, p. 553.)

3. Archbishop Laud says,—'The Roman Church and the Church of England are but two distinct members of the Catholic Church; the former being 'the elder sister' of the latter. (Relation of the Conference. Ed. 1639, pp.

311, 313.)

4. The same Archbishor again,—'If the religion of the Protestants be in conscience a known false religion, then the Romanists' is so too; for their religion is the same; nor do the Church of Rome and the Protestants set up a different religion.'—(See p. 376, &c.)

z 3

5. BISHOP WATSON says,— The innovations introduced into our religious establishment, at the Reformation, were great and glorious for those times, but some further innovations are yet wanting. — (Misc. Tracts, vol. ii., p. 17.)

6. BISHOP BURNET says,—'I have always had a true zeal for the Church of England, yet I must say, there are many things in it that have been very uneasy to me.'—(Hist. Own Times, vol.

ii., p. 634.)

7. David Simpson, M.A., Minister of Christ Church, Macclesfield, says,—'We have been contented to suffer our religious constitution, our doctrines and ceremonies, and forms of public worship, to remain nearly in the same unpurged, adulterated, and superstitious state, in which the original reformers left them.'— (Plea, p. 206, ed. 1835.)

8. BISHOP BURNET Says,—'The requiring subscription to the thirty-nine articles is a great imposition.'—(Hist. Own Times, vol. ii., p. 634.)

9. D. Simpson, M.A., again,—The establishment 'is a strange mixture of things secular and religious. It is nearly as much so as it is in the Catholic countries.'—(p. 210.)

10. BISHOP WATSON says,—'The articles of the Church of England undoubtedly want a re-

visal.'-(Misc. Tracts, vol. ii., p. 17.)

11. ARCHDEACON BLACKBURN says,—'The forms of the Church' being 'weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, have been found greatly wanting.'—(Confessional.)

12. SIMPSON'S PLEA, - 'Our confirmations,

and I may add, even our ordinations for the sacred ministry, are dwindled into painful and disgusting ceremonies, as they are usually administered.' Again, at page 221, the minister of Christ Church, Macclesfield, enumerates eighteen of the canons of his church, and affirms that 'they contain the very worst part of popery;'—and that one of the observances required by the Church, in reference to these canons, constitutes 'one of the most detestable instances of Anti-Christian Imposition, that was ever exercised over a body of Clergy.'

The result of all this is thus summed up by-

13. A CLERGYMAN OF THE ESTABLISHMENT (NIHILL),—'The mass of the population are attached rather by their habits, than by their conviction, to the national communion: and he must be a stranger in England, who does not perceive that those habits are daily losing ground.'

14. BISHOP BURNET says,—'The scandalous practices of non-residence and pluralities is so shameful a profanation of holy things, that it ought to be treated with detestation and horror.'

-(Hist. Own Times, vol. ii., p. 646.)

15. BISHOP WATSON thus writes of the Athanasian Creed:—'A motley monster of bigotry and superstition, a scarecrow of shreds and patches, dressed up of old by philosophers and popes to amuse the speculative and to affright the ignorant; now a butt of scorn, against which every unfledged witling essays his wanton efforts, and before he has learned his catechism, is fixed

an infidel for life.'-(Misc. Tracts by Bishop of

Landaff, vol. ii., p. 49.)

Is it—or is it not—imposing a burden on our consciences, to compel us to support a church whose character and whose formularies are thus described by her own ministers and her bishops?

THE ORIGINAL USE OF TITHE.

Nor a single national document relative to the subject has come down to us, in which the right of the poor to a considerable portion of the tithe is not distinctly recognized. In the compilation which goes under the name of Archbishop Egbert, we meet with the following canon:—
'Let the mass-priests themselves receive the tithes from the people, and keep a written list of the names of all who have given, and divide, in presence of men fearing God, the tithe according to the authority of the canons; and choose the first portion for the adornment of the church; and let them distribute humbly and mercifully, with their own hands, the second portion for the benefit of poor and wayfaring men; and then may they retain the third portion for themselves.'—(Dr. Lingard's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church.)

ANTHONY PURVER,

Wno made a translation of the Bible, was, by trade, a shoemaker. He began to teach him-

self Greek and Hebrew with a book before him, and his work on the last in his lap-whilst drawing the thread through the leather, was the opportunity which he embraced of lifting his eyes from his work to his book; and that portion of the time in which he was thus engaged in his humble vocation, was the interval for meditating on what he had read. Besides an innate and deep-rooted predilection for learning these languages, he possessed a strong memory and great perseverance, by which he was able to surmount those difficulties which would have confounded a common mind. The present Bishop of Salisbury, one of the first Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, has pronounced Purver's translation of the Bible to be superior to all others, for closeness to the original.

VISIT TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Our visit to the field of Waterloo was deeply interesting, though I did not anticipate it; to walk over the ground where so many thousands were immolated at the shrine of mad ambition,—to have pointed out by one who was himself engaged in the strife, as Edward Colta the guide was,—to enter the ruins of the chateau of Hugomont, around and within which so many lives were sacrificed,—to examine the actual marks left by the musket and cannon balls,—to walk over the spot where, a few years ago, such heaps of immortal souls were separated (engaged

as they were in the horrid din of battle, of mortal strife) from their earthly tenements, and hurried into the presence of their Creator and Judge, -to ascend the mount of the Belgic Lion, and from its eminence see the whole battle-field spread before us, and described as carelessly as boys would describe their mimic battle-field,to visit afterward the little church at Waterloo. and there read over the long list of the names of officers who fell in the battle, recorded on the numerous tombstones in the church, while at the bottom are enrolled the gross number of the soldiers of each battalion or regiment who fell the victims of war there, -all these awaken, though perhaps more afterwards on sober reflection than at the time, a train of thought on the dreadful lengths to which human beings may be led, when they place themselves under the guidance of ambition, revenge, and all the darker passions which are declared to be the peculiar attributes of Satan. The tourist is more or less annoyed by the peasantry presenting to him relics of the battle to purchase, in the shape of old bullets, broken bayonets, and even of cartouch boxes, &c.; but it is well known these are manufactured for the occasion, real relics having of later years become extremely scarce.

PLEASING AND INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

A MINISTERING Friend of a distant land, having embarked on board a vessel for another port,

whither he was bound on a religious visit to the Friends there, in a letter addressed to a near relative in this country, relates the following pleasing and interesting anecdote:—After observing that he was kindly accompanied to the ship by some Friends, who remained on board with him until the vessel had got under weigh, he goes on to say, that they soon lost sight of land, and the weather coming on squally, he went below, and applying to his carpet-bag, which had been carefully furnished with the needful comforts for the voyage by his affectionate wife, before leaving home, he took out his Bible with the intention of reading a portion of its contents.

In doing this, the book opened on a paper, on which the following touching lines were written. The reading of this unexpected salutation, excited in the mind of our Frieud mingled emotions of tenderness and love towards those he had left behind, sustained by faith in the Almighty arm of Him who had called him to surrender the dearest connections in life for his truth's sake.

'Tis past!—we part! but for the sake of Him Before whose holy cause all earthly things grow dim (Friend of my childhood, husband of my youth), Go serve thy God in meekness and in truth; Pine not for me, but give thyself to prayer, And leave thy nurslings to a mother's care, Be it my task thy faithful wife to prove, And wisely govern with a mother's love.
Go! and may Israel's shepherd be thy stay.
Thy rest by night—thy strong support by day,

Through noon-tide heats, his friendly shade thy shield, In darksome glooms, its glowing beacon yield: To Jordan's banks, e'en should it lead thee on, Repose thy confidence in God alone: At faith's strong step, the darkest wave shall flee, And a sure pathway shall be made for thee. Jehovah's name in living lines imprest, Graved on thy breast-plate, bind upon thy breast. Thus armed, through hostile foes thy way thou'lt make, And Friends receive thee for thy master's sake. May every happiness thy steps attend, And God's own peace to crown thee in the end! Farewell! and when before the Father's throne. Prostrate in prayer, our many faults we own, May we in spirit oft be found to meet. And in communion worship at his feet!

ANNA MARIA.

THE POWER OF GOD.

The Thracians had a very striking emblem expressive of the Almighty power of God. It was a sun with three beams; one shining upon a sea of ice and melting it; another upon a rock, and melting or softening it; and a third, upon a dead man, and putting life into him. How strictly does this emblem harmonize with what the apostle says of the gospel—'that it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth.' It melts the hardest heart into a uniform obedience to the Divine will and raises those who were dead in trespasses and sins, to a life of righteousness.

ACCOUNT OF JOAN DANT.

Or this remarkable woman, but little is generally known except by her munificent legacy, bequeathed to poor persons of the Society of Friends, in perpetuity. Of her it may be said, that by this noble act, 'she, being dead, yet

speaketh.'

The following brief notice of Joan Dant has been obtained partly from authentic records, and partly through traditional channels, which the writer considers may be depended on for veracity; and it is deemed but a tribute due to her memory, to preserve from oblivion some circumstances in her life, for the information of the religious body of which she was a member; but more particularly, those who are the distributors and recipients of her bounty. The husband of Joan Dant was a working weaver, living in New Paternoster Row, Spitalfields; and died many years before his wife, leaving but little provision for her support. She appears to have been a person of great resolution and independence of mind, as well as strong and active in body. On becoming a widow, she determined to use her best exertions to provide for herself, without being burthensome to others. After some deliberation, she concluded to take up the occupation of a pedlar or hawker; and with this object in view, she provided herself with a well-selected assortment of mercery, hosiery, and haberdashery, and other small wares, and set off on her travels with her merchandise at her back. Her conduct, as a Friend, appears to have been consistent, and her manners agreeable; and being furnished with recommendations to many persons in London, and its vicinity, she met with much encouragement in the disposal of her goods. Good shops, particularly in country places, were but 'few, and far between;' so that her periodical visits were generally welcomed, especially by the female branches of those families which she called upon: and she not only disposed of her goods to advantage, but to many houses and tables of Friends she was a welcome guest.

Her agreeable demeanour, and her wellassorted stock of goods, increased her recommendations, until she might be seen with her pack traversing a circuit of many miles round the metropolis, principally calling at the houses of the affluent, as those who could best afford to pay a good price. She followed this laborious occupation for some years, not only with satisfaction to her customers, but to her own pecuniary advantage. It appears that she afterwards engaged in a more wholesale trade, if not as a manufacturer of Spitalfields goods; and her mercantile transactions were not confined to a home trade, but even extended to places on the continent; as some debts due from her correspondents at Paris and at Brussels appear in her executors' accounts. It is believed that she continued to follow business for most part of her latter years, and she lived in the same frugal manner, if not in the same

house as she had occupied with her husband in his lifetime. Her expenses being very small, and her savings invested from time to time in profitable securities of different kinds, her property, in course of years, accumulated to a considerable amount, without the world being at all aware of her prosperity. Of the exercise of her benevolence in her lifetime, no particulars have been preserved; but we may feel assured, from the sentiments she left behind her in a letter to her executors, which is inserted at the end of this account, that she was not inattentive to the wants of the distressed.

When far advanced in life, Joan applied to a Friend, whom she knew, to come and assist her in making her will. To this request the Friend very readily consented, thinking that she might have (perhaps) a few hundred pounds to bequeath. When, however, he learned the amount of her funds, he shrunk from the responsibility of the task, and recommended her to call in three or four Friends of greater experience than himself. When the Friends met, they inquired of Joan how she wished to dispose of her property, to which she replied, 'I got it by the rich, and I mean to leave it to the poor.' This was probably a year and a half before her death. She died in 1715, at the age of 84, and was buried in Friends' burial ground, Bunhill Fields.

The will is dated in 1714, and a codicil is added in the following year. By these documents, she appoints John Freame, Samuel Waldenfield, and Silvanus Grove, and afterwards

(on the death of Samuel Waldenfield) Peter Briggins, and William Wragg, as her executors; besides the following Friends, 'overseers' of her will—viz., George Whitehead, Thomas Cooper, Thomas Pitstowe, Thomas Gould, and Thomas Eccleston. Some of these were conspicuous characters in the Society of Friends at that time

Her whole property was somewhat above £9000, which she bequeathed as under:—

20000, which she bequeumed as ander.	
To her half brother	£500
To five cousins	265
To nine executors and overseers	475
To one executor (lapsed)	100
To forty-two persons, whom she styles her friends, £10	
each	
To fourteen others, £5 to £100 each	295
To the poor of the parish of Shoreditch	30
To the poor of Spitalfields	
To the poor of Bednal Green*	
To the poor of Whitechapel	
Towards clothing the children of the parish school of	
Whitechapel (two years)	
1	

She then leaves the remainder of her estate to her 'loving friends'—her executors and overseers, or their survivors, to be disposed of as follows, viz.:—

To the Womens' meeting, Aldersgate Street, for poor Friends	£200
Also an annuity valued at	400
To Devonshire house Monthly Meeting for poor ancient Friends, £20 per annum, for five years	

^{*} Now, it is presumed, called Bethnal Green.

To same Meeting for putting forth poor Friends' children	50
To Bull and Mouth, Peel, Westminster, Ratcliff, and	
Southwark Monthly Meetings, half for the poor,	
and half for putting forth poor children, each £40.	200
To Waltham Abbey, Barking, Hendon, Longford, and	
Hammersmith Meetings, each £10	50
To the Six Weeks' Meeting (which has the care of	
repairing the Meeting-houses in London)	100

After payment of these legacies, her executors and overseers were to dispose of £400 in their discretion, to poor necessitous Friends, and indigent persons.

To five women Friends, for the like purpose.....£100

She then directs that the remainder of her estate, after payment of the foregoing legacies, should be laid out for a yearly income, to be disposed of by her executors and overseers to such poor Friends in London and elsewhere, as they, or the major part of them, shall see meet, 'without being accountable to any meeting of Friends, or any person or persons whatsoever, for the same; and that, when any of the executors or overseers shall die, the major part of the survivors shall, from time to time, choose others in their room.'

The overplus and remainder, thus left, was invested in different securities, some of which have been, in course of years, advantageously changed for others, and the income so arising (which is considerable), is distributed by nine trustees, as successors of those originally appointed, in sums not exceeding two pounds per annum, to one poor Friend or family; and the

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trustees meet in London, once or twice a year, to check each others' distribution.

The letter of Joan Dant to her executors,

alluded to in the preceding notice, is as follows:—
'Dear Friends,—It is the Lord that creates true industry in his people, and that blesseth their endeavours in obtaining things necessary and convenient for them, which are to be used in moderation by all his flock and family everywhere. The Lord is also rich and open-handed to all that love the truth, and we are called of God, not unto speech only and profession of the truth, but also unto good works; that as God has abounded in his providence unto us-ward, both spiritually and temporally, we also might evidence our thankfulness unto him, in our liberality to those that want; for the poor that are faithful are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, in him who, of one blood, made all nations under heaven, whether they be poor or rich. And I, having been one that has taken pains to live, and have, through the blessing of God, with honesty and industrious care, improved my little in this world to a pretty good degree, find my heart open in that charity which comes from the Lord, in which the true disposal of all things ought to be, to do something for the poor—the fatherless and the widows in the church of Christ, according to the utmost of my ability: sincerely desiring that the hearts of all may likewise be opened for general good, that none may be oppressed for want; for though the Lord hath been merciful to many, in affording them much in this life of the things thereof, yet he has been pleased to suffer want unto some, that so charity, without which our faith is nothing, might shine forth in the church of Christ: which church we are, if this virtue remain and abound in us in all manner of liberality, brotherly love, godly sincerity, and true charity. O Friends! God's presence is with us: his love is shed abroad in us: our hearts are melted therein, and our souls comforted with consolation unspeakable, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, through whom be praise and thanksgiving unto God, who is blessed for ever!' She concludes her address in these solemn words-' And now, dear friends, unto the one eternal and merciful God, and to his holy light and blessed truth, in which we have had comfort together, I do recommend you all with my own soul, desiring that you may all live in that new commandment of love, and in the life of truth, that so when we have run our race, and finished our course here in this troublesome world, we may enter into the fulness of that joy, and peace, and immortal glory, with the Lord for ever! This is the desire of your loving sister. Signed this 8th day of 2d Month, 1714.

In the presence of George Whitehead, Thomas Cooper, Thomas Pitstowe, Thomas Gould.

JOAN DANT.

GRIEVOUS PERSECUTION.

In 1658, John Pigeon of Crawley, on an information of a meeting at his house, was brought before the justices, and refusing to give bond (though he offered to let them know of any future meeting), as also to take the oath of allegiance, was sent to the county jail; to which his brother, who directed his affairs in his absence, was sent a month after. His servants were then beaten, or so terrified that they left the house, and the informers plundered it of the furniture, revelling and drinking on the spot, with a crew of disorderly fellows who resorted thither for that purpose. They made such havock of the estate, that the damage was computed to be at least £500. In the meantime, the justices fined the jailer £5, for giving the prisoner the liberty of a little fresh air, an indulgence commonly granted to others in his custody.

A SAVAGE DISARMED BY A CONVERTED INDIAN.

A converted Indian was one day attacked by a savage, who presented a gun to his head, exclaiming, 'Now I will shoot you, for you speak of nothing but Jesus.' The Indian replied, 'If Jesus does not permit it, thou canst not shoot me.' The savage was struck with the answer, dropped his gun, and went home in silence.

SALUTARY HINT.

The religion of some seems to consist in a remembrance of former experience, a rational understanding of our principles and the discipline of the church, a personal communication with divers of the foremost rank, and some faculty for speaking and writing on religious subjects; when in the meantime, for want of looking and living at home, for want of watching unto prayer, and waiting for renewed ability to offer the daily sacrifice on the fresh raised altar, insensibility and incapacity gather strength, and leanness enters into our souls.—(Kendall's Letters, 86.)

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Behold a lovely sight!

How pleasant 'tis to see
The church, as brethren, all delight
In Christian UNITY.
As Judah's mountains shine,
Bespangled with the dew,
Believers, fill'd with love Divine,
Enliven Zion's view.

'Tis like the unguent sweet,
On Aaron's holy head,
Which on his beard, his robes, his feet,
A grateful fragrance shed.
Jesus, thy balmy love,
When time shall be no more,
Shall grace the hearts of all above,
And flow for evermore.'

Hosanna! to his name
Who every grace imparts:
Jesus is precious, we proclaim,
Whose love unites our hearts.
From sin and death releas'd,
In harmony we raise
To Jesus, Zion's great High Priest,
Our songs of grateful praise.

Believers love to meet
With all who Jesus love,
To join in fellowship, as sweet
As manna from above.
Hosanna! we repeat;
Let all the sons of men
Unite Immanuel to greet,
Lo! Jesus reigns. Amen.

INSUFFICIENCY OF THE WORLD TO MAKE MEN HAPPY.

'The greatest vanity of this world,' says Bishop Taylor, 'is remarkable in this, that all its joys summed up together, are not large enough to counterpoise the evil of one sharp disease, or to allay a sorrow.' For imagine a man great in his dominions as Cyrus, rich as Solomon, victorious as David, beloved like Titus, learned as Trismegistus, powerful as all the Roman greatness; all this, and the results of all this, give him no more pleasure in the midst of a fever, or the tortures of an acute disease, than if he were only lord of a little dish, and a dishful of fountain water. Indeed, the excellency of a holy conscience is a comfort, and a magazine of joy so great, that it sweetens the most bitter

portion in the world, and makes tortures and death not only tolerable but amiable; and therefore to part with this treasure, whose excellency is so great for the world, which is so inconsiderable and vain as not to have in it recompense enough for the sorrows of a sharp disease, is a bargain fit to be made by none but fools and madmen. Antiochus Epiphanes, and Herod the Great, with his grandchild Agrippa, are sad instances of this great truth; to each of whom it happened that the grandeur of their fortune, the greatness of their possessions, and the increase of their estate, disappeared and expired like camphor at their arrest by those several sharp diseases, which covered their heads with cypress, and hid their crowns in an inglorious grave.

TESTIMONY TO THE MEMORY OF DR. FOTHERGILL.

'And here I cannot help bearing testimony to the memory of the late Dr. Fothergill, the first Quaker I ever saw, whose presence was never waited for by the mournful family above a minute or two beyond the time fixed for his coming. His gentle though firm demeanour calmed sorrow into silence; his penetrating eye and abstracted thought always inspired confidence in his judgment, though there might not appear the least prospect of success. To him my father spoke of his concerns as to a friend,

and his complaints as to a physician of distinguished skill. On being one day asked whether Dr. Heberden should be called, who was the only senior physician, and consequently the only one who could act with the Doctor, my father replied, "No; my life is in God's hands and Fothergill's." — (From the MS. Memoirs of B. HOYLAND, addressed to her children.)

FROM JOB SCOTT TO MARY LEADBEATER.

Berna NEAR CHARLEMOUNT, 30th of 8th Month, 1793.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MARY LEADBEATER,

I MARVEL not the tuneful tribe should sing, Theirs is the skill to touch the tuneful string; But mimic fools, with no poetic fire, They too, sometimes, attempt to tune the lyre. Forgive the attempt, fools will be fools 'tis known, Nor be at rest until their folly's shown.

I felt thee near, dear heart, but must I hence, For sake of rhyme, with reason's rules dispense, And scribble nonsense, when I might attain In sober prose, what might not give thee pain? But rhyming's catching, for I often spurn it, And when I've wrote a jingling scroll I burn it, Perhaps not praised the reason I despise it, Let Burke commend, and then I soon might prize it; That's not my portion; no such praise is mine, I sing unpraised, and but in darkness shine. Yet I am happy; no such praise I crave, I'm well content with just the powers I have: My face is homely, yet it suits me well, And might I change it, how I could not tell.

FACSIMILE AUTOCRAPHS.

Anthony Benezet

Thy assured Friends
Will Mogan

Philadelphia 29 6 1740

Thy much oblige fro

J. H. Wiffen



One change I wish, and none beside desire, A change of heart to holiness entire : All filth removed, each sinful motion curb'd, My heart the throne of Jesus undisturb'd: This, this I wish; for this I pray and strive; This is the growth in which I long to thrive. But, O! Maria, Satan has decreed. And sworn his legions to promote the deed, That none shall conquer whom he can prevent, Nor will he cease till all his shafts are spent: On every side, before, behind, within, He lurks in ambush, or with open din Assails the soul, its progress to withstand, And none shall crush him but that chosen band, Who give up all, and die to live again, Resist to blood, and conquer when they're slain. Alas! too few consent through death to live, And all they have for endless life to give. We like the pearl, but sorely dread the price, Ere once we pay it, we resolve it thrice; Resolve it oft, and oft attempt to pay : But death's so dreadful still we choose delay. Anon, alarm'd lest other death devour, We vow allegiance, and perform—an hour; An hour—alas! short-lived allegiance, this! Is this in purchase of immortal bliss? If one short hour our courage all exhaust. Farewell salvation! must we then be lost? Lost !- who can bear it? No. we'll try again : We'll fight for life; we'll conquer or be slain. Again equipt, once more the fight ensues, And man's faint heart near every battle shows: He fights by fits, then faints, and flags, and yields, Goes vaunting forth: but trembling quits the fields! Is this the warrior that the prize shall win, Who quits the field for one beloved sin? Who turns his back when he should fight for life, Ignobly yields, and quits the glorious strife? I tell thee nay, dear friend, on this rely, Who saves his life shall surely, surely die. The Lord of life in agonies expired,

And each firm follower is this day required To tread the path which he to glory trod, Nor shun the flame, nor shrink beneath the rod.

But Satan's darts to none are more severe Than the choice few who firmliest adhere To wisdom's ways, and wage bold war with sense; These he still strives, by every vain pretence, To lead astray. He'll, lying, promise life, Though they transgress and quit the virtuous strife, Relax the watch, forbidden loves embrace, And doubt Jehovah's mandate to his face. O wily serpent! how he twists and twines! I've seen his snares-I've traced his dark designs, In dear New England some he's trapt of yore, And some he fain would trap at Ballitore. May God Almighty his designs defeat, And every work that's well begun complete. You * have my prayers, dear hearts, may I have yours, And he shall reign who to the end endures. 'Twas love engaged me these few lines to send, And in that love, I am thy constant friend, JOB SCOTT.

Postscript.

A line from thee, if thou'lt a line expose Free from the heart, unhampered as it flows Shall come, I trust, as welcome as this goes.

THE REPLY.

'Warm from the heart, and to the heart address'd,'
Thy lines, dear friend, were welcome to my breast.
They met the witness there—surpris'd to find
So just a picture of my wavering mind.
O might they rouse the spark which latent lies,
Ere the dread shadows of the evening rise!

How many years in trifling have been pass'd, Unknown but every year would be the last!

^{*} Including all the tried, tossed, and tempted among you at that place.

O how unwise, to waste the precious hours, Pursuing gilded flies, or gathering flowers! Yet every gift creative power bestow'd, Received the blessed sanction, 'All is good.' But this great truth 'tis those alone shall prove, Who in the narrow path of virtue move; 'Tis they can pluck the flower beside the way, Can pluck the blameless flower, yet not delay; 'Twas thus could he, whom I must long deplore, For, ah! that tender parent is no more, 'Tis thus canst thou-shall you not meet above, In the bright region of eternal love? Yet long on earth, O may thy spirit stay, To point to us the everlasting way! For when escaped from this terrestrial bourne, The immortal spirit shall no more return : And if we hear not those who still remain. The dead would but return to speak in vain. Ballitore, 17th of 9th Month, 1793.

M. L.

VALUE OF TIME.

THE difference between rising every morning at six and eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to upwards of 29,000 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-six days, six hours; so that it is just the same as if ten years of life were to be added, of which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the despatch of business.

THE SWEARER REPROVED.

The late Dr. A. Gifford was once showing the British Museum to some visitors, when he was grieved and shocked at the profane conversa-

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tion of a young gentleman. Taking an ancient copy of the Septuagint and showing it to him, 'O! I can read that,' said he, hastily. 'Well,' said the Doctor, pointing to the third commandment, 'read that passage.' The young man was confounded, and desisted from swearing.—(Cope's Anecdotes.)

SALVATION OF INFANTS.

A MOTHER, who had lost an infant, received much consolation from the following epitaph, written by a clergyman of Cambridge:—

Bold infidelity, turn pale and die;
Beneath this stone four hapless infants lie!
Say, are they lost or sav'd?

If death's by sin, they sinn'd, for they lie here, If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear; Ah! reason how depray'd!

Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied, They died, for Adam sinn'd; they live, for Jesus died. *Ibid*.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

A VOLUME, entitled 'Illustrations of the Law of Kindness,' was published by a clergymen a few years ago at Albany, in the state of New York. It presents, in one focus, a very considerable number of anecdotes, exemplifying the superiority of the benevolent over the coercive and severe principle, as a means of effecting good ends amongst our fellow-crea-

tures. The author classifies his facts into chapters, one of the first of which presents Scriptural instances, such as that of David's conduct towards Saul in the cave; another presents a brief account of the benevolent proceedings of Howard, Oberlin, Fenelon, &c., showing how the law of kindness tended in their lives to the most brilliant results.

In the chapter on the disarming force of kindness, a story that can never be too often told is related as follows :- 'It is well known that the Quakers, or Friends, have adopted the non-resistance principle, or the law, "overcome evil with good." The founder of Philadelphia, William Penn, was completely armed with the spirit of this principle. When he visited this country, he came without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kindness. He bought their land and paid them; he made a treaty with them and observed it; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase, and as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands if they were willing. They returned for answer, that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited, but to please their father Onas, as they named Penn, they said that he should

have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, beginning at the great river Cosquanco, now Kensington, and ending at the great river Kallapings, now Bristol, and as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount

of English goods.

Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried; for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The Governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheated us," said the Indians. "Ah, how can that be?" said Penn; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?" "True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk."

Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it. "Compelled!" exclaimed Penn; "how can you compel them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?" This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and number of fish hooks with which they would be

satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the Governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now of compelling these poor creatures to stick to their bargain; that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about a little piece of land, now obtained for a little cloth and a few fishhooks!"

For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, Penn was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger; towards Penn and his followers they buried the war hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements -which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food-the Indians cheerfully came forward and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labours in hunting. This kindness they practised with pleasure, because they considered it an accommodation to their 'good father Onas' and his friends. And though Penn has long been dead, yet he is not forgotten by the red men; for many of the Indians possess a knowledge of his peaceable disposition, and speak of him with a tone and feeling very different from what they manifest

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when speaking of those whites who come with words of treachery on their tongues, and kegs of 'fire-water' in their hands, and oppression in their actions.

'How strange,' observes Chalmers, in the Edinburgh Magazine, 'does it sound to hear men talking with ridicule of philanthropic policy as something unfitted for human nature, when the fact is glaring that it is the contrary policy that does not succeed, its invariable consequences being the destruction and obstruction of all that is good. The true visionaries in this case are those who dream that a large barbarian force is to be made agreeable in one's neighbourhood, by raising in it the spirit of blind revenge. The true practical man is he who acts justly and kindly by his untutored neighbours, expecting they will thereby be kept on friendly terms with him.'

GENERAL MEETING AT ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

This day, the sweetest of the year,
Hope-lov'd, in memory treasur'd dear,
Glad utter'd by each tongue;
When friends, long parted, warmly greet,
And bonds of love more kindly meet,
And age once more seems young,

Tells of a fond-remember'd time,
When life exulted in its prime,
Here bless'd with golden dreams.
Hail! walls, where peace and joy abide,
Bowers, gardens, cloth'd with summer's pride,
And ye mead-loving streams.

Those cupolas, where morning's smile Plays bright; that noble central pile, Gigantic in embrace; Whose wings on either side extend, To guard, to cherish, and befriend The tender rising race;

The green—that sport-inviting ground— The shed—where skippers lightly bound, While whizz their cords in air— To me, like well-known friends, are dear, Who once was blythe as any here, And knew not more of care.

Thought rushes from its secret springs,
While memory swift before me brings
The seenes of former years.
When here the first firm stone was laid,
The virtues lent their holiest aid,
Mov'd by the foundlings' tears.

Benevolence, with offer'd dower,
And Pity, gentle soothing power,
Smil'd kindly on the place;
And Charity, of higher birth,
Descending gracious, came on earth
To feed the helpless race.

Time saw a change—for here the mind, As yet in chains of sloth confin'd, Assum'd its noble throne; A people came, who once withstood Reproach and hate, while, humbly good, They bow'd to One alone;

Here, choosing learning's pleasant seat
Within this order-rul'd retreat,
They placed their offspring dear;
Who, train'd with care by guardians kind,
Are taught to store with truth the mind,
And her pure laws revere.

The fair, the serious, the gay, Plain, neat their garb, are seen to-day— 2 s 5 Beauty unplum'd is here; Yet simpler were their sires of old, Who, strong in toil, unflinching, bold, Walk'd firm, with truth severe.

Not the bare word, nor barer form, Sustain'd them in their morn of storm, Heaven was their light, their guide; So long as men on Heaven rely They will the worst of foes defy— Strife, fraud-ensnaring pride.

Thus warm my feelings as I gaze
On these dear scenes of early days,
Where my young mind acquir'd
The seeds of that augmenting store
Which daily culture ripen'd more,
While glowing hope inspir'd.

Yet, here, what hours I mourn as lost Since then, by changeful breezes toss'd, All lore was laid at rest; Till, late, once more the flame aspir'd, By some strange, secret impulse fired, Too strong to be repress'd.

Where'er around I cast my eyes,
What long-forgotten thoughts arise—
A rapid, fleeting train;
'The well known grounds I traverse o'er,
Each room, each favourite haunt explore—
I feel a boy again.

The youngsters, eyeing my advance
With their peculiar school-boy's glance,
Their varied sports pursue;
Unknown to me each prying face,
Save that in some a kindred trace
Of former friends I view.

All those I knew and valued here, Still cherish'd in remembrance dear, Are gone—their place supplied; As leaves now bud and now decay, So these, in turn, enjoy their day, And then are scatter'd wide.

Thus youth, exulting, starts in life;
While transient joys, and care, and strife,
And sorrows intervene;
Till Time, with silent, fatal aim,
As sails man's earthly-moulded frame,
And sweeps him from the scene.

But long from you, ye sprightly train,
May gloomy care and wasting pain
Be kindly far withdrawn;
Your buoyant hopes, your sparkling joy,
I would no storms might e'er destroy,
Or cloud your smiling dawn.

Soon will the time of trial come—
While here you spring in vernal bloom
Be every means applied;
Life's path is rude, with patient care
The stores your journey claims, prepare
To comfort and to guide,

On you the eyes of friends sincere, On you the hopes of kindred dear, With deepest interest turn; Since they with warmth your welfare seek, Your thanks let zealous action speak, Nor cold such favours spurn.

First, the young mind, assiduous store, With rudiments of valued lore, Through learning's portals glide; When gain'd, her wide and fertile field From choicest springs will wisdom yield An ever-flowing tide.

But, as a long-neglected soil,
Or as a lamp unfed by oil,
Or instrument unus'd,
So careless minds more dulness gain,
Acquirements are possessed in vain,
And gifts are but abus'd;

As ore, which dross and rust enclose,
The more 'tis polish'd brighter glows;
So, by due care, the mind
Expands its powers, acquires new force,
Above the vulgar, gains a source
Of pleasures, pure, refin'd.

Such minds explore the realms of space, The secret laws of nature trace, And truth and harmony; Where earth her loveliest robe displays, And wondrous scenes awaken praise, The God of nature see.

Then let these precious moments flow
In learning all that man should know—
Eularge each active power;
With truth and virtue store the breast,
On these your firmest hopes will rest,
In life's declining hour.

For, in this fluctuating life (Bewildering round of toil and strife), No joys so pure abound, As those which move in virtue's train; 'Mid care, and penury, and pain, With her content is found.

Truth cheers the righteous on their way, Calm while in earthly bonds they stay, And bless'd when life is o'er; Upborne, as on seraphic wings, The ransom'd soul exulting springs, And grief is known no more.

THANKS BETTER THAN A FEE.

'Went to the hospital, received the thanks of a poor sick patient, which did me more good than a guinea fee.'—(Wm. Allen's *Diary*, 1796.)

SILENT WORSHIP AMONG THE METHODISTS.

'WE were filled with consolation; we "sang praises lustily, and with a good courage;" till, in a manner I never remembered before,

> "A solemn reverence checked our songs, And praise sat silent on our tongues."

-(John Wesley's Journal of the 1st of 9th Month, 1751.)

'On the first day in the new year, 1798, the members of the Society met to renew their covenant with God. When we had ended the reading of the directions, the people were urged to pause, to consider the importance of the subject, and to pray for strength of grace that they might be enabled to vow unto the Lord, and then to perform their vows. A proper space of time was given for this purpose, that all might sit in silence before the Lord, and breathe their desires to him in mental prayer. During this silence the power of the Lord was generally felt. The whole assembly felt the overwhelming power of Divine grace. I afterwards heard of seven persons who found peace with God during the time we sat in silent meditation and prayer.'-(Letter from JAMES WOOD, Methodist minister. See Life of W. BRAMWELL, by J. SIGSTON, vol. ii. p. 190.)

Although, in the preceding extracts, the views of the writers approximate to those held by Friends, yet they both appear deficient in right perceptions of the nature of true silence, in its relation to pure and spiritual worship. The

following sentiments of an esteemed author, belonging to our own Society, seem more in

accordance with Scripture:-

'About a month ago I was at a young Friend's house, concerning whose zeal and sincerity in the blessed cause I have not a doubt. He has appeared in the ministry, I believe acceptably to Friends in general, and is a promising, growing character. In the course of much intimate conversation, we approached the subject of prayer. Upon which he asked me whether I did not think that the end which Friends had in view, by the practice of private retirement, was vocal prayer; that is, the outward act and attitude of kneeling down and using words. I felt very much at this question; and an awfulness came over me, and exercise, lest either this person or myself should be adventuring, without taking off our shoes, upon holy ground. In replying to him, I could scarcely refrain from using the language of William Penn, "Words are for others, not for ourselves, nor for God, who hears not as bodies do, but as spirits should. It is the heart or soul that can alone cry acceptably through the drawings of that Spirit, which inclines to good and to the source of all good; the mouth may speak out of the very abundance of the heart—there is nothing however in words as such, nor in outward silence as such. So that our prayers are none the better for being clothed in words, nor the less likely to be accepted when not clothed in words. There may be words when none should be used, and there may be a silence when words are called for; and herein stands the snare which should be carefully guarded against.'—(Letters, &c., of John Barclay, pp. 96, 97.)

HAPPINESS NOT IN WEALTH BUT CONTENTMENT.

THE man who imagines that the possession of wealth will complete his happiness, is entirely mistaken. There is no agreement between the means and the end. The mind is too spiritual in its nature to be satisfied with earthly materials, such as gold and silver, houses and lands; but godliness with contentment is great gain, and it is the want of this contentment that makes us unthankful and dissatisfied. A man under the influence of true religion will say, with joy and gratitude, I have learnt, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. In the most trying circumstances, bread shall be given and water shall be sure; and, if I am not favoured with all the comforts and elegancies of life, I know that the God whom I serve will afford me such temporary supplies as shall ultimately be most conducive to my own happiness, and to his glory.

It is not our real wants, but those that are imaginary, we wish to gratify. It is not the necessaries, but the delicacies of life, that we covet; and a restless, unwarrantable desire of imitating the grandeur of the great is the prin-

ciple by which we are actuated, and after the enjoyment of which we naturally aspire.

TESTIMONY RESPECTING BARCLAY AND HIS

JOHN BRISTED, of the 'Honourable Society of the Inner Temple,' in a work on the Society of Friends, containing a very candid examination of their principles and practices, and dedicated to his father, 'the Reverend Nathaniel Bristed, vicar of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire,' makes the following remarks in his preface respecting Robert Barclay and his great work, The

Apology: -

'I must be indulged a few moments in the exquisite gratification of giving my unequivocal and decided opinion of Barclay the apologist. That he was an excellent man and a good Christian, I as firmly believe as I believe in the existence of my God, and in the redemption of my Saviour. That his book is an invaluable present to mankind I am well assured, and feel and know to be true. His volume contains so much of pure religion, of sound, sterling morality, of unalloyed, unsophisticated benevolence, of good, solid sense, of clear and perspicuous reasoning, of goodness and tenderness of heart, of aversion from all that may tend to pollute and debase the soul, that he who reads and is not made better by the book, must be something more or less than man.

'I should indeed be sorry not to have it with me, as a companion, wherever I go, as a balm to comfort my soul, and a cordial to strengthen my drooping nature when I faint and am in danger of sinking under the various temptations which rush in at every inlet of sense, and threaten, by an impetuous and overbearing tide, to sweep away the fabric of religion and of morality, which it is, or ought to be, the study of our lives to rear and to establish.

'The praise of Barclay burns also with a brighter blaze of splendour from the peculiar circumstances of the age in which he lived; an age dark and barbarous in comparison with that wherein we now run our race of existence. When Charles II. and his satellites introduced such a baneful torrent of profligacy and atheism into this kingdom, as threatened to deluge and to destroy all the foundations of religion and of morality, it surely required a greater portion of understanding and of virtue than commonly falls to the lot even of the most favoured children of the human race, to enable Barclay to stand like a wall of fire between his people and the contaminations of the world, and, with a steady and outstretched arm, to prevent those whom he wished to save from being swallowed up in the vortex of dissipation and of infidelity.

^{&#}x27;Inner Temple, November 30, 1804.'

GRIEVOUS IMPRISONMENTS.

In 1678, John Barton, of Studham, Herefordshire, suffered imprisonment for three years and a half in Hereford jail, for refusing to pay 2s. 2d. towards repairing the parish church (so called).—In the same year, a Friend at Sewell, for a similar demand of 1s. 1d., was thrown into prison, where he remained above two years and a half.

THIS NOT THE PLACE OF OUR REST.

PERMANENT and unbroken rest is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey of life.

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